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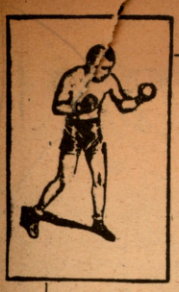

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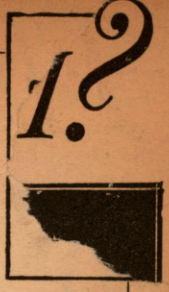

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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Vol. XV **AUGUST, 1936** **No. 7**

Published Monthly by The Ring, Inc.

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In Our Next Issue

The Big Fight is over. The International contest between Schmeling and Louis that aroused such interest, has paved the way for the next heavyweight battle. What next? Who will be the fortunate man to face Jimmy Braddock for the world's championship. Will there be such a fight this year? These and other vital points will be discussed by "The Ring's" experts, Hype Igoe, Nat Fleischer and Daniel M. Daniel in the next issue.

Have you ever spent any time at the training camps of fighters preparing for a big battle? Have you ever been one of the unfortunates on whom the training camp pranks have been played much to the amusement of the onlookers but to the bewilderment of yourself?

Hype Igoe, the veteran sports writer, who has seen every fighter of note in action and has attended all the training camps worth while during the last forty years, will give you an intimate, amusing yarn on this subject.

On the last day of July, Tony Canzoneri will resume his fistic warfare in the defense of his lightweight title in a return match with Lou Ambers. You will find an interesting selection of pictures on the live story of these two sensational fighters in the September issue.

And in addition the stars of our magazine will give you the highlights the world over in boxing and in wrestling.

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Our readers are earnestly requested to forward changes of address at least 30 days before publication of next issue. The price of this magazine in Europe is 30 cents. All subscriptions should be mailed to THE RING, Madison Square Garden Arcade, 8th Avenue and 49th Street, New York, N. Y.

The Ring, Inc., 29 Worthington Street, Springfield, Mass.
Subscription, Editorial and Executive Offices—Madison Square Garden Arcade, 8th Avenue and 49th Street, New York City—Telephone Circle 7-3845
Send subscriptions to The Ring, Madison Square Garden, New York City.

Sole British Distributors of The Ring Magazine, Atlas Pub. and Distributing Co. Ltd., 18, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, London, E. C. 4, England.

Nathaniel Fleischer, President and Editor.
A. D. Phillips, Secretary. Advertising Manager, D. P. Riker, Madison Square Garden Arcade, New York City.

Price—25 cents per copy in United States and Canada. Subscription Price—$2.50 per year in United States and possessions; Canada, Cuba, Panama and Mexico, $3.25, and all other countries $4.00 in U. S. currency.

Entered as second-class matter January 17, 1933, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at New York, N. Y.

Printed in the U. S. A. by PHELPS PUBLISHING CO., Springfield, Mass.

The Fall of the Mighty!

Max Schmeling, in Great Comeback, Causes Fistic Sensation of the Age—His Right Hand Smashes Explode Myth of the "Superman." German May Be First to Regain Heavyweight Title

By NAT FLEISCHER

SUPERMEN of the ring? Are there any such animals? For some time, like thousands of other ardent fight followers, I had thought that at last we had discovered such a fighter in Joe Louis, the Detroit Brown Bomber, but after the severe shellacking the Negro received at the hands of Max Schmeling in their great international struggle at the Yankee Stadium on June 19, the myth has been thoroughly exploded. Henceforth, regardless of how great a fighter might appear in the early stages of his career, as had Louis up to the time of the German massacre, it behooves us all to refrain from designating a ring warrior in the "super" class until after his retirement.

The alibis given by the sporting fraternity after Joe's downfall were unnecessary, for not by the widest stretch of imagination could one honestly have given Schmeling other than a mere fighting chance to whip the Bomber, all angles weighed. Never in the history of modern pugilism has there been so thorough an upset as that in the Schmeling-Louis battle, in which more than ninety-nine per cent of fight experts and Johnny Public picked Joe to win.

The uncertainties of the fight game were never more in evidence than in that contest. With everything but experience against him, Schmeling came in the Stadium ring on the long end of 8 to 1 odds, with the sympathy of the spectators alone in his favor. A public execution, that's what the fight looked like before the sound of the opening gong, but with that clang came a series of shocks that culminated in the utter rout of the enemy within the roped square, the supposedly invincible Bomber, and the consternation of an army of onlookers.

* * *

INSTEAD of the battle ending "when and how" Louis chose to do so, it went into the twelfth round, with Joe on the receiving end of nine of the rounds. So thorough and masterly a job did Schmeling perform, that the spectators sat in their seats dumbfounded at what they were witnessing. Instead of the Detroit Killer acting the part of the executioner, it was the German Schlager who was astounding all hands by bringing about the greatest fistic upset in modern history. And why the greatest? Because never before in so important a contest was the almost unanimous pre-fight verdict so overwhelmingly in favor of the man who failed to live up to expectations!

The contest, which marked the first professional setback of the loser, ended in 2.29 of the twelfth round, with sixty thousand fans looking on in amazement. Not since the memorabe day when Jim Corbett shocked the fistic world by taking the title by the K.O. route from the great John L. Sullivan at New Orleans had such a jolt been meted out to the fight public. Schmeling, the thirty-year-old ring veteran, confident that he had located Louis' weakness when Joe had fought Paulino, went into the fray undismayed, unlike all of the gladiators who had faced the Brown Bomber previously. Afraid? Not Schmeling.

He said he wasn't scared because he knew how to whip Joe, and he proved to the skeptics, including yours truly, that he meant just what he had said.

In taking his first defeat and his first knockdowns as a pro, Louis at least answered the critics who said he couldn't take it. He took it, and how! He absorbed enough punishment to have laid low the average pugilist half a dozen times. Staggered time and again, he kept on his feet and fought back, at times even making Schmeling hesitate to follow up when it appeared that one more solid right would end the fray.

The left side of Joe's face began to puff at an early stage of the battle and when the fight was ended, it appeared that the Bomber had a double cheek, so swollen was it. Under his left eye was a mouse, but in general appearances Schmeling was no better off. His left eye was completely closed and the blood was visible on his lips.

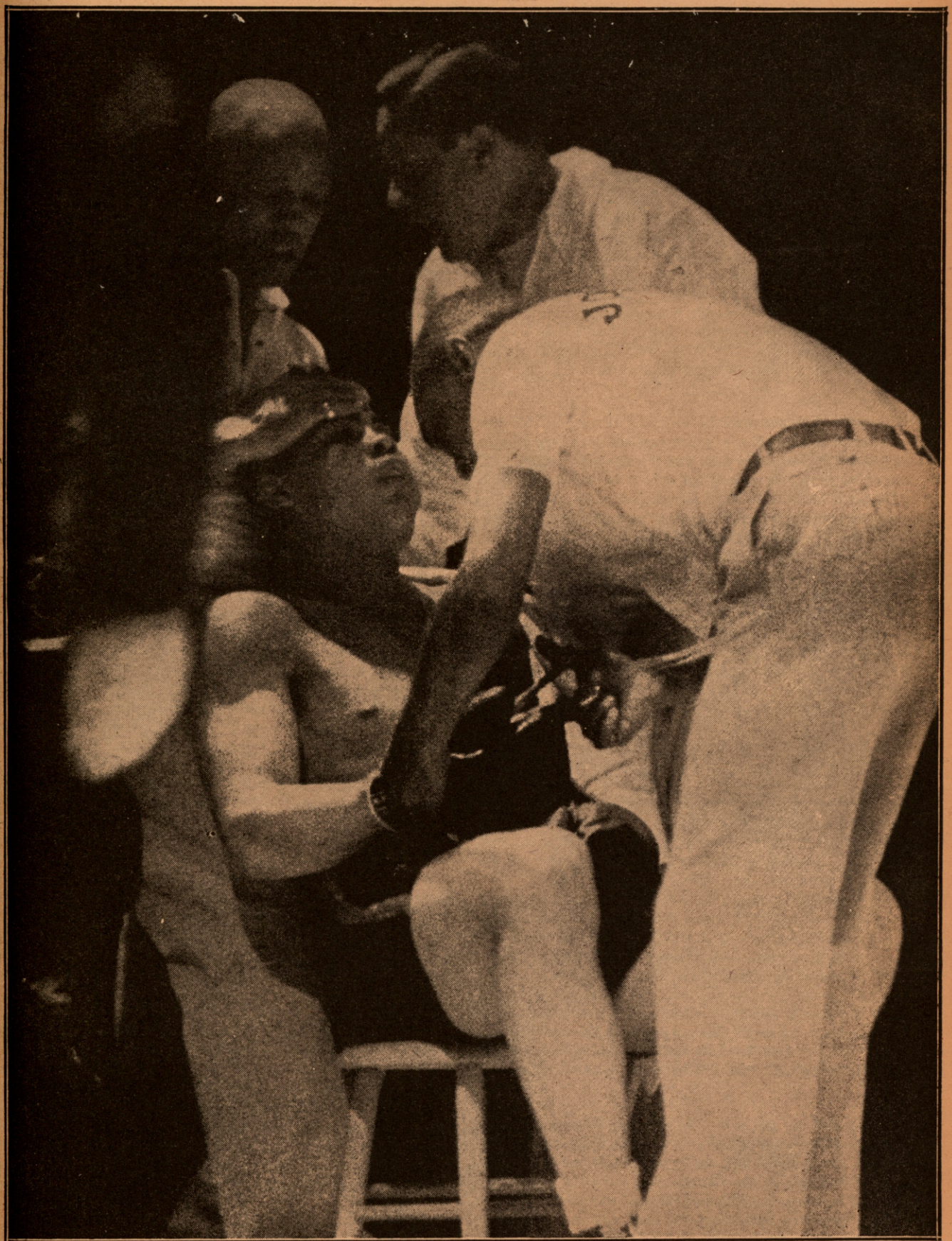
* * *

ALTHOUGH the bout was subject to boycott attacks during the last week of training, the German received a wild ovation when he had completed his "come-back" feat. The gathering arose almost in unison as Joe lay prostrate on the canvas, and let out lusty cheers for the dark-skinned German who had done what appeared on the surface to be the impossible.

The crowd was fully prepared for what took place in the twelfth

(Continued on page 4)

RECOGNIZE HIM?



Prior to the Schmeling fight, he was known as the "Super Man of Boxing." But he met his master in the veteran Teuton, and there he sits in his corner, face puffed, mouse under eye, thumbs sprained, a pathetic figure for one so widely heralded as the greatest of modern fighters, while his faithful handlers, Jack Blackburn (upper left), Julian Black and John Roxborough are trying to comfort him.

(Continued from page 2)

round. The indications that a fistic miracle might take place appeared on the horizon in the fourth round when Schmeling had scored the first knockdown. In that session, after Louis had assumed a lead in the first three rounds, Schmeling crossed a terrific right hook to Joe's chin. He quickly laced over a second shot and staggered the Bomber. Then came a flurry of flying fists, each connecting to the mark with sharpshooting accuracy, and down went Joe. He made an attempt to support himself on the upper strand, but lost the hold and sank to the mat, where he remained only for a short count of three.

But that knockdown stirred Schmeling on to victory. It proved to him what he had so often said at his training camp: "I know Louis' weakness. He is wide open to a right and I'll beat him with that punch." And true to his prediction, Herr Max set about the task with a vengeance. He went right hand crazy, and how those punches landed! Sitting at the ringside, one could hear the thud above the din as right after right went crashing against Joe's unsupported chin. For a fighter who had been acclaimed by fistic followers as the most finished of fighters of recent years, the Bomber displayed a lamentable weakness in defense. If anyone had tried to convince me a few weks ago that Louis could be copped so readily and so steadily with a right, I would have ridiculed him. Yet that's exactly what was happening!

* * *

THAT fourth round was the beginnng of the end for the "Super-Man." The idol who had replaced Jack Dempsey as the magnet, slowly but surely from that fourth round, was nearing the end of his reign. He seemed not only to be wobbly, but in a daze. He acted in the next three rounds just as he did when he was so severely criticized by the scribes during the first fortnight of his training. It was a lackadaisical Joe Louis who was tossing punches at his foe. He was in a complete fog. The power behind those punches of his that had floored Baer, Levinsky, Carnera, Retzlaff and Paulino seemed gone. They were tame blows compared to the dynamite rights that were landing flush on his chin with regularity, round after round.

The German Schlager, the Teuton who had won the world championship on a foul from Jack Sharkey and lost the crown to him in a disputable decision, once more had reached the heights. He again was the man whom we praised to the skies back in 1929 and 1930. He had regained all his cunning. He had planned the battle as he figured it should be to enable him to overcome the Negro, and here he was on the brink of victory and certainly would not let the opportunity slip from him.

At times following the fourth session it seemed that Schmeling, with his left eye rapidly closing and body punches weakening him, might drop the advantage which he was gaining and that Louis would pile up enough points as the bout progressed to pull the chestnuts out of the fire. But no such thing happened.

A more determined, courageous, battling Schmeling never faced an opponent than was Schmeling as that fight continued. To him, as he expressed it after the bout, "the defeat of the widely heralded Bomber meant more than all the money he was getting for his triumph." It meant additional glory. It meant a chance to fight again for the world championship, with an excellent opportunity to be the first man to regain the world laurels in that division. It would place his name in the fistic archives as the man who not only came back, but annihilated the most-talked-of fighter in recent years. What a setting! And did he make good? Yes, with a vengeance.

* * *

WE must doff our cap to the Black Uhlan. His was an exceptionally difficult task and he emerged with flying colors. From the seventh round to the last, the crowd sensed the change and the rooting then was for the German. The underdog was coming through and he was to have his just share of attention. They were watching a new-born Schmeling—the man who was unawed by the cold, expressionless features of the Detroit Annihilator. At last they were viewing a fight against Louis in which the opponent was not afraid of the Big Black Man.

It was the Schmeling who had risen to the heights when he fought an uphill battle against Johnny Risko in the Garden, the bout that really started him on the road to fame. It was a rejuvenated Schmeling, a man who had made up his mind that he would not be offered as a sacrifice and was out to show the world that he had not come to America merely to obtain some more of our money to carry home to the Fatherland.

He fought, in my opinion, the greatest battle of his long career. He remembered that three years ago, almost to the day, the referee had stopped his fight with Max Baer to save the Uhlan from further punishment, and how sweet must have been his victory as he avenged that defeat by an American by turning back Baer's conqueror in a most devastating manner? The brown embalmer, who, it was reckoned, would annihilate his foe, was himself embalmed in a manner that left the entire fight world gasping in amazement.

When the bout was over and Max was interviewed by the scribes, he repeatedly kept saying that he knew from the first time he had seen the Louis-Baer pictures that Joe was a target for a right and that he could therefore whip the Detroiter.

"I know I must land it, and when I do, I win," he said. "I practice, and I practice, over and over again before I come here and then I do it again in my camp, until I feel I am ready for Joe, and I find him more easy to be hit than I had expected. But Joe is a good fighter. He will be back, but he must first learn how to protect himself against a right."

* * *

AND what Schmeling remarked goes doubly for me. I won't relegate Joe to the has-been class. I still think he is a great fighter, and he'll prove it after he gets a rest and starts a comeback. He'll come back—you can bet your last dollar on that. And when he does, he'll be as effective as he was against the boys he met previously to Schmeling. Joe has learned his lesson and he'll overcome the handicaps with proper coaching.

Regardless of what happened in the Schmeling bout, Louis was a great fighter before that fight and he'll be great again. Make no mistake about that. His reputation cannot be destroyed overnight, just by one adverse decision. He proved that he was a superb boxer and a puncher of the extraordinary type against Baer, Levinsky, Retzlaff, Paulino and Carnera, and even though the claim is made that each of those was scared out of his wits when tossed against the Bomber, the fact remains that every good asset of a great fighter was in evidence on the side of Louis against those men.

* * *

WHY then the sudden change? Well, there are several things that might answer that enigma. For one, I blame married life. I have always been a member of that school that frowns on a fighter still in his prime becoming a benedict. The fun that Louis got out of life in the last six months didn't do him any good. It softened him and made him work like a beaver for four weeks in the hot sun at Lakewood to condition himself.

He is of the type who needs work, and the long layoff following his married life, with the enjoyment that goes with riches, proved detrimental to his welfare, so far as his fighting was concerned. The boys who "covered" his camp often remarked that, but the impression given by his handlers was that Louis was just a big, overgrown boy who figured he would have little difficulty in hurdling the last big obstacle to his climb to a titular fight, and that's where they erred.

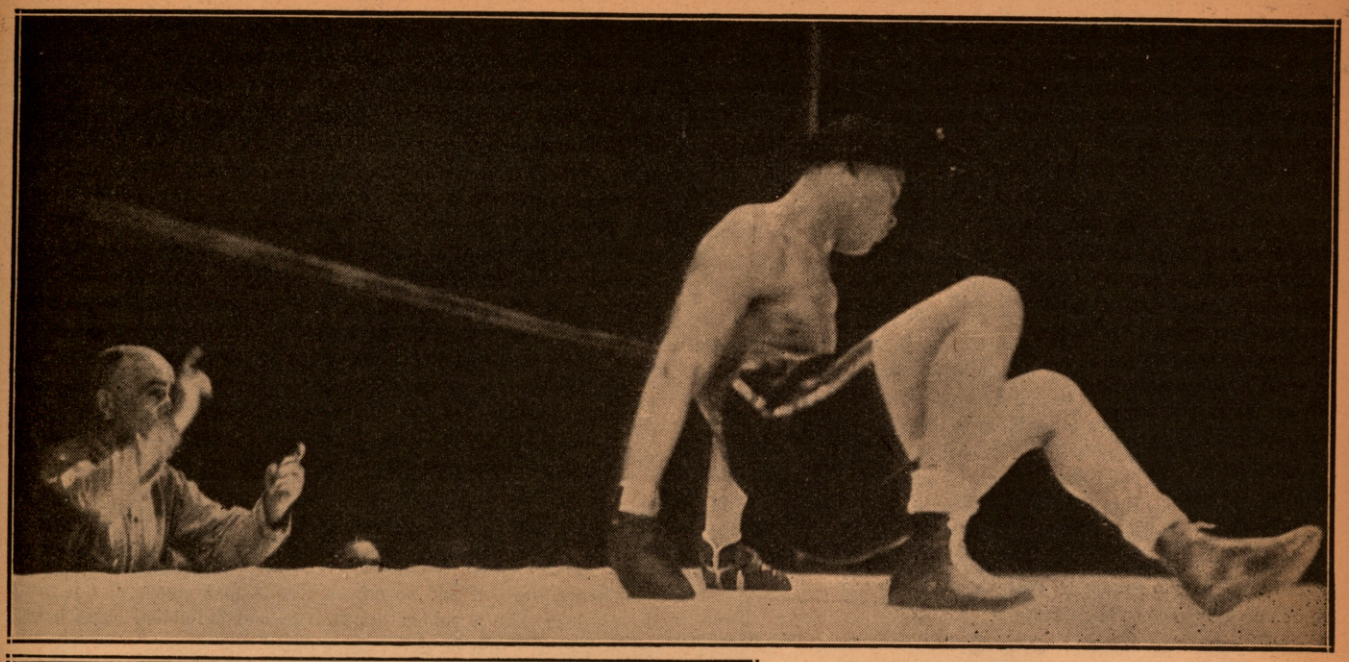
Then the weight problem seemed to handicap Joe. He should have scaled at least 202 instead of the 198. He came in too fine and that was obvious from the start. We do not offer these to take away any credit from Schmeling for his marvelous victory, for such is farthest from our aim, but there must be some reason for Joe's complete reversal of form, and the above is my answer.

* * *

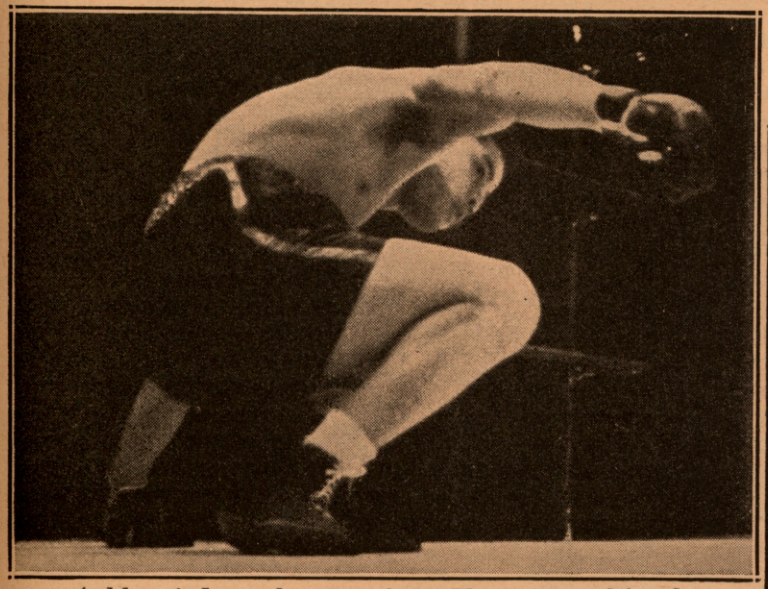
EXPERIENCE mastered youth. Schmeling knew just what to do when he had Joe going and, quick as a flash, he went after his prey. He even outsmarted Louis in the very things we all

(Continued on page 6)

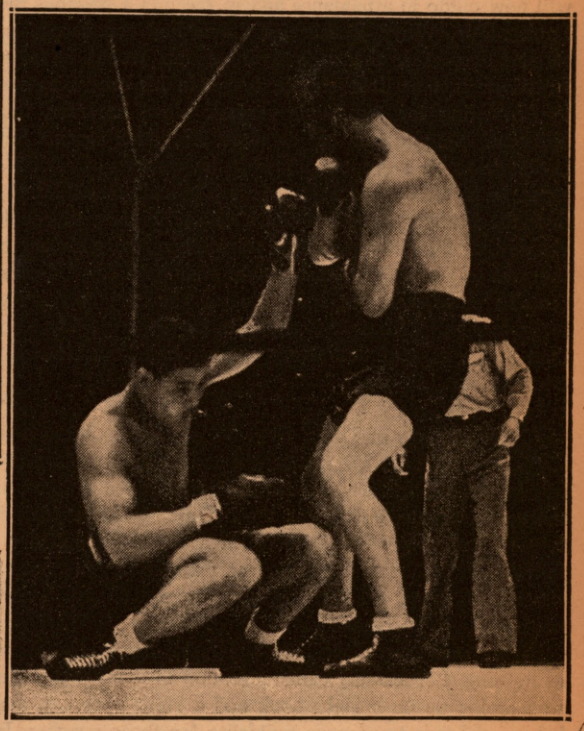
LOUIS' BEWILDERMENT!



An awkward position for Joe. He is starting to rise after the first knockdown in fourth round.



And here is Joe at the count of two. The next second found him on his feet again.



Schmeling, grim and eager for the kill, stands over the fallen Bomber just before ordered to his corner in fourth by Referee Donovan.

The Bomber's handlers working feverishly over him in his corner after the fourth round ended. Blackburn is admonishing Joe to "keep your guard up. You can stop that right," shouted Blackburn to his million-dollar charge.

(Continued from page 4)

thought the Bomber was supreme. Schmeling won the crowd by the manner in which he stepped in for what was expected to be his slaughter. That terrible right hand sock of Schmeling did more than batter down the man who previously had petrified his opponents by his mere presence. It proved that when the Bomber was hard hit, he didn't know how to fight his way out of the difficulty. It was unbelievable, but it was true!

In fact, I'm of the opinion that had Schmeling not been too deliberate, he could have ended the fight in the fourth or fifth round. But he still had respect for Joe's prowess and he decided not to press his advantage except by stages. A Dempsey killer would have sent Joe to sleep after that first knockdown. But the German sensed that he had the fight in hand immediately after Joe had hit the resin dust and he wasn't in a hurry to lose the golden opportunity by taking any needless chances.

The thrills experienced in the Louis-Carnera, Louis-Baer, and Baer-Carnera battles were nothing to be compared to those of the Schmeling-Louis mill. There was drama, and plenty of it, in that battle that was not on view in the others. It was the drama caused by the upset that made the last-named so thrilling an affair. The swirl of punches, the clamor of the fight throng, the suddenness with which the changes took place, the realization that a white man will continue to rule the fistic world for some time to come—all added to the drama.

* * *

BY his victory, Schmeling emerges on top of the list as the contender for the heavyweight championship bout with Braddock and such a bout, which is certain to be staged this fall, will now outdo in attendance and in receipts a possible Braddock-Louis affair. Why? Because, if Louis had conquered Schmeling as was expected, then the average fan would have conceded Braddock just as little chance to retain his crown as was given to Schmeling for the Louis contest. Now, however, things are different. The situation has changed. Braddock against Schmeling is certain to be a great fight, with the chances of each almost on a par. In fact, there were thousands who had viewed Max's victory over the Bomber, who left the Yankee Stadium thoroughly convinced that the German cannot miss setting ring history by being the first to regain the heavyweight championship. Of course, that remains to be seen, but suffice to say that not in years will two more evenly matched heavyweights be pitted against each other than in the case of Schmeling against Braddock, if such a fight takes place.

* * *

AN analysis of Louis' downfall reveals little more than that he had hurt his thumbs in the early rounds and that he had no defense for a right. As for the sprained thumbs, that was most unfortunate, but as for the defense, I blame Joe's handlers for not having perfected it. When a fighter is called a "super-fighter" and is listed by the great majority as the most finished ringman in years, it seems rather strange that such a flaw should not have been corrected.

In my many broadcasts on the fight during the seven weeks of training, I repeatedly called attention to the fact that Schmeling was tuning up on a right hook and a right uppercut, and that it behooved Louis to prepare a defense for those punches. In fact, I said only a day before the fight that the only things in Schmeling's favor were experience and one of the finest right hands a heavyweight has possessed in many years. Yet, like hundreds of others who had seen Joe rise from nowhere to world fame, I couldn't conceive that these would be sufficient to bring about Joe's downfall. That's the way of the fight game.

* * *

AS for the details of the fight, that has been told so thoroughly in every language throughout the world that it is needless for me to repeat them. For the benefit of our army of readers who keep THE RING for record purposes, however, I'll review the story of the rounds.

For the first three rounds the battle was one of wits, with each striving to force the other into an opening and Louis pressing his man around the ring. He kept jabbing his left into Max's face with regularity. Schmeling kept backing away the major portion of the first three rounds, stolidly refusing to be drawn into an offensive move. Several times he took sturdy lefts to the face without a whimper and his eye began to redden and the crowd began to toss its sympathy for the man who they expected would soon be put out of his misery.

Then came the turn of the tide. In that hectic fourth round, in which Joe Louis hit the canvas for the first time in his pro career, Schmeling seemed almost as astounded at what he had accomplished as did the thousands of eyes that were focussed on the gladiators.

The hitherto invincible Brown Bomber, somewhat dazed, struggled to his feet at the count of three and from that point to the finish of the fight it was apparent that his rival not only had "the mere fighting chance" that is accorded to every fighter regardless of ability but that his stood out so prominently as to astound the onlookers. When that round was over it was with difficulty that Louis found his way to his corner.

In the fifth round, the end became apparent more so than at any time of the fight except the actual windup, when Schmeling caught his rival with a perfect clout on the chin three seconds after the round had ended. Neither the referee nor the fighters had heard the bell and so powerful was that punch that it made Louis' legs take a rubber appearance and befuddled Joe's brains to such extent that he never came out of the stupor.

* * *

THAT punch was the turning point of the fight. In my opinion, it ended every chance that Joe had of coming through to triumph. In the eighth round Louis twice fouled Schmeling with powerful left-hand swings that brought an agonized look to the German's face and sharp warning from Referee Donovan. There could be no doubt that the blows were unintentionally delivered, but hurt the German they did.

From that time on to the very finish the Detroit Negro showed little enthusiasm for his work, his punches lacked steam, his eyes had the daze of one whose brain was not functioning and his legs failed to hold up under the strain. At times he wobbled around the ring and on several occasions, while Max kept shooting right after right with high frequency, it seemed that Joe would topple over under the force of impact plus his own poor mental and physical condition but, game to the core, he stuck it out and staggered to his corner. Schmeling was in complete command from the fifth through the final round even though at times he was kept extremely busy blocking lefts.

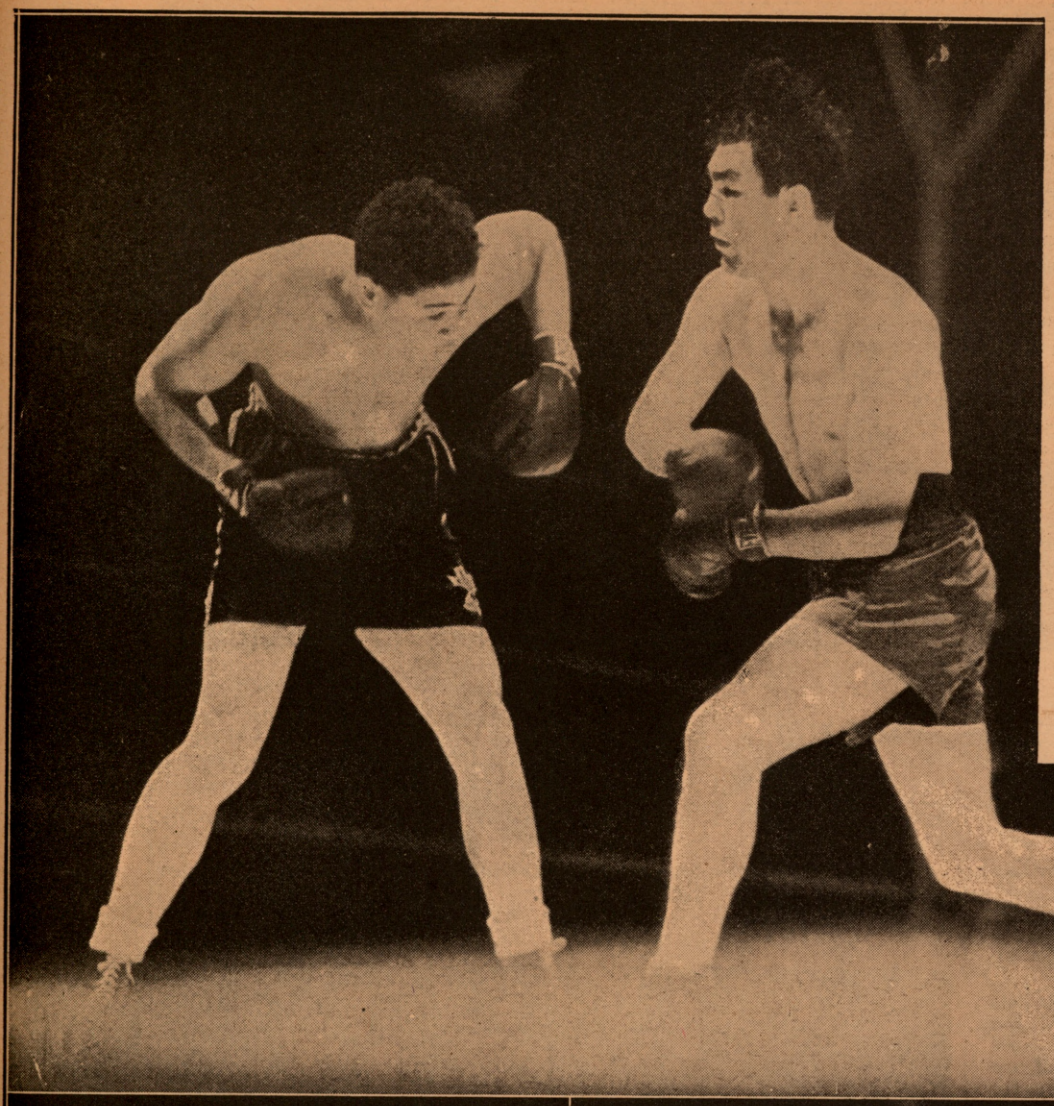
* * *

SCHMELING'S edge became wider and wider as the bout progressed and his rights landed harder and harder with each successive punch. Again and again he rocked the Balmer until in the twelfth he sensed the kill and he went after him as only the hunter does. With all of the fight gone out of the Brown Bomber, Schmeling unleashed an avalanche of rights to the jaw and finally mowed down his opponent in a neutral corner. Joe attempted to hold himself on the ropes, but with that hold released, he fell on his stomach, took a position as one fast asleep, and as ten was counted over him, he turned face upward, his face with an appearance of blankness, his eyes bleary and his body limp.

It was the end of a perfect night for Max Schmeling. He had succeeded where others had failed. He had earned for himself a niche in the fistic hall of fame.

A new king has risen in the form of the rejuvenated Black Uhlan of the Rhine. And with it came an added revival of interest in the heavyweights. No longer will it be necessary for Jack Dempsey to stage heavyweight white hope tournaments. No longer will the public be worrying, at least for a time, when the Negro race will again assume supremacy in the heavyweight ranks. The man upon whom his race had looked with favor fell down in the crucial test and with his fall ascended the Man Who Had Come Back.

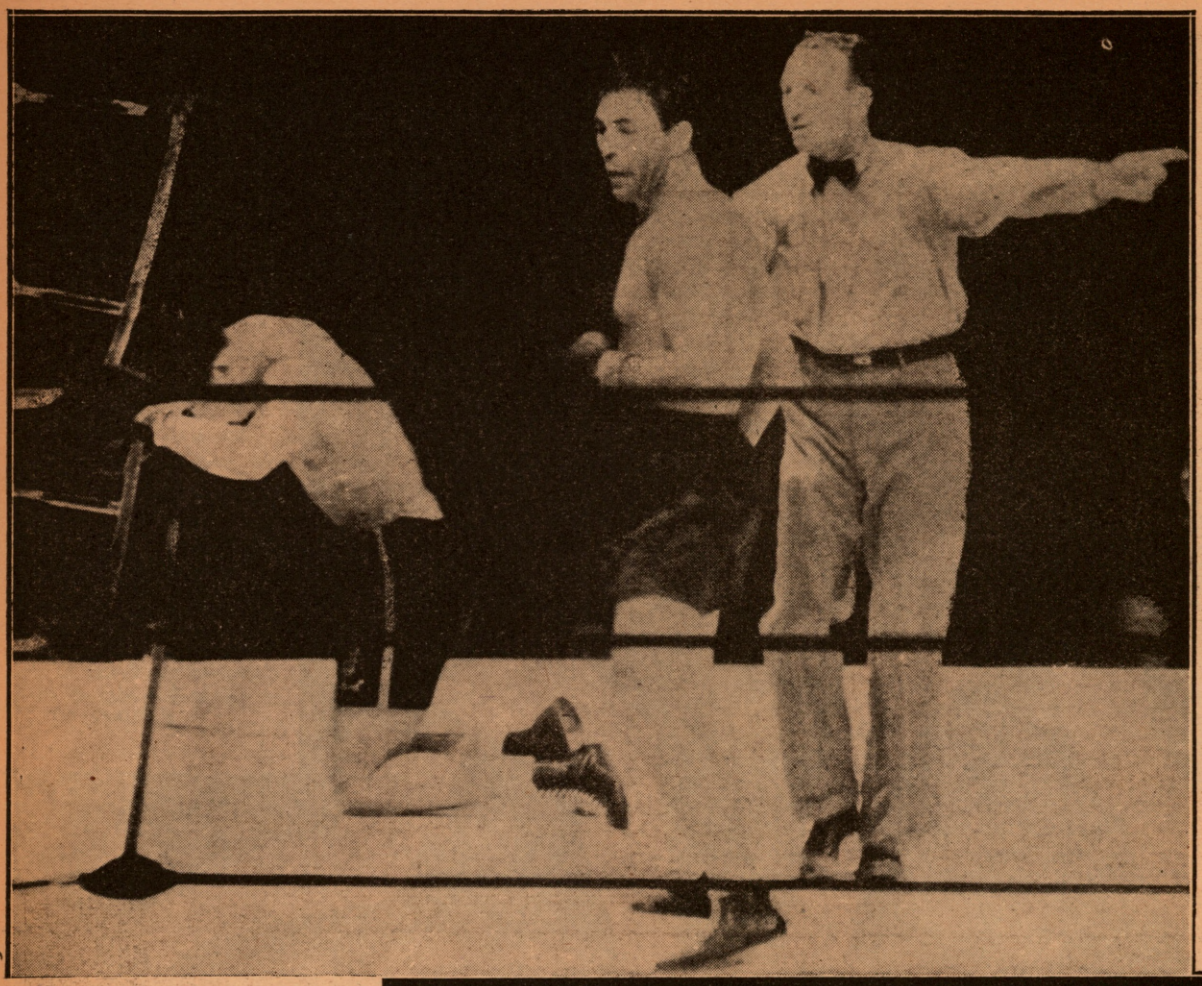
MAX'S DETERMINATION



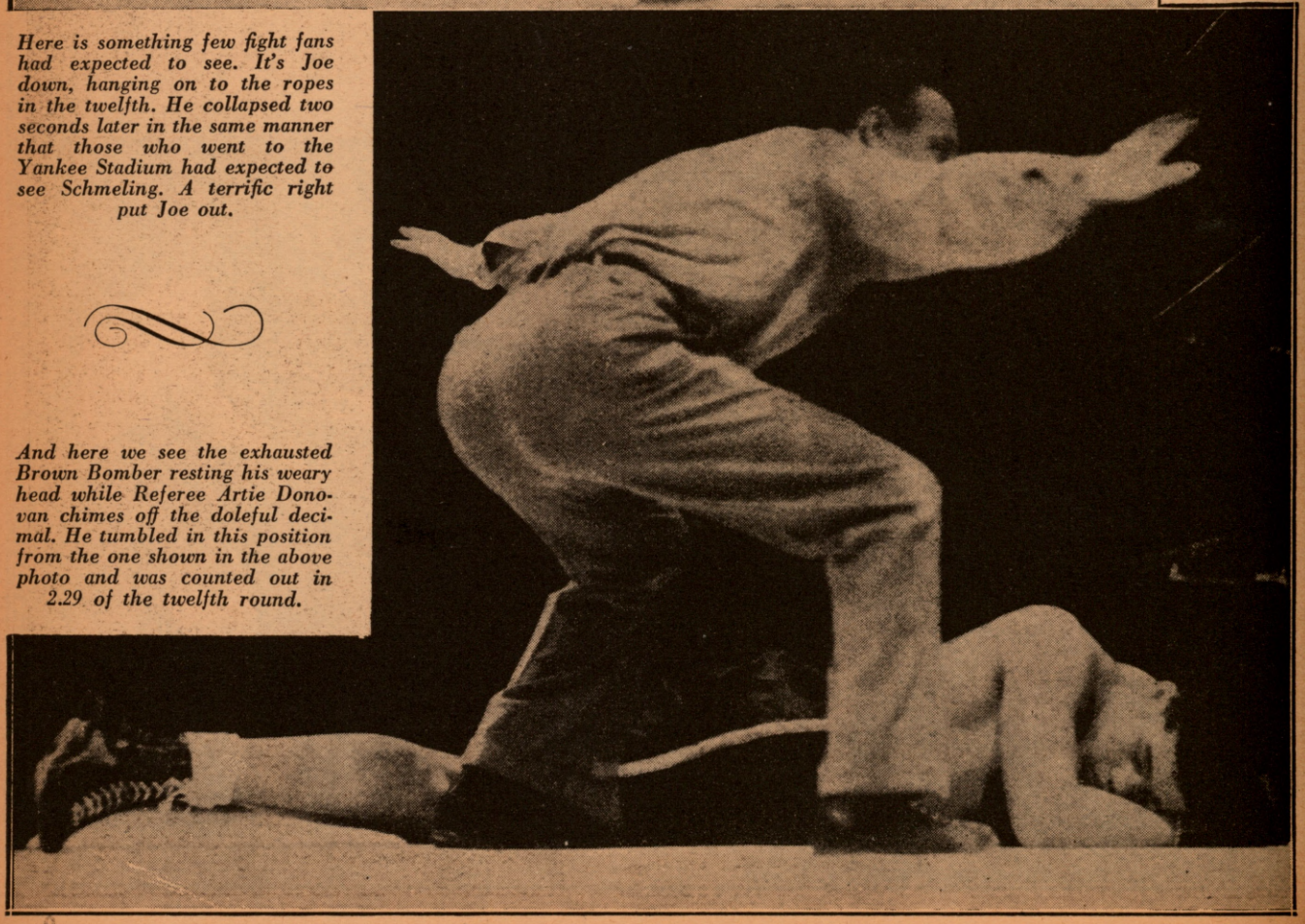
In the upper photograph, we see the fearless German following up advantage after he had cracked his powerful right against Joe's chin. Note the position of Louis—wide open for another smash.

Below (left)—A scene in the opening round when both boxers kept feinting, feeling each other out; (Right)—Max, his left cocked high, stands off Louis at long range. Schmeling not only proved the better at this style but also at infighting.

JOE DOWN! SOMETHING NEW!

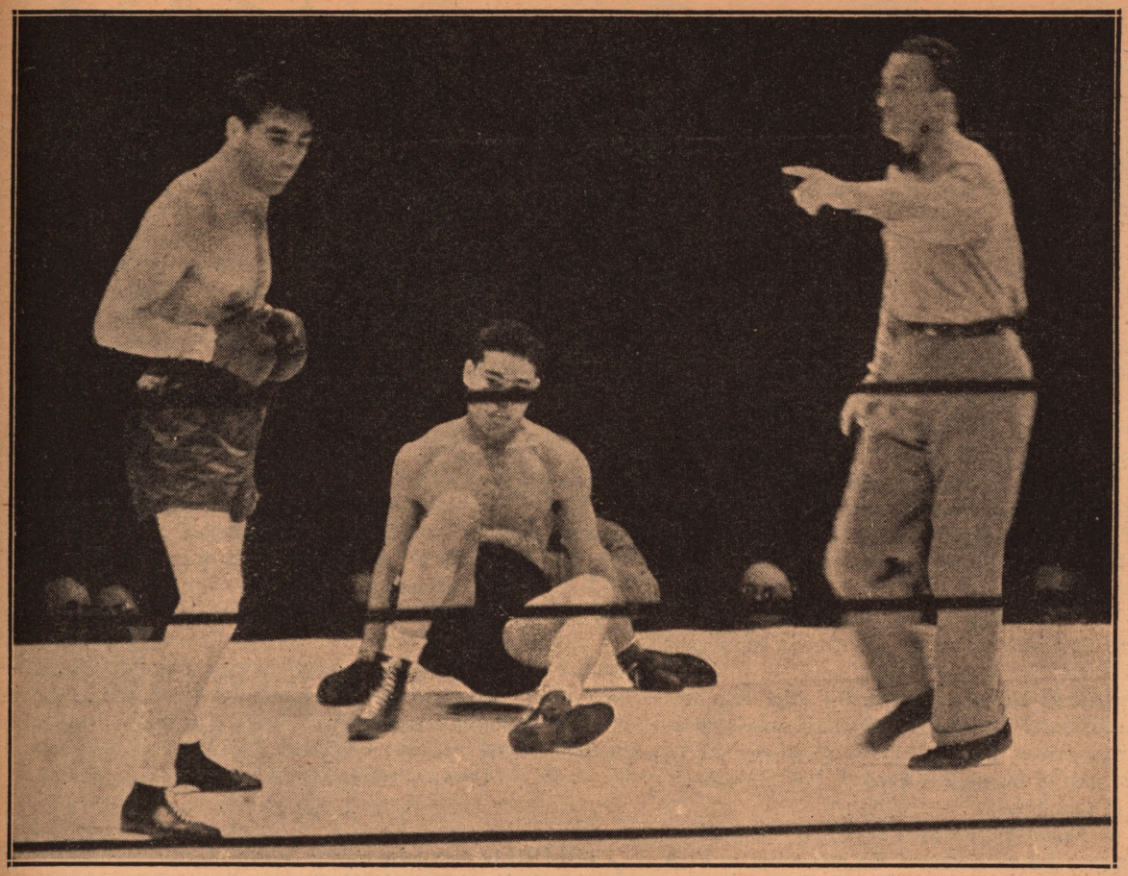


Here is something few fight fans had expected to see. It's Joe down, hanging on to the ropes in the twelfth. He collapsed two seconds later in the same manner that those who went to the Yankee Stadium had expected to see Schmeling. A terrific right put Joe out.

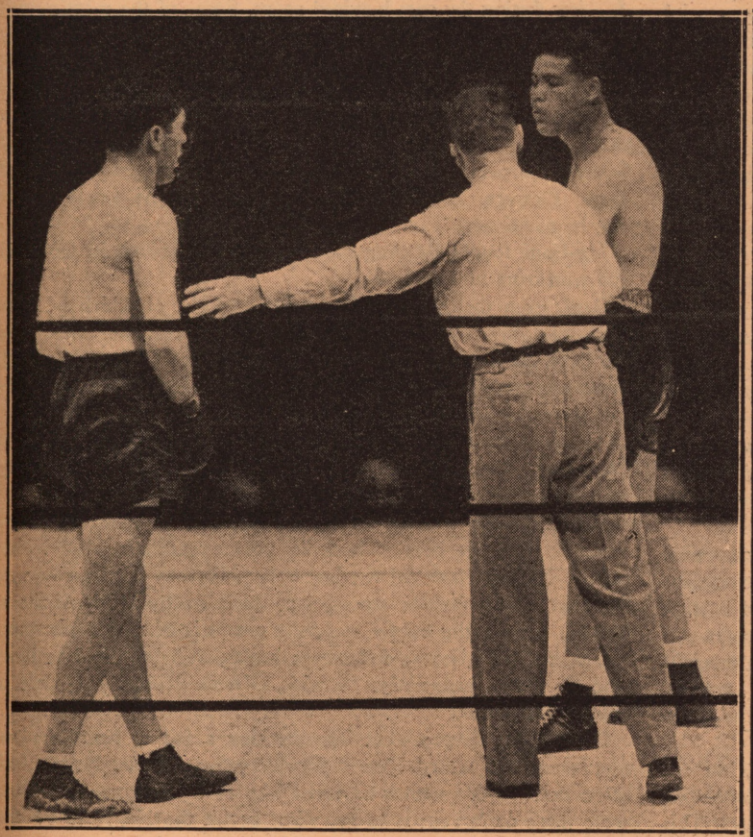


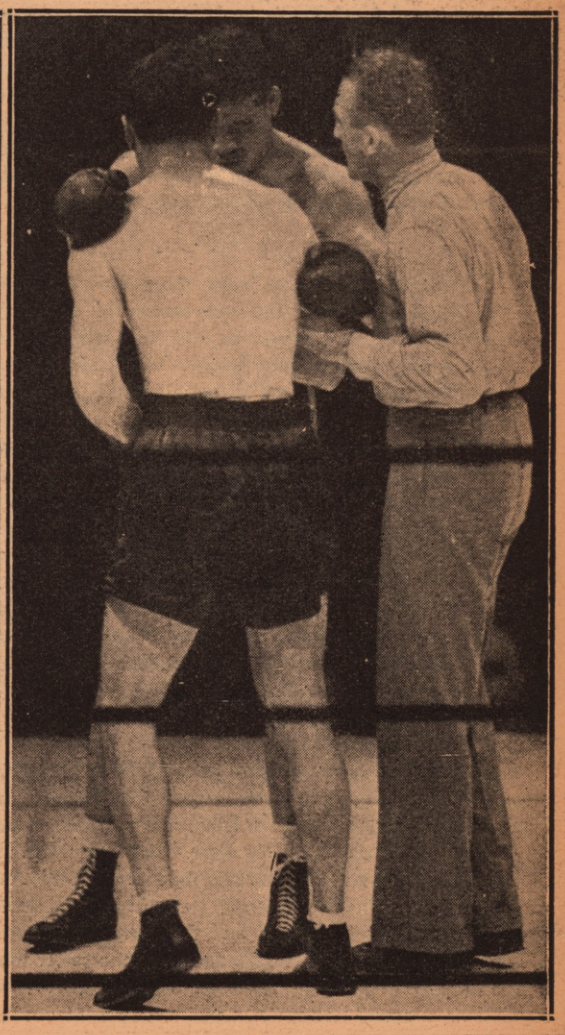
And here we see the exhausted Brown Bomber resting his weary head while Referee Artie Donovan chimes off the doleful decimal. He tumbled in this position from the one shown in the above photo and was counted out in 2.29 of the twelfth round.

THRILLING MOMENTS



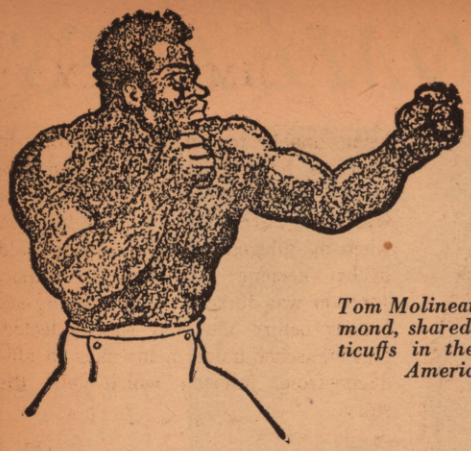
Here is a view of the first knockdown of the Brown Bomber immediately after he hit the canvas. Note the amazed expression on Schmeling's face. He turned the trick! He sees the light! Victory is within his grasp!





(Left)—A scene in the eighth round when Schmeling, tears in his eyes, complains of a very hard, low punch landed in the groin. Joe, warned by the referee, later asserted he had no knowledge of such a punch, the affair being a blank to him. (Right)—And here we see Max again in agony as Joe struck low for the second time during that round. The Brown Bomber is apologetic as Donovan issues another warning.

The DARK



Tom Molineaux, who with Richmond, shared the honors in fisticuffs in the early period of American history.

MANY students of pugilism consider Joe Louis the greatest Negro fighter that ever lived. Others rate Jack Johnson and Peter Jackson as his superiors.

This question can never be settled. Time and legend creep in, and the qualities of the old timers are often exaggerated. It is not likely that Louis could defeat Johnson. Many men have stood before Johnson who could not remain so many rounds in front of Louis. Johnson was a defensive, often indifferent, fighter. His knockout of Ketchel gives some idea of what he could do when roused.

With Joe Louis and Leroy Haynes forging ahead, it looks now as though the Negroes will long remain a threat in the higher ranks of pugilism.

Until the appearance of Daniel Mendoza, the prize ring was dominated by English and Irish bruisers. Mendoza was born in 1764. Seldom weighing over a hundred and sixty pounds, he fought the greatest men of his day. A Spanish Jew, he was the Bob Fitzsimmons of the period.

Bill Richmond, a Negro known as The Black Terror, was born in America a year before Mendoza. He was taken to England by General Earl Perch in 1777, and was quite successful there until he traded blows with one of the mightiest of English bruisers, the redoubtable Tom Cribb. Cribb beat him after one hour and thirty minutes of terrific fighting. Richmond never again fought Cribb, but won every other fight he had in England. In 1815, when he was fifty-three years old, he beat Tom Shelton in twenty-three rounds. At fifty-six years of age, he whipped another well known pugilist in three rounds.

* * *

TOM MOLINEAUX, a black slave, born in Georgetown, D. C., in 1784, was the best known of the early Negro pugilists. He went to England in 1809, and whipped every man he faced in that country until he met Tom Cribb, who defeated him in thirty-three rounds. This was in 1810, five years after Cribb had beaten Richmond.

Molineaux fought Cribb again a year later. The Englishman defeated him in eleven rounds at Thistleton after a savage contest in which the Negro's jaw was broken. Twenty thousand people saw the fight.

Tom Cribb was indeed a terror to blacks. He was champion of England from 1805 to 1811, and one of the most tremendous bruisers of all time. Molineaux never recovered from the beating given him by Cribb and died at the early age of thirty-eight.

Bob Travers, born in 1831, was the first colored lightweight pugilist of prominence. Travers, outweighed seventy pounds, fought the great Gypsy heavyweight, Jem Mace, fifty-seven rounds. He lost on a foul.

Andy Bowen, a colored lightweight of New Orleans, has the distinction of having fought the longest contest on record—one hundred and ten rounds—seven hours and nineteen minutes. This was fought with Jack Burke in New Orleans in 1893. It became so dark they could not continue, and the referee, ironically enough, called the fight off as "no contest." Bowen fought Jack Everhardt eighty-five rounds—five hours and thirty-eight minutes.

The long contests prior to 1872 and some thereafter were fought under London Prize Ring Rules, or rules similar. Under these regulations, a round terminated when a man went down. He was given thirty seconds in which to rise. A bruiser with his hand or knee on the floor or ground was considered down. Under such conditions fifty rounds could be fought in as many minutes— or it might require five hours. There were many loop holes in these rules . . . . for instance, Rule Thirteen reads:

> It shall be a fair "stand-up fight" and if either man shall willfully throw himself down without receiving a blow, whether blows shall have been previously exchanged or not, he shall be deemed to have lost the battle, but this rule shall not apply to a man who in close slips down from the grasp of his opponent to avoid punishment, or from obvious accident or weakness.

In other words, if the going became too rough, a bruiser could "slip down." There were other wide liberties afforded.

John Jackson, considered "the first gentleman" of the ring, and a close friend of Lord Byron's, once grabbed Daniel Mendoza's hair and held his head backward while he pummeled him. Fighters have since worn their hair short.

The Marquis of Queensbury Rules were adopted in 1872 by the Marquis of that name and Arthur Chambers, a celebrated English pugilist. They still govern boxing the world over. Under these rules each round is of three minutes duration, and the rest between rounds is one minute. A timekeeper might lengthen or shorten a round if heavily interested. This has been done. But, on the whole, the rules are well observed . . . . and quite humane.

* * *

COLORED men have always been well represented in pugilism during the past hundred years. Some of the more prominent are Rufe Turner, Bobby Dobbs, Jack Blackburn, now trainer of Joe Louis, Joe Jeannette, Sam McVey, Joe Walcott, George Godfrey, Peter Jackson, George Dixon, one of the greatest of featherweights, and Sam Langford, whom many thought the equal of Jack Johnson, and Battling Siki, who defeated Georges Carpentier. Harry Wills, a heavyweight contender, and Tiger Flowers, a middleweight champion of the world, might also be mentioned.

Joe Gans fought Battling Nelson forty-two rounds in Goldfield and won from him on a foul.

Gans, even then in the grip of tuberculosis, of which he later died, was harassed by Billy Nolan, Nelson's manager all during the fight. He was forced to weigh in three times. Nolan took every mean advantage possible, well knowing he had the great American prejudice against Negroes behind him.

The men were to weigh 133 pounds, the lightweight limit, for the contest. Gans weighed under the limit, while it is claimed by many that Nelson weighed much more.

While Nelson was on the scales, Gans asked Nolan what he weighed. "Go on, beat it back to your dressing room," Nolan said to Nelson. Gans did not learn the weight of the man he was fighting. Many pounds among heavyweights may not decide a contest. Among the lighter men, one pound is of vast importance.

The last time Gans stood on the scales, he is reported to have said to Nolan plaintively, "I wish, Misteh Nolan, you were a colored man."

The mighty Negro went into the ring a fading black shadow of a man, and lashed Nelson for forty-two rounds. Nelson had worn down every man who faced him in a long contest. There were three more rounds to go, when he hit the Negro below the belt and lost on a foul in the forty-second round.

Gans speedily declined after this fight.

This superb lightweight had brains, poise, and the soul of a dreamer. I have never seen a sadder pair of eyes than his. They looked as if the agony of his race had centered there. Gans was an inveterate gambler with dice. Earning thousands a year, he was always broke.

SHADOW

By JIM TULLY

GANS was often accused of being a "crooked fighter." His superiority was so marked that the exigencies of circumstance perhaps made him "carry" pugilists of mediocre ability.

However, his fight with Terrible Terry McGovern at Chicago in 1900 did such an injury to professional pugilism in Illinois that it took years to revive it. Gans was supposed to have been knocked out in two rounds by McGovern. No one believed Gans had really lost. It was not in the cards for McGovern to whip him. The Irish Tornado could never catch up with the streak of yellow lightning. But as Gans said to me years later—"One does what he has to do, don't he?"

There was a world of meaning in his words. His cheeks were hollow then, and his eyes were larger and sadder than ever. He coughed quite often. In three months he had joined the black bruisers of old.

Jack Johnson was of a different type. He lacked the humility and spirituality of Gans. He was a master fighter—and he knew it. He had a great deal of courage.

He came down the aisle at Reno on July 4, 1910, with the tread of a black panther. He had chased Tommy Burns half way round the world, and had whipped him decisively in Australia. He was now facing James J. Jeffries, the retired champion of the white race.

From a Portrait by HILLMAN, 1812.

Bill Richmond, the first of the American negro heavyweights, who starred in England between 1800 and 1815.

There are those who claim that Johnson sent Jeffries word two days before the contest that the fight was to be "on the square."

There were strained expressions on the faces of Jeffries' handlers. The burden of the white race was heavy on Jeffries' shoulders as he climbed into the ring.

A tense moment followed as they faced each other for photographs. Telegraph instruments clicked. The contest was billed as "The Battle of the Century." It was the farce of the ages.

* * *

JEFFRIES was like a man walking in his sleep. It looked as though the stolid giant had been catapulted into a maelstrom of people and knew not his whereabouts. He was not to learn for some time.

John L. Sullivan, Stanley Ketchell, Tom Sharkey, and Jack London sat close together at the ringside. Ketchell and London smiled knowingly at each other as the gong rang. James J. Corbett, always high strung, was now tense, the lines drawn tight around his strong mouth.

Did he know something that few others know? Why did Stanley Ketchel and Jack London smile at each other? Shrewd men they were, knowing all the roads of the lower world.

The gong rang and the heavy hairy body of Jeffries moved slowly. There was nothing evident in the first round but the black's superiority. In the second round, the white man ran into an overhand right. His knees sagged. His eye puffed and bled. He floundered about the ring and went into a clinch. Johnson looked over Jeffries' shoulder at the worried looking Corbett. "How you like that one, Misteh Cohbett?" Jeffries' chief second frowned.

The comedy ended by a knockout in the fifteenth round. Johnson won. Jeffries received $101,000.00. The gate was $270,775.00 Tex Rickard was the promoter and referee.

Johnson lost the championship in twenty-six rounds to Jess Willard, at Havana, Cuba, five years later. It was said that, being unable to defend the crown in America, he sold it to the highest bidder for a certain sum. A white kerchief was to be waved to Johnson by his wife when the alleged sum was collected and in her keeping. According to rumor, Johnson was forced to fight twenty-six rounds before the sum was collected. Nat Fleischer holds in his safe an affidavit from Johnson which tells the story.

* * *

JOHNSON ranks with Peter Jackson among the greatest heavyweights that ever lived. He was possibly the world's greatest defensive pugilist.

James J. Corbett, who had the courage to face Peter Jackson when the blustering John L. Sullivan was wisely the first to draw the "color line," had this to say of the majestic Black:

> As for Jackson (never champion since Sullivan wouldn't give him a chance, but great he was—perhaps the very greatest), he had range, height, reach, sufficient weight, and the most beautiful of builds. He could box with the cleverest or slug toe-to-toe with the heaviest hitter as he chose; and he was equipped with the keenest knowledge.

Corbett was only able to obtain a draw with Peter Jackson in sixty-one rounds. A year or so later, Corbett knocked Sullivan out in twenty-one rounds at New Orleans. This would indicate the merits of Sullivan and Jackson. The balance swings in the Negro's favor when it is learned that but a month before the contest he had severely sprained his ankle. This proved a handicap before a fast man like Corbett who was much younger than the Negro.

Jackson was the least cruel of fighters. On one occasion when boxing Frank Slavin before the National Sporting Club in London, he had his adversary helpless. It is an axiom in the prize ring that "a big man is always dangerous." But Jackson looked appealingly toward the referee who said, "Fight on." Forced to strike Slavin, he "pulled" his punches, hitting him as lightly as he could.

When Slavin went down Jackson helped carry him to his corner. He did the same thing against Patsy Cardiff, over whose head John L. Sullivan had once broken a hand. Although James J. Corbett, Jackson's nearest rival, sat at the ringside and cheered Cardiff's efforts, Jackson showed a humane streak and was merciful when Cardiff staggered about the ring. He stood still and looked at the referee for an order to halt. That gentleman paid no attention, and Jackson was forced to fight on until Cardiff sank. His life was full of chivalry.

* * *

AFTER Jackson's fight with Cardiff, every effort imaginable was made to drag Sullivan into the ring with him. The Irishman refused to meet the Negro.

Eugene Corri, famous referee of the National Sporting Club, declares Peter Jackson to have been the greatest boxer he had ever seen. Jackson died in Australia at about forty years of age. A fine monument has been erected to his memory.

A young pugilist once said to him in San Francisco, "You black fellows don't like to be hit in the stomach. Why is that?" And Jackson's answer was, "Can you *(Continued on page 48)*

HUMPHREYS RANKS

Battling Nelson
Most durable

Young Griffo
Cleverest

Terry McGovern
Most vicious

Kid McCoy
Trickiest

HUMPHREYS will talk Terry McGovern until your face is as blue as his classic Celtic countenance is purple. The daddy of announcers reveres the memory of the little Mick from the slums of south Brooklyn with whom he rose to international prominence.

"The most vicious fighter that these tired eyes have seen in 50 years, or since I was old enough to remember?" says Joe the Beaut. "That is a very simple question. He also was the best fighter that I ever set my bulbs on. You may have heard of him.

"His name was Joseph Terrence McGovern. He was in full stride when he weighed from 114 to 122 pounds. At his peak, it would have been a shame to match most of the better welters with him. You know that he got it into his head that an old Irish woman put the curse on him just before he was knocked out by Young Corbett. He was scrappin' with his wife, and—"

But let's get away from Terrible Terry, or we'll be here all day and most of the night.

Humphreys goes along with everybody else whose privilege it was to see Young Griffo in that the Australian was the cleverest boxer of them all. Then the star spieler mentions Jem Driscoll and Abe Attell, also feathers. What? No Joe Gans. Yes, the famous mouthpiece has a high regard for the Old Master.

* * *

YOU get some idea of the real worth of Jack Johnson as an exponent of the so-called manly art when such a competent authority as Humphreys calls the Negro heavy the finest of all defensive boxers, regardless of poundage. Naturally, Battling Nelson takes the cookies for durability, and Kid McCoy for trickiness.

The life stories of several of these immortals are tragic tales — a sad commentary on the cruel beak busting business. McGovern, like many other formidable fighting men, wound up in a crazy house. Nelson was declared incompetent. McCoy did time for being implicated in the death of a woman. Johnson was a fugitive for years. Attell was mixed up in the Black Sox scandal. They had to give benefits for Griffo. Gans died of consumption at 36, a victim of torturous weight-making.

Pugilism certainly must have something to survive with all its faults and examples like that. Humphreys, at 63, is as enthusiastic about the dodge as he was during the free-lunch-and-seven-petticoat era.

Sport's spokesman goes into ecstasies in relating the glorious accomplishments of Bob Fitzsimmons, James J. Corbett, Jack McAuliffe, Kid Lavigne, Tommy Ryan, Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, James J. Jeffries, Kid Carter, Tom Sharkey, Ad Wolgast, Joe Walcott, George Dixon, Stanley Ketchel, and some more.

* * *

"AND for a real honest-to-goodness knock-'em-down-and-drag-'em-out bloke, I'd take Mysterious Billy Smith any day," beams Humphreys. "Could he fight! Was he tough!

"Smith did 142 pounds ringside for Lavigne in San Francisco and had to ask the Kid's brother to stop it. A month later he beat Billy Stift, a heavy, in Chicago. And he was fresh from a good drunk.

"Mysterious Billy fractured his left arm in licking a tough sailor at the old Polo A. C. Just as the break commenced to knit properly, Billy Roche was offered a $2500 purse, split 75 and 25, to pit his man against George Green, a remarkable per-

TEN GREATEST FIGHTERS

By HARRY GRAYSON

Sports Editor, N.E.A. Service

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The author of this series on Joe Humphreys' fifty years of sports activity is one of America's foremost sports writers. While Joe Humphreys was recuperating in a Jersey hospital following his recent illness, Grayson spent several days with him gathering the data for this excellent article.

Joe Humphreys as he introduced Max Baer and Joe Louis at the Yankee Stadium, Sept. 24, 1935.

former, on the Corbett-Fitz, Dal Hawkins-Martin Flaherty program at Carson City.

"Roche turned it down. Smith was furious when he heard about it, insisted that Roche go through, and removed the splints just long enough to scrap Green. The arm broke anew the first time he let his left go, and he was forced to surrender in the 12th round. He fairly murdered Green in 25 heats at the Lenox A. C. a year later.

* * *

"SMITH and a Young Mahoney were tossed from the ring in Paterson one night. Billy's money was withheld, and when Eddie Harvey told him so at the door, he crashed through it in getting back into the club. Harvey heard a tremendous racket in the office, and Smith came out with the coin.

"On the way back to New York on the train, Smith saw a colored fellow who had swiped a pair of shoes from him seven years before. He whaled the daylights out of the fellow and all hands were pinched at the next station. They had an awful time getting out.

"That stuff about Griffo standing on a handkerchief and defying anybody to hit him in the face is true.

"Griffo and Smith were on the outs for a time. Smith ankled into a saloon one night, and, seeing Griffo at the bar, hurled a spittoon at the Australian. Griffo saw it coming in the looking glass and moved his large head just enough to let it tick his ear. The man was a marvel. He could even slip cuspidors—with his back turned."

* * *

HUMPHREYS ranks the first 10 fighters of the past 50 years, regardless of weight, in this order: Terry McGovern, Bob Fitzsimmons, James J. Corbett, Jack Johnson, Jack McAuliffe, George Kid Lavigne, Joe Gans, Tommy Ryan, Jack Dempsey, and Gene Tunney.

"It's tough to leave out fellows like Young Griffo, George Dixon, Jem Driscoll, Kid Carter, Joe Walcott, Kid McCoy, Stanley Ketchel, Jim Jeffries, Sam Langford, and some more," says Humphreys, "but my Big 10 would stand a lot of beating."

There is no sense in arguing with Humphreys about the choice of McGovern as No. 1 man. To Joe the Beaut and many other old-timers, fighting started and finished with Terrible Terry. McGovern's long string of knockouts speak for him, and the fact that any of the better 140-pounders would not have been considered a match for him when he weighed 122 is something in the way of a recommendation.

Fitzsimmons' selection will not be disputed. Ruby Robert probably would pull more votes than any other in any contest to determine the greatest gladiator in any angles of boxing said Humphreys. He had everything. He was a marvel.

* * *

"AND now for Jim Corbett. Corbett not only revolutionized the sport with his footwork and feinting, but did more for it than any other performer. The man who left the San Francisco bank to make his fortune in boxing wasn't called Gentleman Jim for nothing. He took the sport out of saloons and put it in drawing rooms.

"I don't have to apologize for Corbett's ability, either. Jim was an unusual figure when they fought with driving gloves under London Prize Ring rules and remained such for 11 years under the Queensberry code. He fought 18 years in all.

"Corbett was the fastest and most skillful big man of them all. His 61-round draw with the renowned Peter Jackson, 28-round victory over Joe Choynski on the barge, 21-round upset of the one and only John L. Sullivan, and 23-round knockout by Jeffries proved his durability.

"Corbett's performance against Jeffries at Coney Island, May 11, 1900, was one of the most remarkable ever turned in by a boxer. Although he was crowding 34 years of age at the time, Corbett had had things all his own way until he rebounded from the ropes directly in the path of Jeffries' left swing.

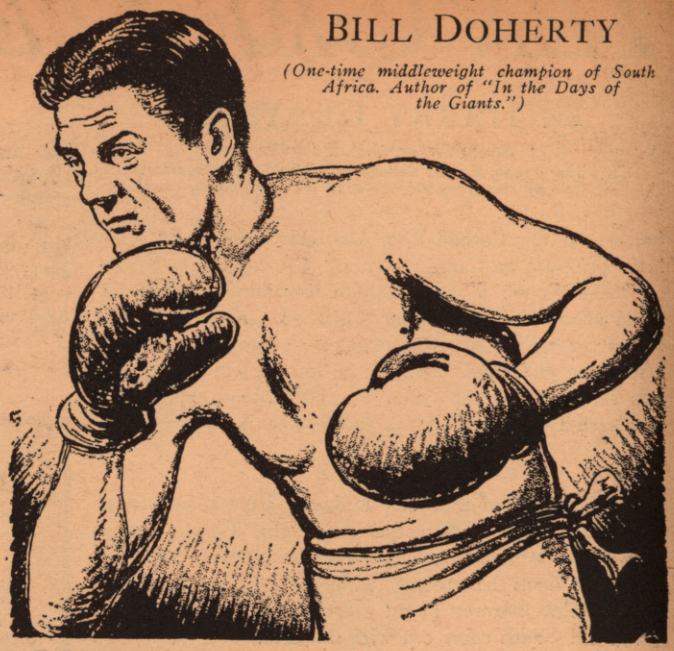
"No heavyweight champion ever came so close to coming back, unless it was Dempsey the night he was the victim of the long count in Chicago. Corbett only had to dance through two and a fraction more rounds to beat Jeff in their memorable seaside scrap."

Many competent critics place Johnson in first place. Humphreys considers the Galveston

(Continued on page 45)

Fighting Men of the Rand

By
BILL DOHERTY
(One-time middleweight champion of South Africa. Author of "In the Days of the Giants.")



Kid McCoy, whose arrival in South Africa in the big gold days caused quite a stir among the natives.

I WAS in Jo'burg, South Africa, at a time when it was all right to be young—in the nineties when there were places to go and things to do, plenty of them wherever you were. If you were in America, there was the Klondike, a new goldfield of wondrous richness, and if you were in South Africa, there was the Rand for gold and Kimberley for diamonds. In Australia there was Coolgardie, and that was something like a goldfield. At Londonderry near Coolgardie in 1894 six diggers took a hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of gold out of a hole only three feet deep and four feet wide and then sold the claim for nine hundred thousand dollars in cash! Why, Jack Dempsey didn't get any more than that out of Boyle's Thirty Acres and Soldiers' Field!

I met the finest people I have ever known in Jo'burg—Americans, English, Australians and South Africans—Boers and Uitlanders alike. The Boers afterwards fought a war against England, and I know nothing of the rights or wrongs of that; but I must say that I found them rough, plain, kindly men after my own heart. Anyway, all they did was to take down the old Mauser from the wall, buckle on a cartridge-belt and go out at Kruger's bidding to fight for the land they had always looked upon as their own—just as you and I, dear reader, would have done under the same circumstances. Some of the men who were with me in South Africa fought in the war on the side of the Boers and I have never been able to find it in my heart to blame them for doing so.

And how those soldiers and diamond diggers and gold-prospectors loved to see a good fight with knuckles or gloves! They didn't care how much they paid for admittance either, and they were prepared to bet and put up sidestakes to almost any amount. Before I got there a match had been held for a sidestake of twenty-five thousand dollars, a record at the time. Woolf Bendorff and J. R. Couper were the principals. After that boxers flocked there from all parts and when I arrived it was to join an array of talent far superior to any I had known previously. I was "small beer" in comparison in fact because I was about the only one who did not have a championship or two in his belt. There was Bill Heffernan, unbeaten middleweight champion of South Africa, Joe Goddard and three men who had stood up to him for fifteen rounds or more—Tut Ryan, Mick Dooley and Denver Ed Smith. There were Tom Duggan, Artie Tully and Jack McGowan, middleweight, lightweight and featherweight champions of Australia respectively, George Cooper of England, Owen Sullivan from the Barrier, Australian Jimmy Murphy, Billy Edwards the Victorian champion, and last, but not least, Kid McCoy of America.

* * *

TO understand what a stir the arrival of the Kid caused in South African boxing circles you would have to study old-time prize-fight history and read of the excitement that prevailed in England when John C. Heenan the Benicia Boy went there and threw out a challenge to the Camden Town wonder Tom Sayers.

Kid McCoy had recently beaten Tommy Ryan and all the diggers on the Rand reckoned that made him middleweight champion of the world because Bob Fitzsimmons was a middleweight no longer—he was definitely up with the heavyweights.

"Who would fight Kid McCoy in Jo'burg for the championship of the world?" that was the question of the hour, and as luck would have it yours truly, the comparative nonentity eventually found himself right in the centre of the limelight and billed as a principal in the big scrap.

Although I had come to South Africa without a first class reputation I immediately struck top form and in a few months rose to dizzy heights of popularity. The first success I achieved was a knock-out victory over George Cooper in fifteen seconds, a record. This was regarded by Owen Sullivan, the irrepressible Broken Hill Irishman as a gift from the gods for his especial benefit. Every time he and I were together in a group of any size after that he would take the first opportunity of announcing in a loud voice: "Well, gintlemen, you have here before you, two record-breakers—Bill Doherty who fought the shortest fight and meself Owen Sullivan who fought the longest."

"The longest?" someone was sure to say, "I didn't know you had that record."

"Indeed I have," Owen would say proudly. "'Twas me an' Harry Laing the Maori—we fought two years!"

"Two years?"

"Two years it was—we got into the ring in 1887 at half past tin in the night of December the 31st, and begorrah we were still slam-whangin' away at each other in 1888 at 1 o'clock in the morning of New Year's day!"

* * *

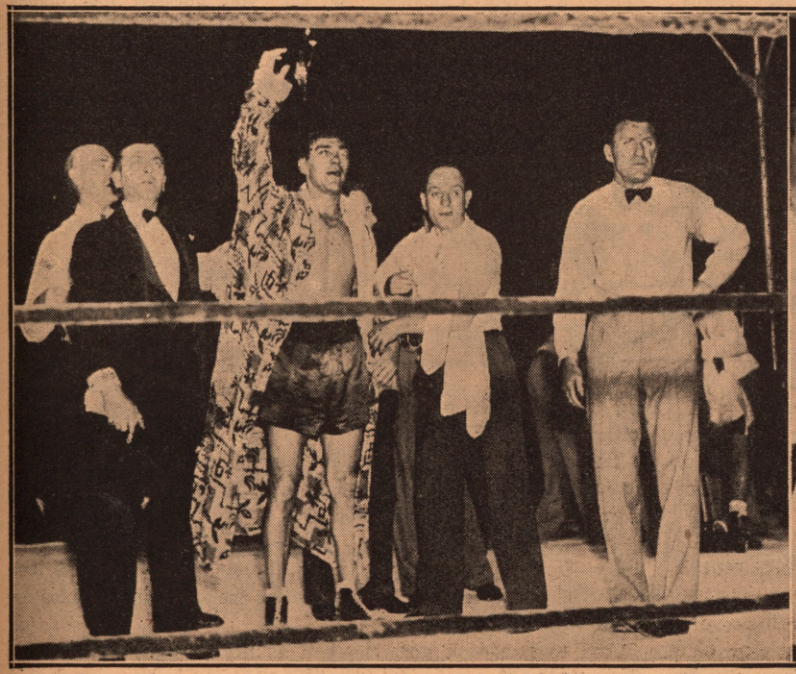
AFTER that I got a match with Heffernan for the middleweight title and knocked him out in the 18th round. Then I k.o.'ed the Australian champ, Tom Dugan in 5—so I earned that fight with McCoy all right.

For the big event I was favourite in the betting, and when I settled down to the job of preparing I really believed that I would beat McCoy because I was hitting like a steam-engine and fairly jumping out of my skin with fitness and well-being. And I had Jack Marshall as a trainer, perhaps as good a man at the game as ever was seen in Africa or Australia. For sparring partners I had Joe Goddard and Artie Tully, and after a while Mick Dooley as well. Mick had been over at Klip River helping Tut Ryan to train McCoy, had quarrelled with them and "humped his bluey" over to my quarters.

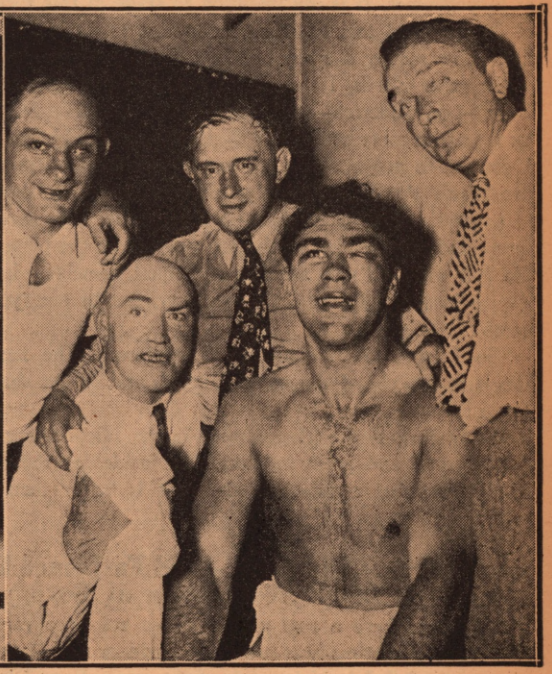
"He's fast, an' d—d clever—your might beat him," was all we could get out of Mick regarding *(Continued on page 45)*

The CELEBRATION

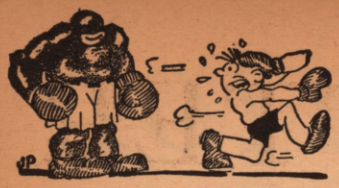
Joe Jacobs, manager of Schmeling (extreme left), and Joe Malone, one of Max's trainers, cheering the victory as Schmeling, Donovan, Blackburn and others rush to Louis' aid after the knockout.



Schmeling, left eye closed, greets the cheering thousands as Harry Balogh, the announcer, holds up Max's hand in token of victory.



Schmeling and his manager and handlers. Left to right—Joe Malone, Jacobs and Max Machon (upper row), and Doc Casey sitting next to Max.



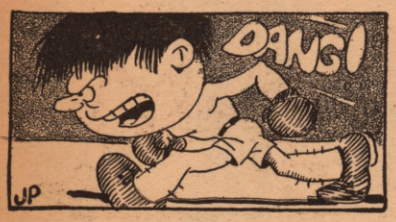
The RING'S

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

THE News and the Views of the boxing world! The Big Fight a thing of the past, with another Big Fight in the making. That's one good thing about boxing. The Big Fight never lingers around very long after the last gong, because the minute after the Big Fight, that term means the next Fight.

The Globe Trotter brings you interesting news from all points —news that the game really is on the upswing, that the promoter has seen the light, that the manager has seen the best way, that the fighter has glimpsed the highway for his own salvation.

No, the Globe Trotter brings you no picture of the Milling Millennium. It seems we never shall see the Millennium in boxing, but we are moving back cautiously to a more equitable situation, and a happier break for all concerned. With this more or less pertinent and pointed introduction, let us proceed with the show. Lights out, Chumley!



New York, N. Y.:—Mike Jacobs Takes Over the Big Hippodrome for a Fight Club

THE Gentleman you see in the picture, standing behind the thirteen fight reporters, is none other than Michael Hippodrome Jacobs, the latter day Rickard. Tired of negotiating in other directions, Mike got the old Hippodrome, which years ago was built by the Messrs. Thompson and Dundy for the sort of shows revived lately in "Jumbo."

In the Hippodrome, Mike will house a fight club something like the National Sporting Club of London, and partly along the lines of the lamented International Sporting Club, engineered by the lamented and lamentable Mr. Gavin. However why have the announcer paint the lily when Mike can do it for himself, to wit, as follows, and here it is:—

"In the Hippodrome will be housed things hardly on the line of hippodromes. It is my intention to stage in this former temple of Thespis and this one-time monument to Jocularity, the finest fights that money can buy and human ingenuity can devise.

"In other words, I am out to prove to the fight fans of New York—yea, America—well, make it the world—what can I lose by taking in more territory? Well, where was I? Yeah, I am out to prove that there are enough supporters of the Manly Art to make it possible to run—mind you, at a good profit for Michael—a first grade, high class, fancy and tony boxing institution devoted to the principle that while all men are free and equal, somebody has got to lose a fight, and it's the loser, ten to one, you come out to see.

"So I have taken over the Hippodrome. The next job is to get rid of the name Hippodrome. What shall I call it?

"Don't forget—the Hippodrome is the Hippodrome no longer, but a grand and great institution set aside for the perpetuation of the idea that a smack in the nose is better than forty-three reformers."

Bear's Grease, Montana:—Old Fashioned Reformer is Discovered ranting at Boxing

WE have here a real old rarity—a reformer ranting at the ring. The time was when, if business got slow, your blue nose never failed to pick on the fight game. But of late, happily, the reformers, male and female, have quit hollering at fighters and have sort of started hollering at each other, which is a splendid solution of the old problem of what to do with a reformer.

The gentleman we show in this film is Josiah Q. Tightpants, who is in the pickle and mustard line, but makes a hobby of prying into other folks' affairs. Some people collect stamps, some collect goats. Josiah is a goat collector.

While on the subject of reformers—and the Globe Trotter has no intention of gratifying Josiah's urge to speak and get his voice across to the public—the G.T. is reminded of one of the most pungent pieces ever written about the reformer who rants at the ring. It was done by the late Ambrose Bierce, who not only was a great writer but a fight fan.

In his "Fantastic Fables," published by Putnam's in 1899, Bierce says:—

"A Pugilist met the Moral Sentiment of the Community, who was carrying a hat box. What have you in that hat-box, my friend?" inquired the Pugilist.

"A new frown," was the answer. "I am bringing it from the frownery—the one over there with the gilded steeple."

"And what are you going to do with the nice new frown?" the Pugilist asked.

"Put down pugilism—if I have to wear it night and day," said the Moral Sentiment of the Community, sternly.

"That's right," said the Pugilist, "that is right, my good friend; if pugilism had been put down yesterday, I wouldn't have this kind of nose today. I had a rattling hot fight last evening with—"

"Is that so?" cried the Moral Sentiment of the Community, with sudden animation. "Which Which licked? Sit down here on the hat box and tell me all about it."

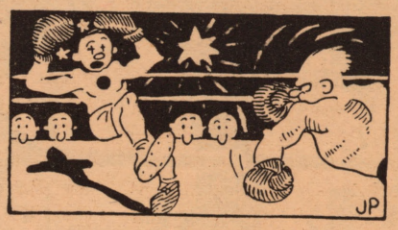
Which seems to prove that even a Reformer has a streak of humanity about him. Thank you, Mr. Tightpants.

Lakewood, N. J.:—The Publisher of The Ring Rewards Four Sturdy Sons of Swat

A BRIGHT day at Lakewood, N. J., in the camp of Joe Louis, as he prepares for the fight with Max Schmeling. From left to right, from right to left and then from the middle to both sides, the figures in the film may be identified as follows:—

1, Nat Fleischer, publisher of THE RING Magazine; 2, Joe Louis; 3, Tony Canzoneri; 4, yes, you guessed it—Thomas Loughran, Gentleman Tom; 5, James J. Braddock, heavyweight champ of the entire universe.

The occasion is a presentation of belts. No, not belts in the sense of socks. But real belts. Not belts that you would use to keep your pants up. But belts that you could use for the embellishment of the person, or for putting away and showing joyously to posterity.



Mr. Fleischer gives a belt to Louis, as the Boxer of the Year, the man who did most for the fight game, and got ninety eight percent of the vote. No dissenting voice from the public on that one. Where would we be today without J. Louis?

To Canzoneri, the durable little guy, goes a prize for having kept the lightweights above water in 1935. But for Antonio that division would have gone under.

To Loughran goes another prize—THE RING has given him many—for his splendid services to the fight game over a long period of years. Who has done more for the sport, in a wholesome way?

And to Braddock goes the belt as heavyweight champion of the world, and a courageous battler not only in the ring, but in the arena of life.

Now the Globe Trotter will step into the picture. See me? I am the bird behind Braddock and Louis.

GLOBE TROTTER

The Globe Trotter hauls out a belt and presents it to Mr. Fleischer for having presented those belts to deserving scrappers. Now Mr. Fleischer turns around and gives the Globe Trotter a belt. It is a straight left to the chin, and that very appropriately closes this part of the show, ladies and gentlemen.

Wherein is shown Mike Jacobs taking over the New York Hippodrome, the editor of The Ring giving away a flock of belts, Miller taking a licking from Sarron, and other delightful incidents.

Washington, D. C.:—Petey Sarron Hands Freddy Miller A Neat Surprise Package

IN the distance you see the Capitol. Yes, folks, it is the city of Washington, capital of My Country 'Tis of Thee. The people you see in the background are politicians and Mr. Zioncheck. The reason all the folks are excited is that after all those phoney fights in Congress, Washington at last is to see a BATTLE.

The principals are: in this corner, Freddy Miller of Cincinnati, pupil of the renowned Pete Hotfoot Reilly, and featherweight champion of the world; in that corner, Petey Sarron. The boys comes to the ring centre, where they are told they are battling for the feather title at the weight. They smile. Sarron smiles. Miller smiles. They fight!

The rounds go by. Note the film. They still are going by. It is a fair fight. Round No. 10 is followed by No. 11, and if you watch closely, you will see No. 12 and 13 rush by like the days that lead right up to Rent Day.

Round No. 15 is finished, as you will note in the film, and what happens? Sarron gets the duke. Sarron gets the title. Miller gets the short end of it. The Touring Title Holder, the battler who wasn't afraid to defend his championship, the guy who liked to fight so well that he flew to his engagements, is licked.

Well, that seems to be the destiny of the ring—somebody has to win, somebody has to lose—and there always is the consolation of a Return Match. So let us dry our tears and pass on to the next thriller.

Chicago, Ill.:—Jack Kearns Gets himself a meal Ticket

YEAH, you guessed it! The bloke in the film is none other than Jack Kearns, onetime manager of Jack Dempsey. The place you see Kearns standing against is the new Kearns venture. No, it is not Hank Bath or another heavyweight wonder. It is a Restaurant.

Noting the success achieved by Mr. Dempsey with his Temple of Gefuellte Fish in New York, Mr. Kearns says to himself, "Why not follow suit?" However, Mr. Kearns never likes to say things just to himself, so let him tell it to you:—

"Howdy, folks, this is your old stuffed pepper, Jack Kearns, the guy which made Dempsey champion! Yeah, he hit 'em, but I managed it all. This is Kearns in person. You will note that I am in the eating and drinking line now. Why? Well, I'll tell you.

"I discover that fighters no longer can be relied on for meal tickets. You get a guy and show him all the tricks, and work with him for three months, and get him a careful match, and sit with him for twenty-four hours before his big test, and you keep telling him over and over again, and then he goes into the ring and what does he do?

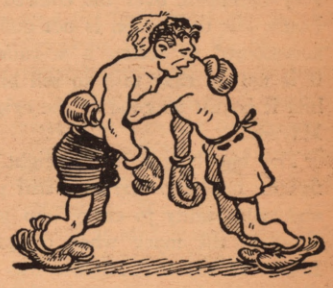
"Folks, I shudder to think of it. What does he do after you teach him every trick known to the science of sock, after you feed him and sleep with the guy so you can wake him up in the middle of the night and remind him—what does he do when he gets into the ring?

"Folks, he LEADS WITH HIS RIGHT!

"So that is the reason, looking around for a meal ticket, I say to myself the safest bet is a restaurant."

New York, N. Y.:—Sammy Goldman searches for a new lightweight to replace Canzoneri

THE picture shows Broadway and Forty Second Street. It is not a backdrop, folks, but the real thing. The guy in the foreground is Mr. Samivel Goldman, who manages Mr. Antonio Canzoneri. Mr. Samivel is well satisfied with managing Signor Antonio, but Mr. Samivel thinks maybe Antonio gets married or somehow or other acts foolish-like and maybe retires from the ring, or goes welter.



Anyways, here is Mr. Goldman on the corner of Broadway and Forty Second Street, looking for another lightweight to take the place of Canzoneri. Mr. Goldman already has a stable loaded with lightweights. They are not lightweight eaters, but that is Mr. Goldman's problem, not the Globe Trotter's.

Mr. Goldman is approached by a messenger boy, with a cable offering fifteen grand for Tony to fight Laurie Stevens in Johannesburg, South Africa. This cable offers the solution of a vexing problem.

Mr. Goldman could take the fight and send Eddie Borden with Tony and thus get Borden to South Africa, where Mr. Goldman so often wishes Mr. Borden. However, Mr. Goldman is afraid that Mr. Borden will come back and Mr. Canzoneri will not. So he tells the South Africans, "Thanks a lot, you are good guys, and call me again some time."

Goldman keeps peering down Broadway for a man to replace Tony, and there we shall leave him.

Hollywood, Cal.:—Coast Referee Re-Writes the Marquis of Queensberry Rules

PRETTY night, what? In the American Legion Arena in Hollywood, Cal., the place where they make the talkies. Look around you. There's Clark Gable. There's Lupe Velez. There's my tailor. My gosh! The occasion is, as you already have surmised, a FIGHT.

The milling coves, as they say in Merrie Hengland years ago, are Baby Arizmendi, which no longer is a baby, and Frank Covelli, of the Brooklyn Covellis, via Sicily.

They mill around and around and the motion pitcher stars holler until their platinum lined larynxes are in danger of going haywire. Arizmendi is giving a bit better than he is taking, and there is much excitement.

The rounds flash by faster than Barney Oldfield used to go around a dirt track in his ottymobile. Comes the ninth. They get near the ropes. Arizmendi loops a left to the eye, and it opens up a cut. The red stream runs from the Covelli optic like beer at a steel puddlers' picnic. It is red, not blue, blood.

The referee, which is Jack Kennedy, is a kind-hearted man. He does not like to see the red stream. So he stops the fight on account of Covelli's eye is cut, and what does he do? In the *(Continued on page 43)*

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Calling Leroy Haynes a Second Joe Louis, Poor Publicity Philadelphian, Aggressive, Hard Hitting Heavyweight Good Club Fighters Helping Sport in Many Sections

THOSE who watched Leroy Haynes, the six feet Negro from Philadelphia, batter his way to a second victory over Primo Carnera in the opening show of the Major Sports Club at Ebbets Field a few weeks ago, were not very optimistic over the colored boy's prospects as a second Joe Louis, but the reason is not difficult to find. When one has been accustomed to seeing a so-called super-fighter like Joe Louis, it is not an easy task to sell him something below par and tell him it is just as good as the original. That's the case with Leroy Haynes.

The big Negro heavyweight proved himself a most willing fighter, one who carries a stiff punch but relies wholly on hooks and wild rights to carry him to victory, and therefore fell far short of the mark when compared to the perfect fighter—Joe Louis. To say that Haynes was a flop as I heard many call him after he had stopped Primo Carnera by paralyzing his left leg with heavy shots to the body and side of the head, is doing Leroy an injustice. He may not be the best heavyweight prospect in the market, but he certainly rates among the best boys of his division.

Of course too much was expected of Haynes, following the reams of publicity that had him on the trail of Louis. The public had gone to Ebbets Field to see another slaughter match, with Carnera's form probably stretched on the canvas within a round or two, and when the unexpected happened, and Primo put up one of the best battles of his career, the crowd decided that Haynes's praise was untimely. I think that Haynes has plenty to learn, but he shouldn't be belittled because of his failure to k.o. Carnera sooner than he did.

* * *

THE fight ended in forty seconds of the ninth stanza with Carnera pleading with Arthur Donovan to halt proceedings because he had no control of his left leg. Primo turned towards the ropes, grabbed the upper strand and there stood helpless while Donovan called for the commission doctor. The medico explained that Primo had received the injury as a result of several blows to the side of the head that had brought about partial paralysis. In order to prove that he had not quit under fire, Primo had three doctors examine him in the dressing room with the needle test. Needles stuck into his flesh on the left leg brought no response while on the right, they caused him to howl with pain.

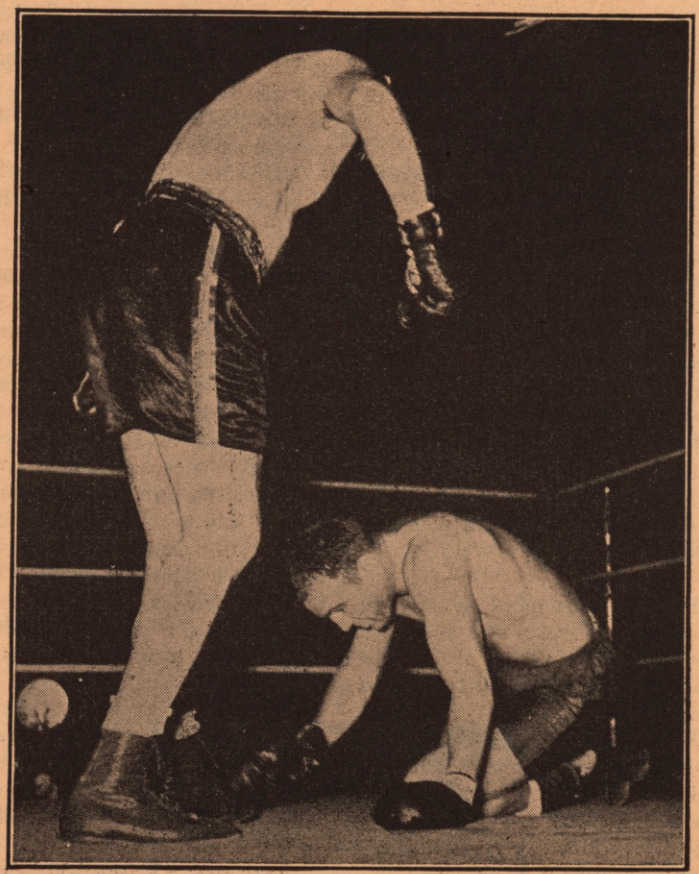
I had scored three rounds for him, one even and four for Haynes and in the three which Primo won, he stabbed his left into Haynes's face so often, I couldn't keep count. And Haynes in turn, in the rounds which he annexed, pummelled the Italian about the face and body with the kind of punches that should have brought down the average fighter. But Primo had decided that he would prove that Haynes couldn't duplicate the Philadelphia feat when the Negro stopped him in three rounds, and he came pretty close to doing it.

As for Haynes being a challenger for the world title, that had better be left alone for a time being. He needs plenty of additional tough fights before he can be considered as an opponent of Louis or Braddock, though on what he showed against Carnera in both of their battles, I think he still rates among the first five best heavyweights in America. There simply aren't a handful of good heavyweights in all the world, and that's why Haynes is placed so high. But I predict that he'll get somewhere, especially now that Jack Johnson has been hired as his trainer.

To those who insist that Primo quit, may I call their attention to the fact that Carnera, win or lose, has always given a good account of himself. Primo never did know how to fight, but he has always possessed a fighting heart—that much credit must be given to him. There never has been anything behind his fighting other than his bulk and heart. He has the true quality of the fighting man—courage—and just because he has been so unfortunate, he shouldn't be dubbed a quitter.

He has repeatedly proved that the word quit should not be applied to him. Remember the fight with Baer? How many other fighters would have absorbed the terrific punishment which Primo took without folding up? I daresay very few. And the fight with Louis?

And that with Haynes at Ebbets Field was another example. Carnera took an awful beating about the body, yet, had he remained on his feet for the ninth and tenth rounds and won those heats, he would probably have gained a draw with the man who had knocked him out only a few weeks



Phil Brubaker, floored by Andre Lenglet in San Francisco bout which ended in a draw.

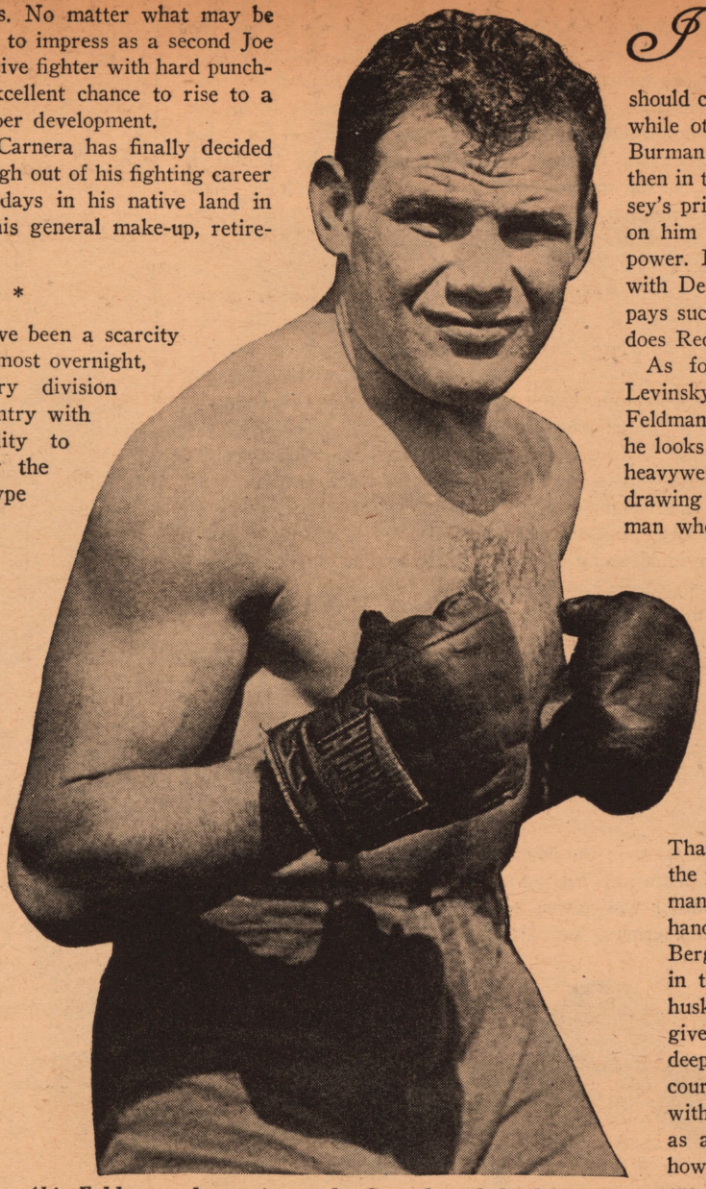
previously in three rounds. No matter what may be said about Haynes' failure to impress as a second Joe Louis, he is a most aggressive fighter with hard punching power, and has an excellent chance to rise to a challenger's post with proper development.

I am glad to see that Carnera has finally decided to quit. He has saved enough out of his fighting career to spend the rest of his days in his native land in comfort, and in view of his general make-up, retirement is his safest bet.

* * *

GOOD club fighters have been a scarcity until recently, when almost overnight, boys in nearly every division sprang up around the country with sufficient color and ability to arouse enthusiasm among the spectators. They are the type who are known as club fighters, and it is to them that the small club owner really owes his existence. In California and in New York, where such talent was most needed, there are now a number of boxers who, regardless of the decision, can be brought back time and again and still get a good break from the fans.

This was particularly brought to my attention at the opening show of the Major Sports Club at Ebbets Field a few weeks ago, where Andy Neiderreiter put up a bang-up card that had the twenty thousand spectators on edge throughout. Whether it was the pairing of the lads or the talent itself that was responsible for the fine entertainment furnished at the ball park was immaterial. The fact remains that the boys were a pleasing set, and a few more shows of that kind will be a big boom for the sport. Personally, I attribute the fine program to both the good pairing of the contestants and to the type of milling each was capable of giving.



Abie Feldman, whose trips to the Coast have helped him to attain the best form of his career.

The best improvement I've seen in a fighter in the past few months is that of Abie Feldman who, finding it difficult to obtain any lucrative bouts in New York, his home state, has done considerable barnstorming throughout the West. Abie's splendid performance against Ralph Barbara was a show in itself at Ebbets Field. Abie has developed cleverness and a straight punch that hit the mark with regularity. Whereas in previous bouts around New York he was regarded as just an ordinary fighter, he now has rounded into a first-class fighting machine who is worthy of giving battle to the best of the class.

Added to the list are the Youngstown knockerout, Jack Trammell, a Negro who has the makings of a top-flight heavyweight; Phil Brubaker, Red Burman and Andre Lenglet, all good club fighters. Of the field, I like the chances of Burman, Trammell and Brubaker best, because they are newcomers and still have plenty of time to develop into first-class scrappers. Burman, who is handled by Max Waxman and Jack Dempsey, in my opinion, is not being given the credit due him. Too many of the scribes are shunting him aside, yet I venture to say that if Red can build himself up into a real heavyweight—he'll be a tough 'un.

IT might not be generally known that Burman is receiving special instruction from Dempsey that should carry him a long way. Almost daily, while other fighters work out in the gym, Burman does his training first on the road, then in the gym, then comes back to Dempsey's private gymnasium where Jack works on him to perfect his left and his hitting power. I have watched Burman work out with Dempsey, and any young fighter who pays such strict attention to instruction, as does Red, is sure to get somewhere.

As for Brubaker, who defeated King Levinsky on the Coast and then took Abie Feldman into camp, the Coast scribes say he looks like the one best bet in the future heavyweight book. He is rated the best drawing card in California, and for a young man who has only begun the fistic trade, that's some honor. Buddy Baer may yet be heard from, but his defeat by Lenglet, the big, towering Frenchman, set him back.

On the same card, another rising heavyweight was on view, Abe Simon, who is trained and handled by Jimmy Bronson, a veteran of the old school, and who, it is said, is owned by Jock Whitney and Gene Tunney. That Bronson is bringing Simon along the proper channel was evident by the manner in which his heavyweight handled himself against the tough Lew Berg of Pittsburgh, whom he stopped in the third round. Abe is a strong, husky fellow who can both take and give a wallop. His body punches sink deep and carry stinging force. Of course, to date Simon has been favored with ordinary talent as opponents, and as a result, it is difficult to say just how he would fare against topnotchers, but he has the makings of a good heavyweight, and if anyone can bring out all he possesses, Jimmy Bronson is the man.

There are others who carry club appeal and should make good drawing cards for the summer months. The battle between Sandy McDonald and Al Demedowitz, which was halted in the sixth because of a deep cut which Demedowitz, former Washington and Jefferson athlete, sustained, was a humdinger. Those boys can fight—make no mistake about that. They hit with force and put up the kind of milling that should enable them to get on many other cards this summer.

Rated among the topnotch club fighters also are Georgie Brescia of Argentina and Steve Dudas, who stopped Isadore Gastanaga after the Spaniard had put him away in the first. Steve is one of the best boys of his type in the East—a fighter from the word go—one who never lets up. Still another of that same school is Bob Pastor, former New York University athlete, who has been seen frequently in the Garden. Bob has gained considerable popularity by his willingness to mix it at every opportunity.

* * *

IN the lighter divisions, Carmen Barth, Cleveland light-heavyweight, who is campaigning successfully on the Coast, is a good club fighter with promise. Red Bruce of Pittsburgh is a comer, and Jack Gibbons, son of the famous Mike, is progressing rapidly.

Among the middleweights, Fred Apostoli, former bell hop from

San Francisco, is one of the bright lights of the younger contenders in the middleweight division. Ken Overlin, Norfolk middleweight, is an aggressive and slambang fighter who is destined for big things. Al Quaill, game Pittsburgher, is another on the upgrade. Solly Krieger, Brooklyn middleweight, has the wallop and skill to advance further. Joe Besselman, German middleweight importation, is coming along nicely in the smaller clubs.

Izzy Jannazzo, Brooklyn welterweight, is equipped with plenty of knowledge and ambition to get ahead in the welterweight ranks and seems to be improving all the time. Fritzie Zivic, one of the fighting Zivics, came through with a one-round knockout over Billy Celebron. Ceferino Garcia, a dangerous hitting Filipino who has yet to show his wares in the East, is a fine club battler of promise.

Andrea Jesserun, Mickey Serrian, Jimmy Leto, Sonny Jones and Gustave Eder, all making their headquarters in New York, are fitted for better competition. Eder is the other German visitor and he impressed favorably through his knockout of Al Silva.

Leonard Del Genio, New York lightweight, is a spirited youngster who is rapidly improving under the guidance of Sammy Goldman. Enrico Venturi, latest Italian importation, looked impressive in whipping Al Roth and will do well as a club fighter. Likewise Roth, one of New York's best club boys. Venturi reminds one of Ted Kid Lewis and is very capable.

Hubert Kid Dennis of Butte is touted highly because of recent victories over Young Peter Jackson and Lew Massey, and Charley Gomer, a game and two-fisted fighter from Baltimore, is getting plenty of publicity as a drawing card. Howard Scott, Texas cowboy, making his headquarters in Washington, is coming along nicely.

* * *

PROBABLY the best featherweight in the country is Henry Armstrong, Los Angeles Negro, who is cutting a wide swath on the Coast. He is a colorful battler who draws well. So does Mike Belloise, the best of the Easterners, and Dave Crowley, English featherweight, who impressed favorably in getting a draw with Belloise. Wally Hally, a Coast youngster, who resembles Ace Hudkins in looks and fighting mannerisms, is the current sensation of the featherweight ranks. As a drawing card he goes over big on the Coast.

The recent invasion of Baltazar Sangchili, world's bantamweight champion, has added considerable interest to the bantamweight class. He is a rip-tearing, aggressive gamester, who is being groomed for a match with Sixto Escobar.

The flyweight class is dormant in this country and all the activity is being distributed in England, Scotland, Ireland and France and other European countries.

It is interesting to note the confusion that exists in the flyweight division in this country and abroad. In England, Benny Lynch, the Scottish flyweight, is conceded undisputably to be the kingpin of the midget division, and they look upon Small Montana, the American claimant, as an intruder. Montana, in the area governed by the National Boxing Association, is hailed as the world's flyweight title-holder on the strength of his victory over Midget Wolgast.

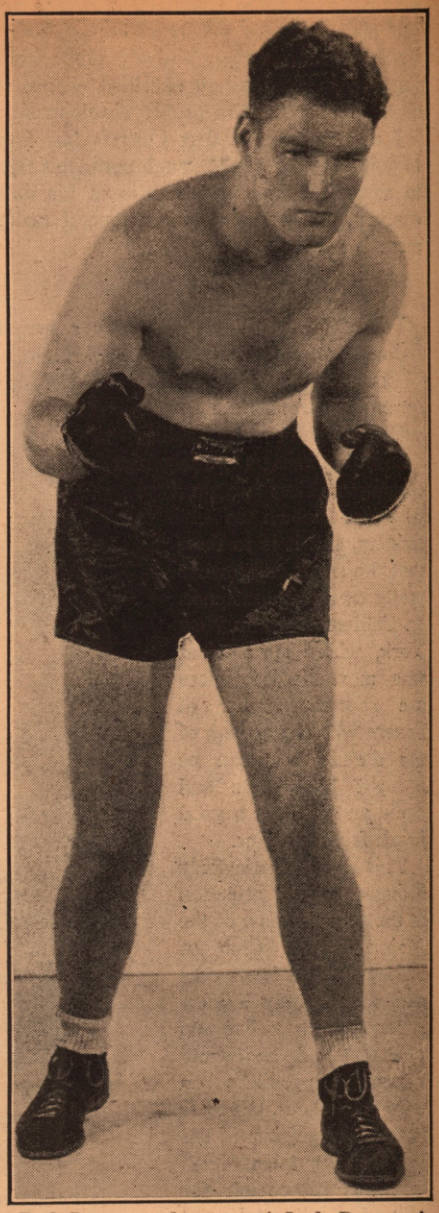
In the opinion of THE RING's rating critic, there is really no legitimate flyweight title-holder. The class abounds in a state of bewilderment and the only way out of this mess is to stage a tournament that is really one. No hand-picked names to suit the convenience of boxing commissions or individuals.

There are only three outstanding flyweights—Benny Lynch, Small Montana and Jim Warnock, Irish claimant. Warnock recently whipped Lynch in decisive fashion and though the match was made over the flyweight limit, it proved beyond question that Warnock was Lynch's superior, and in view of the fact that Lynch does not hold any title, we have designated Warnock as the No. 1 man in the flyweight class.

* * *

THE same condition exists in the bantamweight division. Baltazar Sangchili, the world's bantamweight champion, who won the title legitimately when he triumphed over Al Brown in a titular match, arrived in this country a few months ago to find that the New York State Athletic Commission recognizes Sixto Escobar, Porto Rican entry, as its champion.

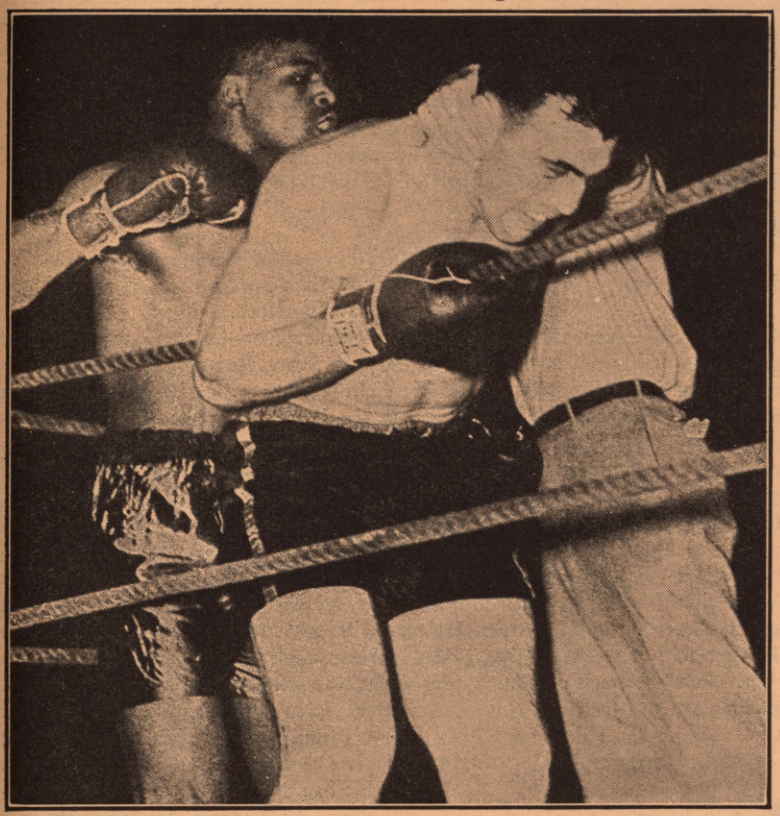
We do not wish to detract from Escobar's prowess, because we candidly believe that were he and Sangchili matched, there would be no further need for argument as to whom belonged the bantam spoils. Escobar, in my opinion, is the best bantam in the world, but unfortunately, he cannot be recognized as a world title-holder until he whips Sangchili, who is, without a doubt, the world champion. I hope such a match can be made, in justice to Sangchili and the American champion.



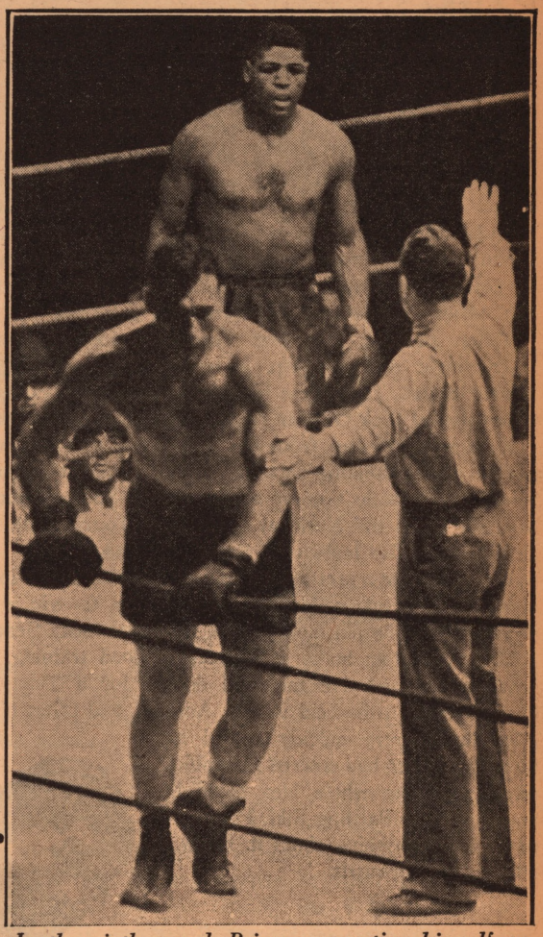
Red Burman, the star of Jack Dempsey's stable, who is being properly groomed in the heavyweight ranks. Red is a good club fighter.

Steve Dudas, who has built up a big following because of his aggressive fighting.

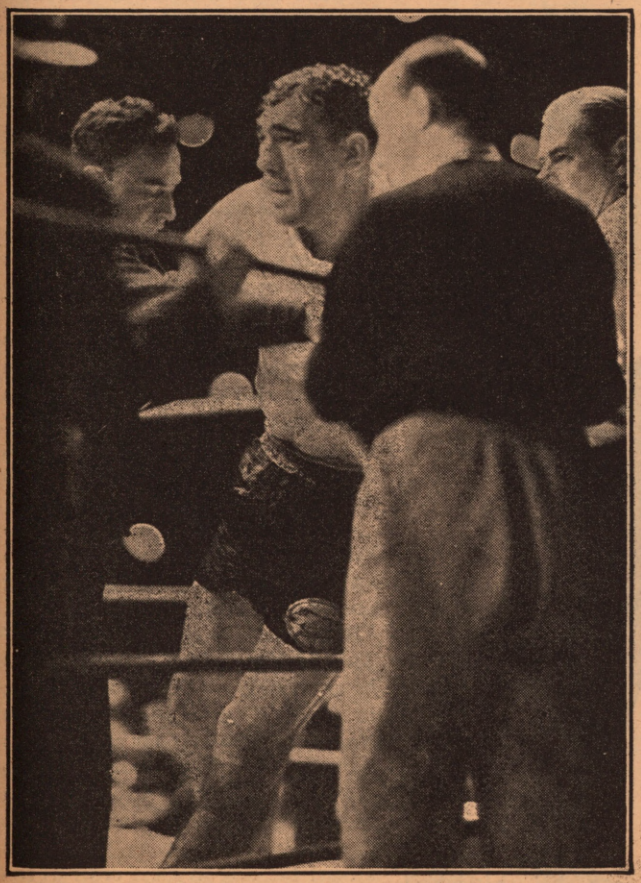
Limping Out of the Heavyweight Picture



Carnera, turning his back on Haynes, grasps the rope in the eighth round.



In the ninth round, Primo, supporting himself on the upper strand, informed the referee that his left leg was paralyzed and quit.



With an expression of pain, Carnera is led to his corner.

A scene in first round when Haynes took advantage of Carnera's wide opening to crash a left hook to the side of the Italian's chin.

FRENZIED FISTIC

MAX SCHMELING was champion of the world at a time when the boxing fans found it very hard to get their hands on any ready money, but the sums that Max made would have astonished the old-timers.

For instance, after his fight with Young Stribling in Cleveland in 1931, Max paid the United States government an income tax of $17,546. Jim Corbett and Bob Fitzsimmons, two really great champions, fought to a finish—winner take all—for a purse of $15,000! Fitzsimmons fought Sharkey for less than that.

In fact, some of the fighters of modern times make so much money that they change the pay of other professional athletes, even in a field of sport which is not related to boxing at all—golf, for instance. Not many people know that the big money to be won in golf tournaments is due to boxing, and more particularly to one African fighter who never swung a golf club.

When Battling Siki beat Carpentier for the world's light-heavyweight championship, he received offers to fight in the United States. They were big offers. Down in Texas, a sporting editor named Jack O'Brien read about the big money that Battling Siki, a wild African from the Senegalese country, was offered, and he got to thinking about it. Another news item came into his mind, which made a queer contrast with Siki's earnings. It was an item about the National Open Golf Tournament, that had a first prize of five hundred dollars.

It seemed like a pretty good joke to O'Brien that a lot of golfers should spend years of preparation trying to win a prize that wouldn't even be pin money for a happy-go-lucky Senegalese like Siki, who seldom bothered to keep in good training. He got to work and raised five thousand dollars for a Texas open golf championship to be held in San Antonio, and other big cities all over the country quickly copied his idea. Big money had entered the golfing world, and the whole idea could be traced back to Battling Siki. Poor Siki never knew anything about it. He was shot soon afterwards.

* * *

THE main reason early day fighters found it hard to draw any money was that the whole business was illegal. If the sheriff came around at the wrong time, the fighters were often packed off to jail, and there are records of men who spent two or three years in a cell because the peace officers happened along when a prizefight was in progress.

Even where fighting was tolerated, the methods of getting up a purse for the boxers were very primitive, and the receipts were usually small. One early American fight establishment was the boxing-room back of Harry Maynard's saloon in San Francisco, in the late 1870's. Harry's method of collecting the purse was simple. He jumped into the ring, called for contributions, and a hat was passed. The money was bundled up in a handkerchief and tied to the overhead gas jet. Then Maynard called for volunteers! In those days the sight of a bundle of small silver dangling from the gas jet was sufficient enough to ensure some of the wildest slambang fights that ever took place in San Francisco.

A good many years later the California authorities decided to do away with professional boxing, and to allow only bouts between amateurs who were to get prizes worth not more than thirty-five dollars. Some of the "amateurs" who fought in California under that law were Fred Fulton, Jack Dempsey, Sam Langford, Benny Leonard, Willie Ritchie, Billy Miske, Floyd Johnson, Willie Meehan, and Joe Rivers. If the United States amateur boxing teams were selected on as easy-going a plan as that, they would certainly be hard to beat.

Needless to say, none of those men would have been even faintly interested in a thirty-five-dollar prize. All the real payment of purse money had to be done quietly and under cover.

* * *

IT certainly would have startled some real amateur to get into one of those "amateur" bouts and find himself face to face with Sam Langford.

Yes, the modern fighter—particularly the champion—may find himself in the money. And then again, he may not. Gene Tunney set the top for heavyweight finance when Rickard paid him $990,445.54 as his share of the Dempsey-Tunney gate receipts at Chicago. Walter Neusel hit the bottom in his December, 1933, fight with Ray Impellitiere, when he licked his giant opponent and was handed a check for three dollars and nineteen cents.

Even in the camp of Joe Louis there's not always a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Jack Blackburn is the man who's responsible for Joe's knowledge of scientific boxing. When Jack was first hired to train Louis, he was offered twenty-five per cent of Joe's contract. He turned it down for a salary of fifty dollars a week and has probably been wondering why ever since, even though now he is declared in on a portion of the managers' share.

Jack was a colored fighter, and a good one, and he knew how hard it is for a colored boy to get a lot of good money-making fights, but Joe's management has been nothing short of phenomenal. He has drawn big purses fighting antique, glass-jawed heavyweights who wouldn't draw a fistful of quarters—if they had been matched with anybody but Joe. Joe's got the punch and the skill, and the fans would pay ten dollars a seat to see him fight Rip Van Winkle. This is the sincerest compliment that the fans know how to pay.

Battling Siki, who brought big purse money to golf, never played the game.

Joe is the only fighter in sight who has even a remote chance of equalling Dempsey's record. In nine fights as champion or contender, Dempsey drew gates averaging over a million!

No doubt most of Joe's ambitious challengers have at least one eye on Joe's remarkable ability to pack 'em in at the gate. Even Jock McAvoy, after slapping Babe Risko into slumberland, dreamed of climbing into the ring some day with Louis. He said:

"If I whip the American light-heavyweight and the British heavyweight champion, and Schmeling doesn't come to America to fight Louis, I'll feel that I'm entitled to the shot." Jock didn't beat either of the champions he mentioned, and Schmeling did come to America, so McAvoy may have changed his mind. At any rate, it shows that all the contenders are anxious to get a match with a fellow who can pack them in the way Joe does, even if it does mean getting knocked all around the ring in short order as frequently happens.

FINANCE

By ROBERT EDGREN

HURLING challengers at a champion or near champion is nothing new in fisticuffs. It has been the vogue from the time of Tom Hyer to the present day. This is especially true of one who is a gate magnet. Of course neither the public nor the scribes take such challengers seriously, because they know what is behind the move. In the long run, with little exception, the public makes the choice for a championship match and there is little one can put over on the real fight fan.

An exception worth mentioning here, was the bout between Gene Tunney and Tom Heeney. Not for a moment did anyone that knew his boxing, think that the boy from Down Under had a ghost of a chance against Gene, but Tunney insisted that Heeney was his choice because he wanted an easy shot before retiring, and Tex Rickard, in desperation was forced to give in. Well what happened? Gene collected his $525,000; Heeney received his little plum for taking an awful shellacking and Rickard went into a hole for the first time in his New York career to the extent of close to $250,000!

The same thing happened when Dempsey accepted Tom Gibbons for a championship match. Tom's mentors kept challenging the Manassa Mauler and though the public had little faith in Gibbons as a bona fide challenger, the match was made for Shelby, Montana. Dempsey got all the coin—every penny that came in at the gate, Tom barely received his training expenses and the City of Shelby went broke. Thus you see that not in all cases does the frenzied fistic finance work out as the boxers figure they will.

* * *

EVEN the wrestlers were challenging the Brown Bomber. Ernie Dusek once offered to put up fifteen thousand dollars that he could beat Louis. The startling part of his challenge was that he was willing to fight not as wrestler vs. wrestler . . . . but as boxer vs. boxer. At that rate he would be paying about two thousand dollars a second for the pleasure of taking one on the chin. None of the wrestlers who thought they could box were ever any good, except Paul Berlenbach, and he was only an amateur wrestler.

Earnest Roeber, heavyweight champion wrestler, used to help Bob Fitzsimmons train, and occasionally put on the gloves with Fitz. He wanted to become a fighter, too. It seems to have a fatal fascination, this leather-pushing. One day in a training bout Roeber charged into Bob, head down, and arms swinging.

Bob grinned that grin of childlike glee that he always wore when he was thinking of some particularly rich joke, and he held up his right hand so that all the reporters could see it. Then he applied that right mitt to the top of Roeber's head with a whack like a Joe DiMaggio triple.

Roeber fell flat on his nose. He was out so cold that the assistant trainers had to carry him out of the ring and lay him to one side on the wrestling mat while the boxing went on. They didn't waste much sympathy in those days. After a while Roeber sat up dizzily and rubbed the top of his head with his gloved mitt. I think he secretly had an idea that someone had been after him with a baseball bat; but he never seemed to be as serious about his ambition to be a boxer after that.

* * *

HACKENSCHMIDT, who was a lion of a man, and one of the greatest wrestlers that ever lived, also nursed ambitions to be a boxer. He trained with Gunner Moir, an English heavyweight. His idea was to study in private and suddenly spring out into public gaze a fully-developed heavyweight boxer, ready to challenge Jeffries.

It was a magnificent plan; but Hackenschmidt's powerful muscles were wrestler's muscles. They weren't the hitting kind. When he found what a great difference there was between a heavyweight like Moir and the champion Jeffries, he wisely gave up the idea and never did enter the ring.

Apparently wrestlers have the same trouble all over the world.

Schmeling, whose income tax was bigger than old championship purses.

Last year I was in Japan. The manager of the Tokio wrestling organization was telling me about his wrestlers. "Can they do anything but wrestle Sumo style?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he said. "They can wrestle very well jiu-jitsu style; they are very good at Japanese fencing, too. But one thing they are no good at." He laughed. "They are no good boxers. They want to learn to box, but they are too slow. No good."

The Japanese insist that their Sumo style wrestling is one kind of grappling that is strictly on the level. As proof of this fact, they point to the first recorded Sumo bout in Japanese history, between Nomi-no-Sukune, a potter, and Kuehaya. These two men wrestled to entertain Emperor Suinin along about the year 2 B.C. As a guarantee to their royal patron that the bout was on the level, Nomi-no-Sukune completed the defeat of his rival Kuehaya by kicking him to death. That's one Chief Chewchki must try.

* * *

WRESTLING has it all over boxing in one respect, though. That's the endurance record. The longest fight of the old bare-knuckle days, when the bouts didn't stop until one of the men couldn't fight any more, was between Mike Madden and Bill Hayes, who fought six hours and three minutes at Edenbridge, England, back in 1849.

In the 1912 Olympic Games a much longer wrestling match took place when Ahlgren of Sweden wrestled Bohling of Finland from ten in the morning until ten forty-five at night, without a fall! Neither man would take a chance, because it was in the finals of the light-heavyweight division and the world's amateur title went with the bout. The officials were so disgusted that they refused to award a first place gold medal in the event.

Wrestlers are popularly supposed to make a lot of money. Figures are quoted up into the hundreds of thousands a year, but as a matter of fact most of the men are on modest salaries, and an official investigation into some bouts in Indiana disclosed that the wrestlers had received all the way from $1.50 to $4.00 a bout, depending on whether they were prelims or finalists.

The Case Against the Big 'Uns

By JACK KOFOED

JACK SHARKEY backed against the ropes. Jack unleashed a smashing right that landed flush on Primo Carnera's jaw. The gargantuan Italian smiled his snaggle toothed smile . . . . came close . . . . whipped in a right uppercut. His flying fist plu-unked against Sharkey's chin. The champion fell on his face. His big, smoothly muscled body hardly stirred while the referee counted him out. He had been beaten in the first defense of his title that he had attempted.

There was an immediate blah-blah from observers about the difference in the size of the men. People who had called Carnera a circus freak prophesied there would be no one to beat him in years, but in the past year they have learned the truth about Primo's fighting ability. They harped on his 265-pounds. They forgot that two years before Sharkey beat him handily. They did not remember that inept Jim Maloney had suffered no damage at Primo's hands in two ten round bouts.

The Italian's rise to the heavyweight championship of the world was due not to size alone . . . . but to many other important factors primarily—a fine bunch of setups, his vast improvement in boxing and hitting.

In most cases tremendous bulk has been a handicap rather than an asset in the prize ring. Even in Carnera's case, this was true. Go back a few years . . . . and take a look-see at Herr Jan Plaacke, the Dutch blubber man, and Ed Dunkhorst, who was called "the Human Freight Car."

These fellows scaled close to three hundred pounds in weight. Kid McCoy, who was hardly more than a middleweight, took on Plaacke in the Hollander's American debut. I don't believe there ever was a fight in which there was such a disparity in weight.

McCoy, pale, cold, sneering, came from his corner at the sound of the bell to meet Jan's lumbering attack.

He stopped for a moment, glanced to the floor. Then he pointed, and said: "Your shoe lace is untied."

Plaacke looked down, and the tricky McCoy buzzed a terrific corkscrew punch to the Dutchman's chin. It dazed Jan so badly that he never recovered . . . . and the Kid cut him into ribbons with laughing ease.

Dunkhorst was a better fighter than Plaacke, but Bob Fitzsimmons, a light-heavyweight, finished Ed's career with a whirl of hard, accurate blows. The three hundred pounds each of the big men carried meant nothing against the speed and accuracy of the smaller fellows.

Carnera's bulk was against him so far as his fighting was concerned. He was far too clumsy and his peculiar chin offered a splendid target. If you analyze the records of the giants of the roped square you will find that, with few exceptions, those who were beyond the six-feet-four-inches mark and who scaled beyond 220 pounds, lacked the skill, the hitting power, the stamina and the cleverness of the heavyweights who scaled between 185 to 220. The best of the fighters in the heavyweight ranks were no more than 200 pounds and scaled slightly over six feet in height.

Size, of course, is an index neither of stamina nor resistance to punishment. Not long ago little Joe Walcott, who was called "the Giant Killer," expressed the wish that he was in his prime and could meet Primo Carnera.

"That big fellow's got a lantun jaw," said Walcott, "an' how I loved to crack them lantun jaws. They always fold up."

How good was the judgment of Walcott, was evident in the bouts in which Carnera participated after that statement of the "Barbados Demon" was made. Thus, take a peek at what poor Primo suffered at the hands of Max Baer, and then follow that up with the record of Primo in the fight with Joe Louis. One crack on the chin was all the Detroit Bomber required to put poor Primo in misery. And then, look what happened when Carnera faced Leroy Haynes in Philadelphia. A few clouts on the chin and the Italian Behemoth cried "quits." From this little record, it is obvious that size alone counts little in boxing.

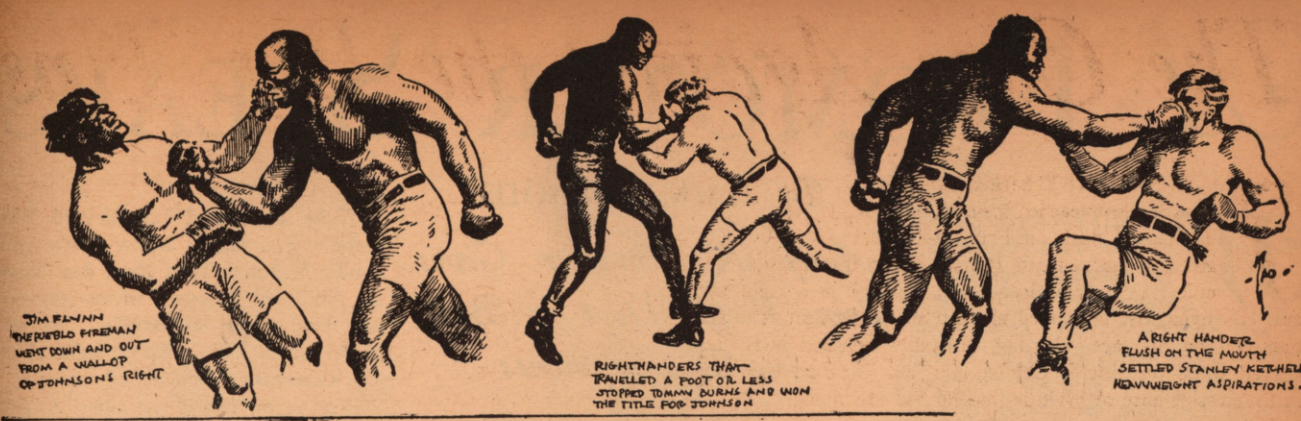
* * *

TRUE, some of the greatest fighters in the heavyweight ranks were men of six feet or more, but those fellows had what Carnera lacked—the punch and the science. But if we take the average, we will find that the best of our heavyweights were not beyond six feet two inches.

Jeffries was the real iron man of the group. He never would have been knocked out had he not elected to come out of retirement in an attempt to bring the heavyweight championship of the world back to the white race. That blazing July day in Reno saw a has been slaughtered on the accomplished fists of one of the greatest heavyweights, Jack Johnson. But I, for one, do not believe the Boilermaker would have been whipped by the Galveston black had he been the fighter he was five years before.

But many of my colleagues differ with me in that contention. However, suffice to say, that of all the big fellows, Jeff and Johnson ranked the highest. Their greatest was in a great measure due to their speed as well as a devastating punch but in the case of Johnson extreme skill in feinting and general cleverness, with an uncanny knack of sewing an opponent up into knots, aided him considerably. Most of the big fellows were slow of foot and clumsy of action.

"Hairy" Jim Jeffries as pictured by the great "Tad" when the California Boilermaker was training for his fight with Fitzsimmons. This drawing and the one on the opposite page, were given to THE RING *Editor by Tad for a story which the New York "Evening Journal's" cartoonist wrote for this magazine three years before his death.*



The above drawings by the famed "Tad" of New York "Evening Journal" fame, show how Jack Johnson laid 'em low with his powerful right.

Next to Primo, Willard was the biggest of the heavyweight champions. In fact, though Jess weighed less, he is an inch taller than Carnera. Jess possessed a certain degree of boxing skill and a fine right uppercut . . . . but lacked interest in the game and a fighting heart. No man ever suffered a more terrific beating than the Tall Pine of the Potawattomie took at Dempsey's hands. His ribs were broken . . . . his cheek bone fractured . . . . his body crushed by the Mauler's deadly fists.

* * *

LUIS ANGEL FIRPO was the most colorful of the giants . . . . and what a right hand he had! If it landed, he had a chance with any man that ever lived. But he couldn't box and certainly was not a smart ringman. Jimmy DeForest tried to teach him to use his left, which was a mistake . . . . for Luis was right hand crazy and wild with a desire to slug.

These three . . . . and the Negroes, Harry Wills and George Godfrey, were the only giants who amounted to anything. Because their skins were black the latter were shunted aside and never given a real chance to win the title. Whether or not they could have done so is problematical. With all the ballyhoo that was raised about the never-never match between Dempsey and Wills, I am certain Jack would have torn Harry's body to shreds and knocked him out inside of four rounds.

Godfrey had speed and a punch and boxing skill, but an inferiority complex regarding white men. I would rate him behind Wills in all-around ability. Joe Louis, of course, is the greatest of the Negroes following Johnson, but we cannot very well class him among the giants of the ring.

The others? . . . . Well, they are nowhere.

* * *

I WAS in Tex Rickard's office when the great promoter wired expense money for Vittorio Campolo to come to the United States. The South American was enormously tall and rangy and a hitter, and Tex was enthusiastic about him. But he was allowed to rust . . . . to lose whatever prospects he had in inaction. Tommy Loughran gave one of the greatest exhibitions of his career when he outboxed Campolo in most of the ten rounds they fought. Vittorio lashed away with terrific rights . . . . but succeeded in only punching the atmosphere full of holes. His career was definitely finished when Carnera knocked him out.

Arthur DeKuh, built along the same lines as Campolo, was frequently beaten. The thick set Cobb was also a mark for the accurate hitters, and Jose Santa, who is taller than Carnera and just as heavy, has been bumped over quite frequently.

The most knocked out of the mammoths was Tom Cowler, who was called "the Man Mountain," and Marcel Nilles, a Frenchman. They were targets at one time or another for every rising young heavyweight in the game. What good did their size do them? Not a thing. Almost stationary on their pedals . . . . lacking in defensive skill . . . . they took what came until they passed out.

It is interesting to note in the statistics of twenty men, averaging some 230 pounds, these giants were knocked out 77 times and lost 54 decisions. That should explode the myth of their invulnerability, shouldn't it?

Of course, their triumphs were scored principally by the knock-out route. Few had any real boxing skill, but with their great bulk they naturally had hitting power to spare.

Carnera had stopped approximately 80 per cent of his rivals . . . . but we can take that with a grain of salt, since so many of them were on the made-to-order plan. Godfrey comes next with a K.O. average of 77 . . . . followed by Firpo with 70, Santa 65, Fulton and Campolo 61 each.

Fulton was the enigma of the big fellows. Tall and lanky, a good boxer and a hard hitter, he failed deplorably in all of his big tests. He was none too keen about fighting and his chin had some of the brittle element of glass. Very few fighters have been dusted off as quickly as Fulton was when he faced Dempsey in the Harrison (N. J.) ball park. That defeat seemed to quench whatever spark was in Fred. Before that the Minnesota plasterer had been considered a real championship prospect. Afterward he was just another fighter . . . . and a not too successful one.

* * *

IT seems to me that I have proven a good case against the big fellows. The really great fighters of history seldom scaled over 210 pounds. All necessary dynamite and power can be packed into that amount of muscle. More usually slows the lads up. The best fighting weight, if the records of all the leading men are considered, is 196.

Dempsey, Fitzsimmons, Corbett, Sullivan, Tunney and Johnson were not in the super-dreadnaught class . . . . but would you care to pit any of the giants, except Jeffries and Johnson, against those fellows in their prime?

* * *

ONLY three heavyweight champions since the days of John L. Sullivan have been less than six feet tall, and two of them were foreign born. Bob Fitzsimmons, a British subject, who became a naturalized American citizen, lacked one-quarter inch of what is usually designated as the giant class, and Tommy Burns, a Canadian by birth, was only 5 feet 7 inches. Burns was the smallest of all heavyweight champions. Jack Root, who received the title from Jeffries, was only 5 feet 10 inches and scaled only 160 pounds.

Charley Mitchell, who engaged in a draw with John L. Sullivan, was also a heavyweight "pigmy." He was only 5 feet 9 inches and seldom weighed more than 160 pounds. The tallest and heaviest of all heavyweight champions was Jess Willard with his 6 feet 6 inches and 240 pounds. The first giant of the ring was James Figg, first English champion, who won the title in 1719.

John L. Sullivan, proclaimed by old-timers as the "Greatest of the Great," weighed 196 pounds and was 5 feet 10½ inches tall. The tallest and heaviest of foreigners to engage in a championship bout prior to Carnera's appearance was Luis Firpo, the Wild Bull of the Pampas, who was three inches shorter than Willard and tipped the beam at 216 pounds when at fighting weight.

To give our readers a chance to judge for themselves whether weight and height are the deciding factors in fistic greatness, so far as heavyweights are concerned, we are going to let you study the following list of heavyweights:

Jack Root—Height, 5 feet 10 inches. Weight, 165 pounds.

Charley Mitchell—Height, 5 feet 9 inches. Weight, 160 pounds.

Tom Heeney—Height, 5 feet 10¾ *(Continued on page 44)*

A PROMOTER SPEAKS

By JIMMY WOODS

Andy Neiderreiter Gives Some Inside Dope on Boxing Requirements

WHENEVER the subject of outdoor fights comes up for discussion among the boxing scribes, the name of Tex Rickard invariably crops up in some form or other. Either he is discussed as the master of outdoor competition, or in many cases, he is referred to as the father of outdoor boxing. Ask the average newspaperman who was first to inaugurate fights in the ball parks in New York after the Walker Law went into effect, and I'll wager that almost without a miss, every scribe who is asked this query, without hesitation, will answer "Tex Rickard." I've tried it and I know whereof I speak.

Yet such is not the case. It was back in 1915 that a young but experienced promoter conceived the idea of staging fights in the ball parks, and as a result of his ingenuity, boxing in ball parks has become the rule rather than the exception. The name of the promoter? Andy Neiderreiter, the same man who is now staging fights at Ebbets Field in Brooklyn and who has been identified with the boxing game in various phases for almost a quarter of a century.

I went over to the headquarters of the Major Sports Club, which operates Ebbets Field, and whose president is Neiderreiter, for the purpose of obtaining an interview, and during the course of our conversation, these are some of the things I learned:

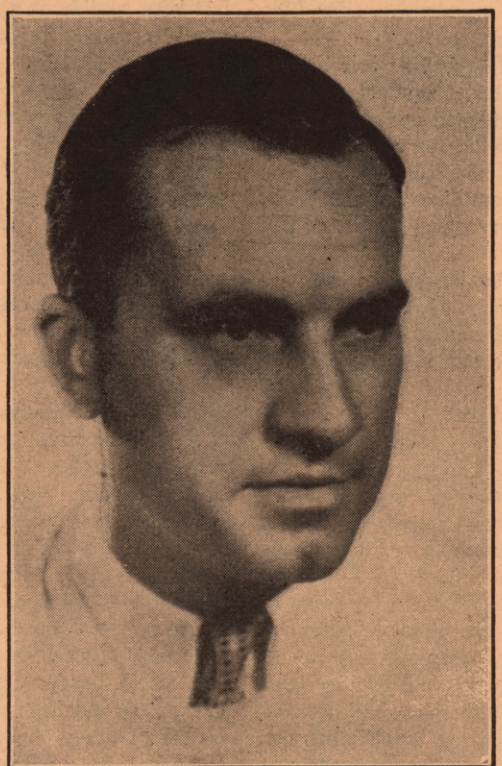
That whereas the owners of the ball parks were willing to gamble on a percentage or lease the park outright for $1,000 a fight, or $5,000 for the season, now, realizing that there are no outdoor arenas available in New York or vicinity to stage the gigantic affairs which promoters of the Mike Jacobs type are staging, they have boosted the price to such extent that virtually they are partners in the promotion of every big fight staged in any of the three parks in New York and their minimum yield for one fight is three times as great as the rent collected for an entire season when Neiderreiter first entered the arena as a ball park promoter. That holds true, however, only for Ebbets Field, for in the case of the Yankee Stadium and the Polo Grounds, as much as $60,000 is collected for one event, such as the Louis-Schmeling fight. Last year for the Baer-Louis fight, the New York club owners collected $36,000.

* * *

IS it any wonder, then, that the prices for admission are what they are? A bout such as Neiderreiter staged recently with Carnera and Haynes, to break even, had to have an intake of $35,000, that being the expense of running the affair. Yet there is no alternative unless outdoor stadiums are built, and in the long run, it is a fifty-fifty proposition, so it looks as if ball parks will be used for some time to come for the summer fights in New York.

I asked Andy what enjoyment he found in promoting where the gamble was so huge and he replied:

"I get a kick out of anything that requires gambling. If I didn't, I wouldn't be a promoter. The only successful promoters are those who gamble on their work.



Andy Neiderreiter, who was first to stage boxing in a ball park in New York.

"Take the case of Tex Rickard. Was there ever a bigger fellow in the promotion field than Tex? No, I don't think so. Not even the man whom they are now calling the second Tex, my pal, Mike Jacobs. And what brought about Tex's success? Gambling, of course.

"You've all heard the story of Tex and the Carpentier fight. It is an old story now, how Tex outmaneuvered the shrewd Bill Brady and Cochrane, the British promoter. He spoke in figures they couldn't understand, and when they tossed that big melon into his lap, thinking him crazy for offering a $500,000 guarantee, Tex was dumbfounded because he didn't know how to meet the situation. But Tex was a gambler at heart—first, last and always—and he didn't quiver. He brought into consultation Mike Jacobs, and between them they manipulated a loan that enabled Tex to reap a fortune in return. Where would Tex have been if he hadn't had the gambling blood?

And the same holds true of Mike Jacobs, who at this time ranks highest in the field of boxing promotion because of his control of the ring's greatest asset—Joe Louis. Would Jacobs have gotten anywhere had he not gambled on his first big boxing venture, the Ross-Petrolle fight at the Coliseum? Or had he not gambled on the success of Louis, to whom he guaranteed a fortune because in his heart he knew that Joe would make good, as he has?

"And the same holds true with me. I have been a gambler in the field of boxing for many years, because I've learned that if you know your stuff and you play the game fair and square with the boys, as I have, you never need fear the outcome of your venture. And I've proved that by being in the game as a promoter longer than any other promoter in New York.

"If the Garden had a Rickard at the helm, a man who could look beyond the present day, take the chances that Tex did, and realize that boxing cannot be promoted as a sure-thing proposition, it wouldn't today be in the plight it finds itself. Boxing today is a great commercial business, which must be conducted on a little beyond the mere business basis. That's the only way you can succeed in this sport."

"Andy," I asked, "do you find things any different in the promotion of boxing now than when you first got started in the game?"

Neiderreiter laughed at the query, as he looked at Dumb Dan Morgan, who was sitting in Andy's office during the talk.

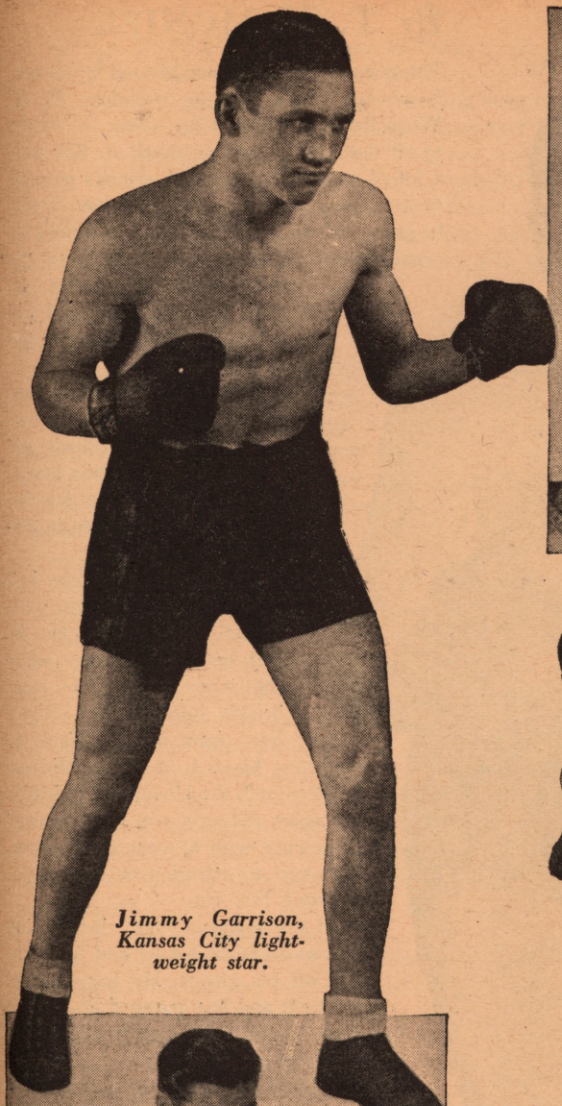
"I think Morgan can answer that better than I," replied Andy, but when informed that I was asked to interview him, not Morgan, the pleasant leader of the Major Sports Club offered us the following:

* * *

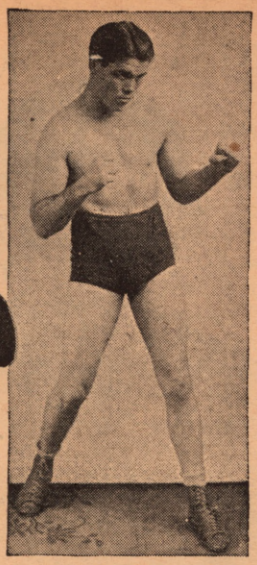
"IT was back in 1915 that I promoted the first open-air boxing show in a major-league baseball park. It was the first card of boxing bouts ever staged in a big-league park.

"It was an afternoon show, staged on Memorial Day, and it drew about $15,000. The card consisted of four ten-round bouts with the famous Mike Gibbons and *(Continued on page 43)*

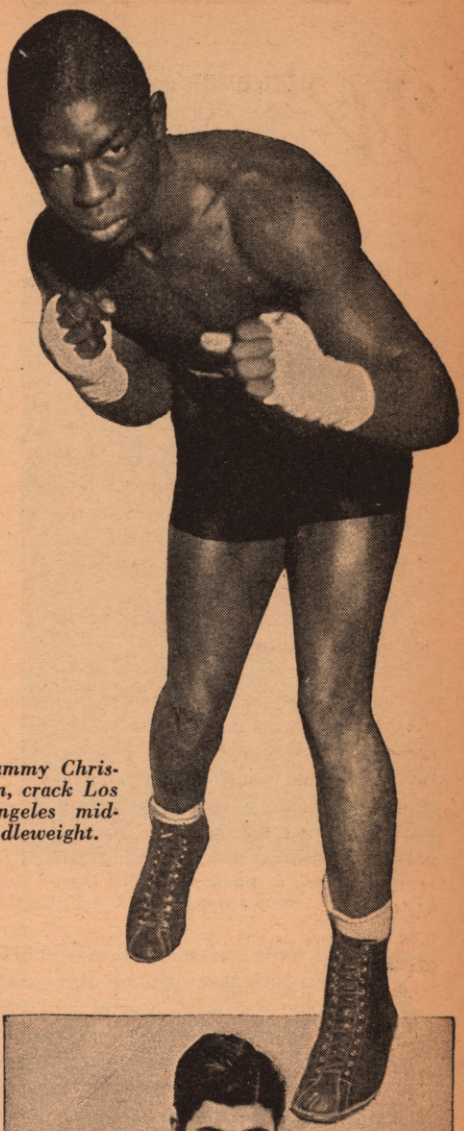
Youngsters Advancing Rapidly



Jimmy Garrison, Kansas City lightweight star.

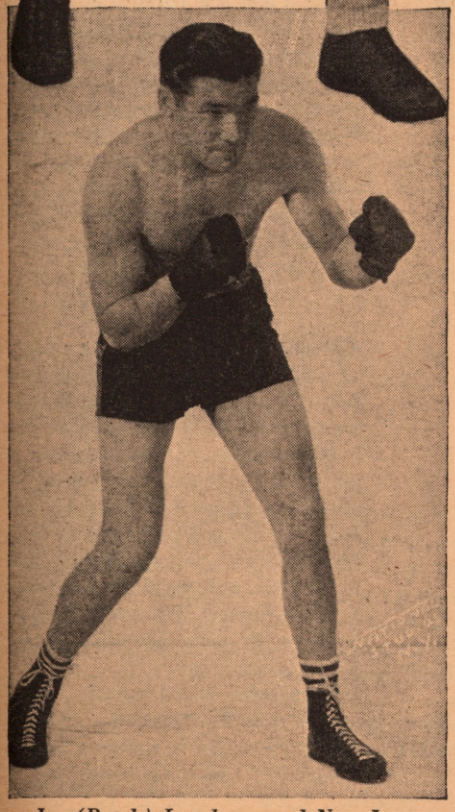


Ralph "Smokey" Maggard, Cincinnati light-heavyweight.

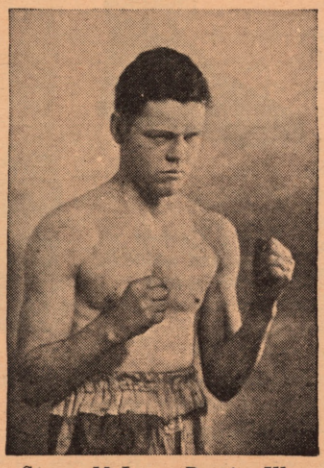


Sammy Christin, crack Los Angeles middleweight.

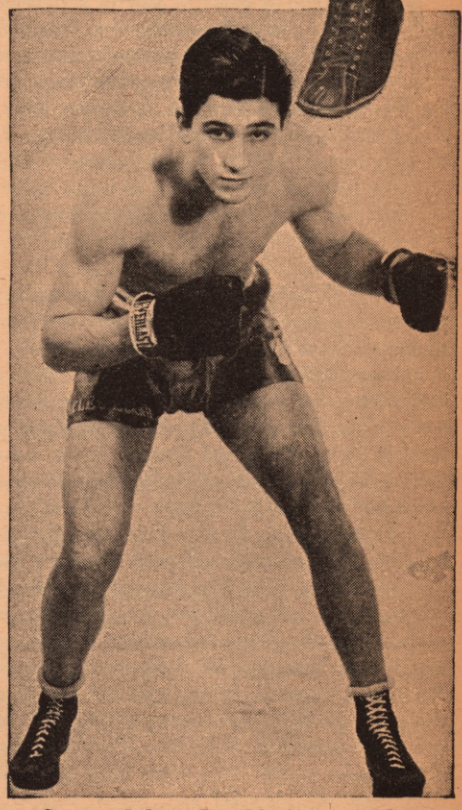
Lloyd Pine, crack Ohio featherweight.



Joe (Butch) Lynch, rugged New Jersey middleweight.



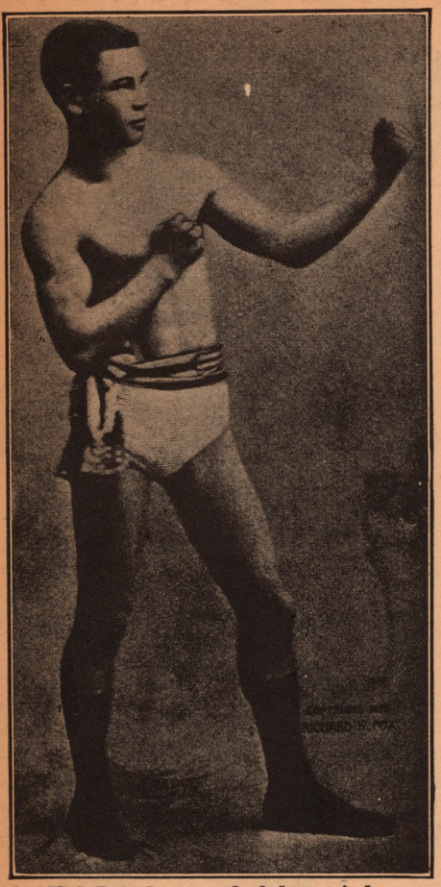
Scotty McLean, Peoria, Ill., lightweight flash.



Sammy Julian, Brooklyn's outstanding lightweight prospect.

CHAMPIONS *in the* RAW

By T. W. MCNIEL



Kid Broad, a tough fighter of the old school.

THE scene was in a Denver, Colo., boxing arena back about the turn of the century—1901 to be exact. A pair of featherweights are fighting the main event. One, a fellow with a bashed-in nose and battle-scarred features, plainly a veteran of ring warfare, a fellow approaching the end of his fistic rope. It is none other than Kid Broad, the old English knuckle-duster. In the opposite corner, a short, stocky youngster with pale features, fidgeting nervously as he waits the opening bell. His seconds are busy telling the youngster not to try to box his opponent but to wade in and make him slug it out.

"BONG!" The bell sends them into action. The youngster lunges across the ring like a tornado. A straight left jab set his head back on his spine. Another, another and another. Not particularly hard blows, but the kind that takes the sail out of one's wind. The youngster snorts and shakes his head like a mad bull and plunges in for more. He gets it. Pop, pop, pop, pop goes the veteran's educated left as it finds its mark with hardly a miss. The youngster is plainly all at sea. He appears bewildered as he rushes in with swinging punches that miss by a mile. The veteran is giving him a boxing lesson, and as the pair return to their corner at the end of the round, it is evident that the youngster is none too enthusiastic about the proceedings. Between the rounds, his seconds tell him to get in there and pitch. The youngster makes a retort of some kind and one of the seconds slaps his face. The fighter replies with a slashing right-hander of his own. What kind of a fight is this? Fighting with one's own seconds?

The bell stops the impromptu brawl and the kid goes back to meet the elusive veteran. That round is a repetition of the first.

Young Corbett as he looked when in his prime.

The youngster, now beside himself with rage, is an easy mark for the confident Broad. When the kid returns to his corner, it is plain to all that he is ready to chuck it. But with a lot of quarrelling, the two seconds manage to get him in the notion to carry on. Again, he goes back to the fray and by this time his rushing tactics have begun to tell on the older man. Of course, he gives the high-tempered kid a lesson, painful but not too damaging.

The youngster picks another quarrel with his seconds between the rounds and one of them slaps him across the face with a wet towel—and leaves the corner in disgust.

"Bong!" There's the bell for the fourth. By this time, Broad has decided that he had better make hay while the sun shone. He steps briskly into the fray. Right, left, right, left, he slams in punishing blows to the face. Midway in the round, the bloody kid suddenly sits down abruptly and looks toward his corner with a sneer on his face. He pays no attention to the referee counting him out.

At the sound of "ten," he gets up and walks to his corner and begins to pull off his gloves. He has chucked the fight and has assumed an "if you don't like it, what are you going to do about it" attitude.

And that youngster, ladies and gentlemen, was none other than Young Corbett, the lad that went on to defeat Terry McGovern for the featherweight championship. But that night when he sat down and quit to Kid Broad, he looked like everything but a coming champion.

* * *

THE scene changes to an obscure fight arena in Oklahoma City, Okla., in 1911. A pair of heavyweights are doing the milling. One is a huge fellow tipping the beam at about 245 pounds. He towers far above his opponent. But the big guy is as clumsy and awkward as he is big. Apparently, his smaller opponent is none too well versed in the art of fighting, himself. The smaller fellow, however, is quite adept at staying out of harm's way.

Round after round the pair tug and maul with little damage on either side. However, the crowd is amused at the big fellow's awkwardness. He is suffering from a cold and at the start of every round he blows his nose with a loud snort and yells at his opponent: "Come on, Lou, le's go!" and he stumbles into action. Lou doesn't have a lot of trouble in landing his punches, but he can't seem to *(Continued on page 44)*

Meet the Lieutenant

By TOM STEVENS

PACIFIC COAST fans are an impatient lot. Having survived the four-round era, this generation of boxing fans on the other side of the Rockies have become accustomed to fast action even in the present ten-round route. They are also a suspicious group. On the slightest rumor of a pending fake fight, the atmosphere is full of whispering campaigns. But that does not prevent them from attending fights, no matter what their ideas may be. For after all, we are American brothers under the skin, and our curiosities must be satisfied.

The capacity crowd that flocked to the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles a few years back to see the Ace Hudkins-Jack McVey affair seemed to have their suspicions verified. The California State Athletic Commission, that excellent body of men who guide the destinies and uphold the boxing laws of California, seemed to have sensed that something was wrong prior to the bout, for they assigned the famous Lieutenant Jack Kennedy to referee the fight. Kennedy, long noted for his fairness and an unflinching sense of duty, would stand for no nonsense.

Lieutenant Jack Kennedy, California's leading referee.

Everybody knew that. That is, everybody but the fighters. The bout was drawing the ire of the entire crowd along in the fifth and sixth rounds, for the ladies and gents in the choice seats joined the gallery gods with derisive hoots and stamping of feet in unison —a strange way of voicing disapproval that belongs only to fight fans. Just ten seconds before the end of the tenth round, the Lieutenant waved the boys to their respective corners and made a startling announcement to the crowd.

"Ladies and gentleman," he began, "you have just witnessed a fake fight. I knew it was a fake from the very beginning. I heard both men talking to each other constantly. I warned them several times, but they paid no attention. Tomorrow, I will go before the boxing commission and ask that they be suspended, and that their purses be forfeited. California wants no part of fakers."

And while the naval officer slipped through the ropes to leave the ring, both fighters stared at each other in confusion, and the crowd gave him a tremendous ovation. Kennedy did not know it, but he gained himself a niche in boxing's Hall of Fame, and a warm spot in the heart of every honest fight fan. And by the way, the boxers NEVER did collect their purses. The Commission stood by Kennedy, and the boxing game was cleared of another mess.

* * *

SINCE then, the Lieutenant has risen to dizzy heights. He has been selected to referee most of the important fights on the Coast, including the two world's championship mills between Mickey Walker and Ace Hudkins, and Jackie Fields and Young Corbett. But it took lots of courage for him to declare himself at the Hudkins-McVey bout. Were his suspicions not substantiated, he might have been sued for libel, and since he was on active duty as a lieutenant in the United States Fleet, it was probable that the fighters might have complained to his superior officers.

But Lieutenant Kennedy was not to be bluffed. He has always had the courage of his convictions, and he knew what was going on, and he boldly declared himself. It is needless to say that he put fear into the hearts of racketeers and fake fighters, for the game on the West Coast improved steadily after that awful mess. Today Kennedy stands out as a model for great referees.

Back in the coal regions of Pennsylvania some forty-eight years ago, young Kennedy first saw light. He grew up near Allentown; an Irish lad among forty thousand Pennsylvania Dutchmen. It was in the old Sixth Ward, where the Son of Erin soon learned that existence was a survival of the fittest, and were he not prepared to stand the gaff with a strong pair of dukes and a fighting heart, he would have to remain out of sight or go about incognito. Those were the days of Jack McCarron, the famous $50,000 beauty. (They must have classed fighters like racehorses then.)

At seventeen, Jack joined the United States Navy as an apprentice seaman, and soon found the bluejacket life of Uncle Sam much to his liking. He became a Chief Petty Officer in later years and when the United States started overseas to go after the Kaiser's skull in 1917, Jack Kennedy became a commissioned officer. His long athletic record as a boxer and trainer made him a valuable morale builder, and although he craved duty overseas, he was assigned to the Naval Training Station at Great Lakes, Illinois, where the Navy had thousands of young sailors stationed.

There he started weekly boxing shows, much to the delight of everybody concerned. He sent the famous Navy boxing team to Europe that consisted of Ritchie Mitchell, Eddie Nearing, Cal Delaney and Dennis O'Keefe. At the close of the war, he went to the U.S.S. Mississippi and made a fine record in gunnery there.

It was while attached to the Mississippi that he went to the rescue of Jack Dempsey, in the so-called slacker trial of the now former heavyweight champion. The Lieutenant testified that Dempsey was not a war slacker and that he offered to enlist in the Navy, but the Selective Draft Board of the Army refused to release Dempsey. The pair became lifelong friends, and every time Dempsey defended his title, a pair of ringside tickets were always in the mail for Kennedy.

* * *

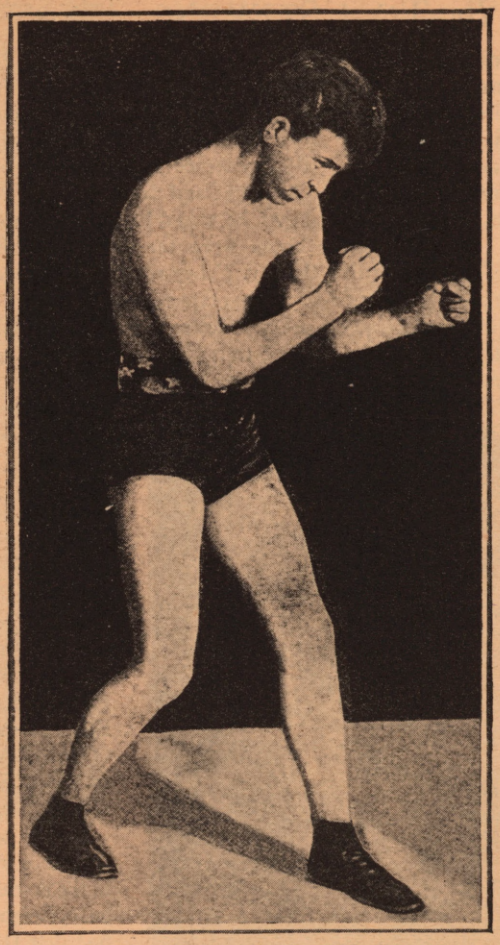
LIEUTENANT KENNEDY today is retired and lives in Los Angeles with his wife and six children, a happy and religious family. Always in demand as a referee, he often steps aside to give his co-workers an opportunity to work, for he never was much given to selfishness. At a recent boxing show he was asked to referee. He knew the club was a small one, and the scale of pay for referees in California makes officiating at small clubs unprofitable.

When the gate goes below $500, the referee receives $15, and the fee is raised to $25 when the receipts go over $500, and over $2,500, the third man gets one per cent. Kennedy not only went down to referee the show, for his very presence helped the gate considerably, but he brought the regular referee with him, and worked the main bout without compensation, so the other man would not lose out, for his friend needed the money badly.

The Lieutenant has been affiliated with the fight game for over thirty years. He has held licenses in several states, but worked mostly in California and Illinois. He always cherishes his acquaintances of the latter state, for he worked in the days when Ed Smith, Eddie Purdy and Sam Hall were tops. His greatest pleasure was to referee the bout between Bud Taylor and Joey Sangor at the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles. The affair was without precedent on Pacific shores, for *(Continued on page 44)*

The CADILLAC

THEY come few and far between that combined the natural pugilistic talent and bulldog tenacity of this little Michigan gamester, Ad Wolgast. This American-born German lad was one fighter who rose to the top of the lightweight heap principally on sheer nerve, grit and determination. He wasn't a classy boxer nor was he a knock 'em dead puncher, neither was he another Joe Grim in the ability to absorb punishment. Not even another Bat Nelson, the man from whom he won the title. Yet, armed with only a fair supply of natural ability, but fortified with a world of "guts" he passed his more talented competitors in the quest of championship honors.



Battling Nelson, the Durable Dane.

The little Cadillac Bearcat became the sensation of the fight world on the afternoon of February 22, 1910, when he outlasted the heretofore impregnable Bat Nelson in one of the masterpieces of fistic duels. At the start of that memorable contest, few gave Wolgast a chance to beat the "Durable Dane." As the slam-bang contest wore on round after round it appeared that the Michigan game-cock must eventually bow to the tireless Nelson.

The rugged Dane battered him from pillar to post, but for once Nelson had met his equal in the matter of standing up under fire. Finally, as the sun dropped lower and lower toward the broad Pacific, the fans crowded into the arena at Port Richmond California, became electrified when they realized that it was the famed Nelson who was weakening under the strain. Nelson . . . . the man who had outlasted the efforts of masters like Joe Gans, Young Corbett and Eddie Hanlon . . . . the man who delighted in his ability to "take 'em" and keep on coming . . . . the man who boasted a record unmarred by a knockout defeat, was slowly but surely being battered into defeat!

* * *

FORTY-FIVE rounds! The germ of doubt began to creep into Nelson's mind. Would he be able to last it out? Was it possible that this everlasting rushing, crushing lad in front of him was to be the first man to stop Bat Nelson? The rounds wore on. Nelson now was definitely beaten, his one hope now was to stick it out to the bitter end. Wolgast might beat him, he'd been beaten before, but by the gods he wouldn't be knocked out! With characteristic determination, Nelson bored in, hoping against hope that he might land a lucky punch.

But Wolgast, scenting victory, stepped on the gas for fair. Right, left! right, left! cruelly bruising punches drove Nelson before him!

Came the fortieth round! Nelson was utterly helpless, his legs swayed, he grasped the ropes for support, but he moved in for more. He'd stick it out to the bitter end or he'd die in the effort. Now nothing but a human punching bag, arms dangling helplessly at his side, but still on his feet. It was at this juncture that referee Eddie Smith stepped in and waved Wolgast to his corner. The winner, and new lightweight champion of the world.

The battle, the last of the "distance" fights, climaxed four years of ring efforts on Wolgast's part. He had begun scrapping about 1906 around the various Michigan cities, Saginaw, Grand Rapids, Detroit and his native Cadillac. His record in those days when he was beating his way to the top is nothing spectacular. True, he had won many battles but too, he had been beaten by George Memsic, Tommy Murphy and this same Bat Nelson in bouts that are listed as no-decision contests.

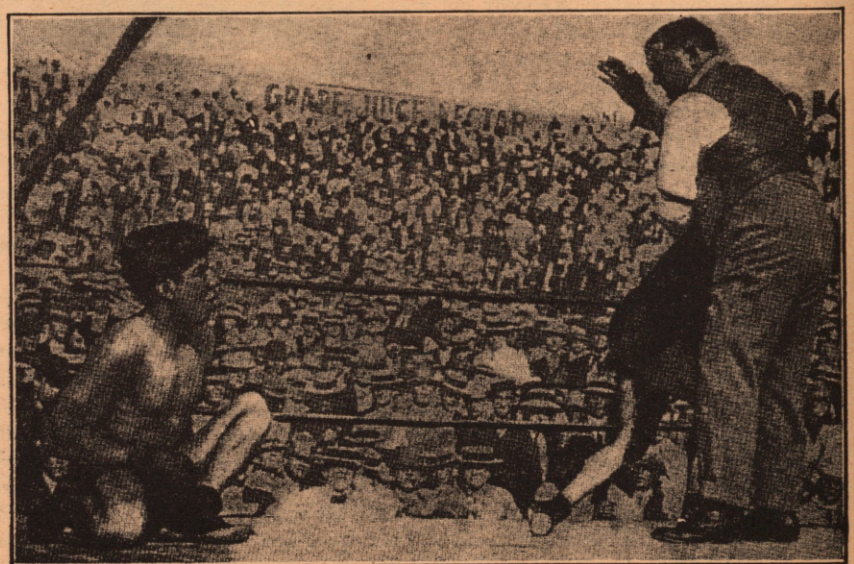
But now he had proved himself a worthy champion by beating Nelson in a "distance" fight. That was something . . . . outlasting the famed Durable Dane!

* * *

FOLLOWING the Nelson victory, Wolgast fought no-decision battles with George Memsic, Freddie Cole, Tommy McFarland and Jack Redmond that same year . . . . 1910.

1911 saw him at his best. The Cadillac gamester vanquished such sturdy warriors as Frankie Burns, Owen Moran, George Memsic and "One Round" Hogan, all by the knockout route.

Then came 1912 and one of the most bitterly criticized battles of all time. His fight with Joe Rivers, July 4, 1912. The pair had battled twelve furious rounds with little to choose between them. Then the thirteenth! Both men landed terrific shots at the same instant, and both dropped to the floor, and to all intents, out! Referee Jack Welch drew the ire of the entire world when he reached down and dragged Wolgast to his feet, at the same instant counting out the hapless Rivers. Wolgast was declared the winner and the decision stood, though



The world's most famous double "knockout." Here we see Ad Wolgast, the lightweight king, being assisted by Referee Welsh who at the same time, is counting over Joe Rivers at Vernon, Cal., July 4, 1912. Both went down at the same time.

BEARCAT

By T. W. McNIEL

it was a badly tarnished one.

On November 28th, Wolgast dropped his title to Willie Ritchie by the foul route in the sixteenth round of their San Francisco battle. The late Jim Griffin making the award.

* * *

IT was the beginning of the end for the sterling little battler. Harlem Tommy Murphy outpointed him in a twenty-rounder and Freddie Welsh scored a technical kayo over him when Ad suffered a broken arm. It wasn't long before Wolgast was absorbing beatings that began to sap his wonderful reservoir of stamina.

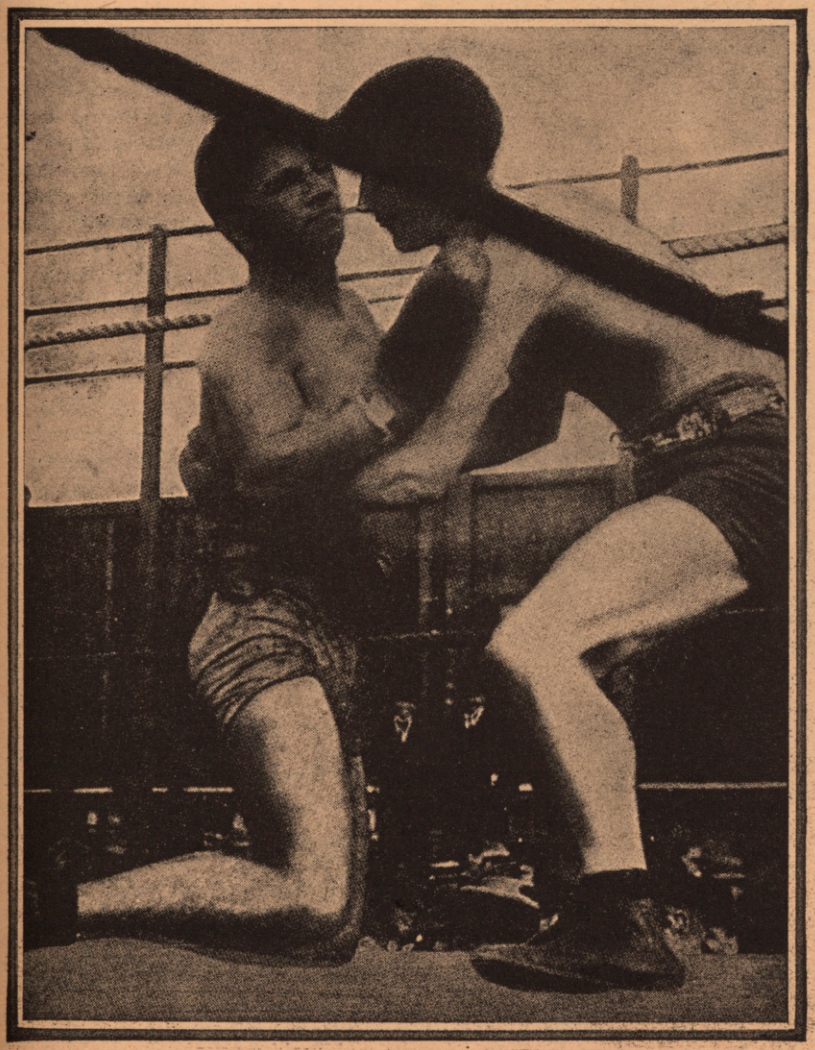
Came crushing defeats at the hands of Frankie Whitney and Leach Cross. Technically knocked out twice within three days time! With a journey from Atlanta, Ga., to New York sandwiched in between.

Then he took a cruel battering from Bobby Waugh, the Texas Tornado, in a battle at Shrevesport, La. Wolgast certainly was a busy battler in those days, he hopped from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Gulf of Mexico to the Canadian border with reckless abandon.

The name of Ad Wolgast still held its spell over the populace. The fans flocked to see the conqueror of Bat Nelson in action, they liked his give and take style. The little Dutchman coined a barrel of money but like all too many battlers before and since, he tossed it to the four winds.

* * *

THEN came days of adversity. He found himself stranded on the Pacific coast. His fistic ability completely erased and his reason sorely battered. Those gruelling battles had taken their toll. He found himself down and out and nobody cared to be burdened with a "punch-drunk" individual. Then genial Jack



And here is the way Willie Ritchie helped Ad Wolgast to his feet after Ad had fallen from dizziness following a knockdown in their championship bout on November 27, 1912.

Ad Wolgast as he looked when he won the lightweight title.

Doyle, for whom Wolgast had fought many a brilliant battle, took him in. Doyle gave him a home, food and clothes, and medical attention. He regained his physical stamina but that cruelly shattered reason couldn't be restored.

For years, Doyle kept him around his Los Angeles arena, sweeping, dusting and mopping out the building after the fights.

Poor Ad Wolgast! All that time he trained as conscientiously as a champion. Not a fight night came but what he clambered up the steps of the ring to do battle with Bat Nelson, Freddie Welsh and Joe Rivers. But always there was a kind restraining hand that pulled him back and a whisper in his ear:

"Not tonight, Ad, you fight to-morrow night."

And the once brilliant champion would trudge back to the dressing room and make preparations for the fight "to-morrow night." The night that never came.

Though his mentality was permanently injured, his daily training served to keep him in splendid physical condition.

When Doyle got out of the promotional end of the game a few years ago, Wolgast was placed in a hospital where he has the very best of medical attention.

* * *

THOUGH Wolgast will not go down in history as an immortal, nevertheless he rates a place alongside such masters as Lavigne, Gans and Nelson. It must be *(Continued on page 45)*

CANADIAN MIDDLEWEIGHT STAR

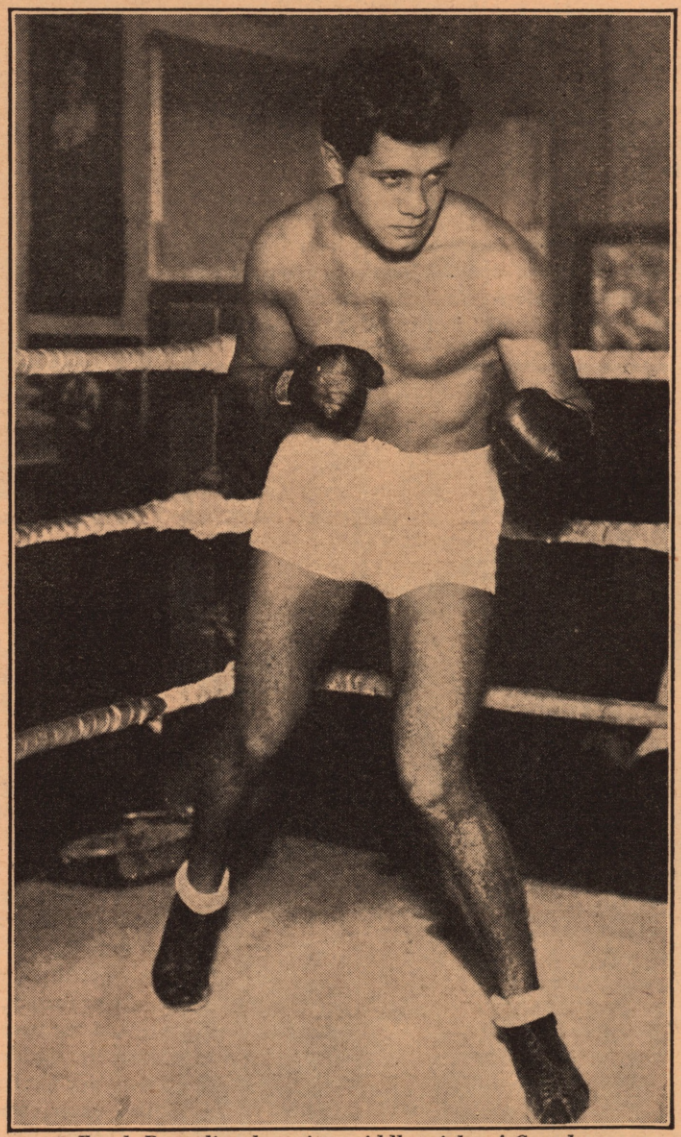
By F. J. ANDERSON

AMONG the leading Italian boxers of today there is a Canadian-born Italian boy who ranks high in the estimation of boxing circles. He is none other than Frank Battaglia — better known as "Frankie" by his many friends and admirers. The name "Battaglia," savoring of battle, is pronounced with the "g" silent.

Born in Winnipeg, Manitoba, September 11, 1911, he was educated in Winnipeg public schools. At school or at play Frankie never engaged in brawls or street-corner fights but was always able to defend himself when the occasion arose.

The boxing bug first bit him when he would go down to the O.B.U. gymnasium to watch the local boys in action. Charlie Belanger and Billy Ayrton gave Frankie many tips on the art of self-defense.

At the age of sixteen, he won the amateur bantamweight title of Winnipeg and Manitoba, which is now held by his younger brother, Emanuel. The next year, 1928, Frankie went to Montreal for the Olympic trials. He sailed through all the preliminaries but lost out in the finals. Feeling disconsolate, he returned home to find that his many followers were making it possible for him to take part in the Olympic games at Amsterdam. But ill-fortune again pursued him and he lost the final bout by a very close margin.



Frank Battaglia, champion middleweight of Canada.

* * *

ON his return to Winnipeg, Frankie turned professional under the management of Ernie Fleigel and Leo Levitt of Minneapolis. He fought his way up through the preliminaries until he held main event spots. Hitting the big time money he now made the friendship of that former ringster, Jack Dempsey, who told Frankie, "when you knock them down and they fall backward they often stay down, but when you connect and they fall forward, they are down for keeps."

Frankie is recognized as the middleweight champion of Canada. He has fought all the topnotchers in his class. Ill-fortune seemed to dog his trail in 1933. On January 13, he fought Ben Jeby in the final of a middleweight tournament for the title, but receiving a bad cut under the eye which made him lose on a T.K.O. Several months later, he underwent an operation for appendicitis. In his first return match with a Winnipeg boy, Frankie sustained a broken thumb but went on to get the nod.

Frankie has engaged in two bouts with the American title-holder, Babe Risko. In the first bout, he scored two knockdowns but lost the decision. In the second set-to he again lost on a split decision and many ringsiders loudly opposed the judgment of the officials.

Frankie has only one K.O. and one T.K.O. against him. Angello Cliville scored the K.O. and Ben Jeby won the title in the tournament by a T.K.O. Frankie's own record has an impressive string of K.O.'s, many of the unfortunate ones being topnotchers, which includes Ben Jeby, Paul Pirrone, Young Terry, Al Quaill and Sammy Slaughter. In the 1935 annual ratings, he is listed as the fourth best American middleweight.

Battaglia is a true sportsman. He has never been known to take unfair advantage of his opponents. His tactics in the ring may be held as an ideal for many amateurs and professionals who aim for a title. He doesn't drink or smoke and is always in perfect physical condition.

Battaglia is now a naturalized American citizen. He has purchased a chicken farm in Wisconsin, where he now resides with his American wife. Previously he had made his home in Chicago.

Should Frankie reach the top rung, and there is no middleweight more likely to do so, he will stand as an example of what clean living and strict training can do. I know that many will join with me in wishing him luck and success in the future.

"TUFF GUY"

By BERNICE SANDBOE

If You Like Your Wrestling Rough and Tough, Here's a Fellow Who Can Dish it Out for You

THOUGH the majority of us are partial to scientific, clever, stick-to-the-rules wrestling, I'm willing to wager my bottom dollar that there are very few mat fans who can truthfully say that they do not enjoy a good, old-fashioned rough-house brawl in the ring, where the grapplers turn catch-as-catch-can into kill-if-you-can wrestling.

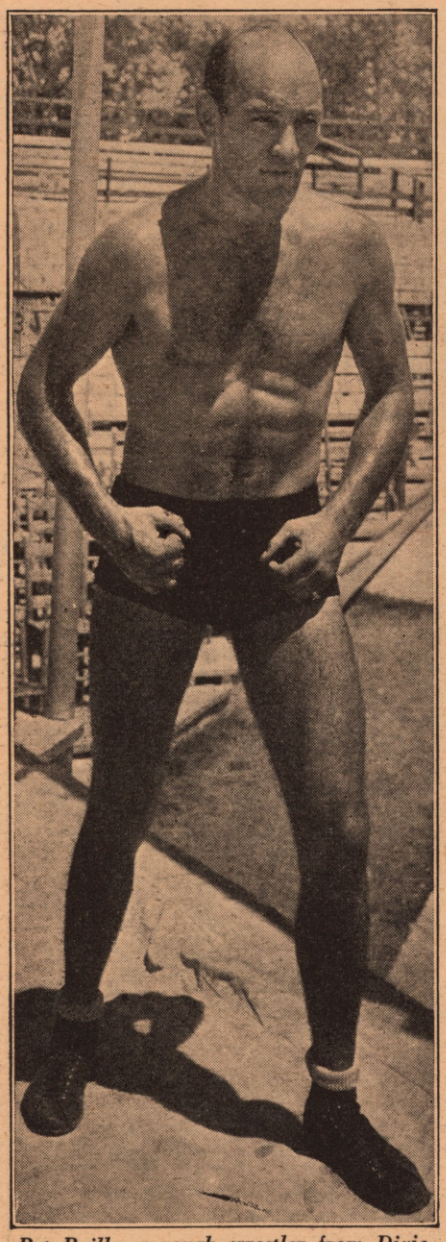
We all get a big kick out of seeing some big bullies cavort about the ring trying to outdo each other in thinking up ornery tricks. And we like to hiss at some villain who takes a fiendish delight in torturing "our hero" with illegal holds. It's great fun getting all steamed up over the meanies, and besides, the rough style of wrestling presents a solution to the problem of long-drawn-out and boring matches. We crave action nowadays, and the rough boys certainly give it to us.

All this is a preamble to introduce one of the roughest of the rough. I am afraid that if I had mentioned his name without trying to smooth things up a bit, you would all have forthwith and immediately cancelled your subscriptions. For this fellow is, without a doubt, one of the most hated men in wrestling. At least he is down here, and if he isn't in your town, that's probably because he's never been there.

* * *

I SHOOK in my size 4½'s when I went to interview this surly fellow. I had awful visions of an early death if I incurred his displeasure, but notwithstanding, I decided to brave all for the sake of the good old RING.

And guess what? (This will ruin your faith in men!) I found out that Pat Reilly, the most menacing of the mat meanies, is a perfectly swell guy, offring! Isn't that just too awful? Here, when I had expected a nasty tempered, ornery sort of a fellow, I am confronted with a polite, educated and very likeable man.



Pat Reilly, a rough wrestler from Dixie.

As our good friend Joe Penner would say, "It just shows to go ya."

Patrick is one of the charter members in the fraternity of rough-house wrestlers. Few of the matmen who specialize in illegal tactics can top Pat's dastardly deeds in the ring. There's no trick he hasn't tried and little or nothing he will stop at. Gouging eyes, biting, socking, kneeing, punching, strangling and all the fine arts of mayhem, are just another evening's work to Reilly.

And somehow Pat's foul play in the ring seems to infuriate the fans more than if it were anyone else doing the dirty work. Perhaps that's because he's so downright deliberate about his roughness and seems to be in the ring for no other purpose but to torment. He is one of the most unpopular matmen I've ever seen and fans throng to his matches hoping to see him break his neck.

PATRICK equipped himself well for his "noble life work" before embarking on his wrestling career. He first entered the boxing game, learning all the socks and jabs that he knew would help him out in his "wrestling." And he really packs a wallop, too. I remember once he forgot himself and landed a honey of an uppercut on Doc Sarpolis' chin and knocked the doctor colder than a polar bear's nose. But as a rule, Pat refrains from knockouts; he's usually content just to batter and bruise.

He has participated in about a thousand matches and I'll bet those thousand men will never forget their wrestling engagement with Pat Reilly. He gives his opponent so thorough a roughing that one marvels that there is any life left in them when he gets through with his mauling.

And believe it or not, Pat has whipped some of the country's best talent. Here's only a partial list of some of the men he has thrown and you'll notice that each matman listed is of a good calibre: Chief Little Wolf, the Navajo sensation; Leo Numa, Marvin Westenberg, Juan Humberto, Billy Edwards, Casey Kazanjian, Dorv Roche and Pete Schuh. Too, this battling bruiser has held Jim Browning, the former world's champion, to a draw twice. And that is a record not to be ignored.

* * *

SO it goes without saying that Pat can do something besides play rough. He really does know how to wrestle and when he gets right down to it, he can be as good as the next fellow. Or better.

But for some reason or other, Pat prefers to stick to rough wrestling and he refuses to explain his psychology in doing so. Perhaps he figures that a win is a win, no matter how you get it. At any rate, whatever his theory is, it certainly manages to keep him in the spotlight as the monarch of the evil doers.

Pat hails from the wild and woolly West. He was born and raised in Seattle, Washington, and graduated from the Roosevelt High School there in 1925. He passed up college and went to work as a lumberjack in the north woods. This hale and hearty labor went far to develop him physically and before long Pat decided to invade the professional boxing game. He fought for two years and then in 1929 turned his attention to pro wrestling.

Pat likes to wrestle and likes to travel around, but some day, he says, he's going to settle down and write a book. And he'll do it, too, for Pat always finishes what he starts. And his pet aversion is people who do not follow the same theory. He is an ardent follower of wrestling history. He says he has enjoyed the Milo-to-Londos series and wants a copy of the book when it is published.

GETTING

By EMERY CLARKE

Chief Chewchki, who claims to be a gypsy-redskin.

RALPH GARIBALDI is a brother of Gino. He came East from St. Louis over a year ago and has been doing so well that he doesn't anticipate any immediate return home.

Ralph worked in the mine, as did his more experienced brother Gino, recognized Italian heavyweight champion. He was schooled for years before Gino would allow him to make his pro debut.

There are two more Garibaldi boys who are wrestlers, and next fall Gino is expecting to have a quartet rivaling the four Duseks, who have made so much money whenever all four appeared on the same bill.

* * *

CHIEF CHEWCHKI, who claims to be a gypsy-redskin, is one of the strangest characters in the history of grappling. He weighs around 224 pounds and stands six feet one and a half inches. Nobody ever knows what to expect of him on the mat.

He brings all sorts of devices into the ring with him. He has tossed pepper into his opponent's eyes, concealed rope in his trunks, and hundreds of other stunts, and never fails to arouse the fans. Of late he has been cutting capers along the Pacific Coast.

* * *

GEORGE LINEHAN is an Irish-American from Wayland, Mass., and has been grappling professionally for about five years. For the past year he has been wrestling in New York rings. Previous to that, his mat work was confined to New England clubs.

George is a fine looking chap. He was an all-around athlete at high school and prep.

VINCE LOPEZ, who is recognized by California and other Pacific Coast states as the "world champion," has made his bow in the East. He is ambitious to become undisputed world's champion and, guided by such an old hand at the sport as is Strangler Lewis, five times title-holder, he expects to go far. Last month he asked the New York Commission to arrange a bout with Ali Baba to settle the matter of supremacy.

Vince is twenty-seven, stands six feet one inch, weighs 225 pounds, and uses flying tackles, forearm smashes, headlocks and hammerlocks with equal effectiveness.

During 1935, he had 106 matches and won 101. He had four draws and was disqualified once for rough tactics. Thus far in 1936, he is undefeated and is the possessor of the diamond-studded gold belt awarded him by Promoter Daro of Los Angeles and the California State Athletic Commission.

Vince was born in Mexico City. He grew up on his father's Idaho ranch and starred in football, wrestling and track at the University of Idaho under Coach Leo Calland.

After leaving college, he tried to get a job in an importer's office, having majored in foreign trade. But there was a depression and jobs were scarce so he became a pro matman. After barnstorming he took instruction from Joe Stecher, ex-champion. Then he entered the big international tourney in California and after winning it signed up with Strangler Lewis. Since he has been cleverly managed by "Big Ed." It is Lewis' contention that Lopez is the best man in the game today. That, however, remains to be seen.

Vincent Lopez, California champion, now appearing in the East.

THE Swedish giant, Olaf Olson, was born on a farm in Weimland, near Karlstead, Sweden. When he first came to this country, he worked as a stevedore on the docks in Milwaukee.

After learning the rudiments of wrestling, it was

Al Getz, brilliant German matman, called the "Tiger-Man."

ACQUAINTED

Short Biographical Sketches of the Wrestlers Who Are in the Spotlight in the Various Divisions

years before he got the chance to make his pro debut. One of his specialties is the face-lock.

He gained plenty of publicity around Chicago by letting big league pitchers throw fast balls at his head. He has also smashed his head through board fences.

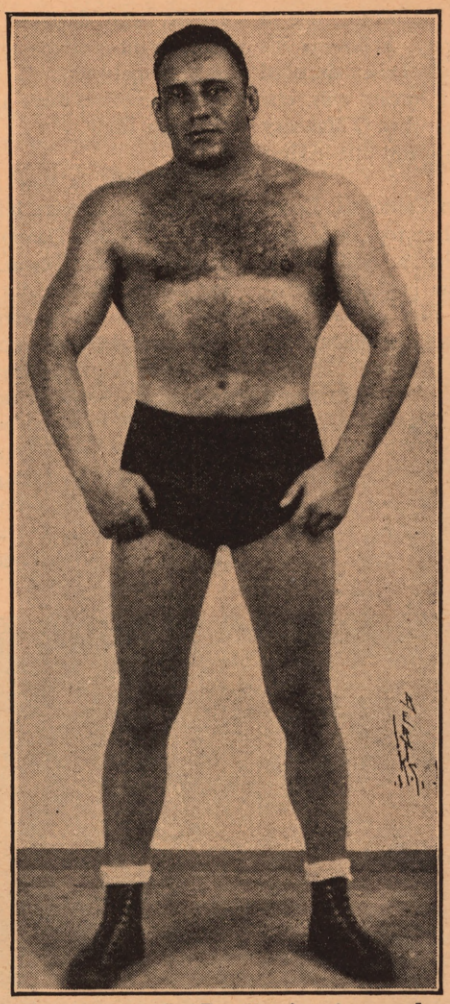
* * *

AL GETZ, brilliant German heavyweight contender from Essen, Germany, is a direct product of Chancellor Adolph Hitler's three-year-old athletic policy in Nazi Germany. Getz, who has a two-hour draw with John Pesek, "Tiger of the mat," is a splendid wrestler. He has been in this country only a short time, but already he has startled the mat world with his miraculous feats of strength and powerful wrestling.

He is a picture athlete. His tremendous muscles are beautifully distributed over his blocky frame, blending into a whole which forms the perfect man. He weighs 225 pounds, is blond and blue-eyed.

The German hercules got the groundwork for the wonderful physique which is now his in the famous Krupp steel works in Essen, his home city. As a youngster he heaved pig iron many hours each day and thus developed the muscles and stamina that has carried him to fame on the wrestling pad.

Three years ago he enlisted in one of the many athletic training corps organized by Hitler and it was there the final polish to his wonderful physique was added. There also he learned the first rudiments of wrestling and his rapid development in the mat sport has been a miracle to the wrestling world.



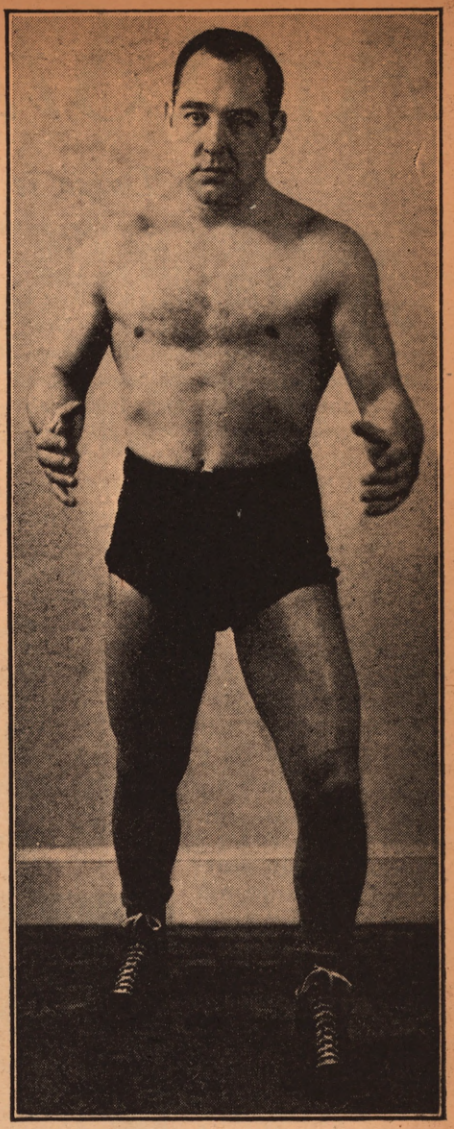
Ivan Managoff, Russian-American, who hails from Streator, Illinois.

Getz was brought to this country for his build, not for his wrestling ability. A New York clique sought to capitalize on the youngster and build him up in New York City. However, the whole set-up was so disgusting to the young German that he broke with the clique and started out to make his own way in the world.

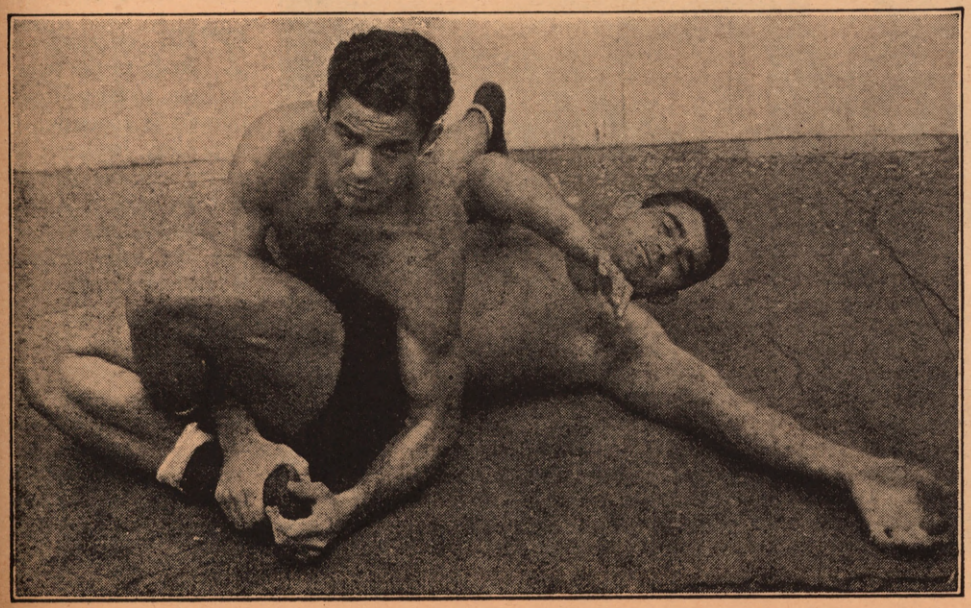
Because of his lack of reputation, several topnotch wrestlers who had a lot to lose by defeat, agreed to meet him—to their sorrow. Gus Sonnenberg was the first to be jarred into defeat and a rude awakening at Toronto. Hans Steinke, another German, was the next, and then followed Ray Steele in St. Louis and John Pesek in Miami, Fla.

Pesek barely escaped defeat, but the draw he managed to secure with Getz shattered a record of four years of consecutive victories for Pesek and brought Getz into the national wrestling limelight.

Getz is very quiet and unassuming when he is off the mat, but when he dons tights and gets the feel of canvas under his feet, it is a different story.



George Linehan, Irish-American grappler from Wayland, Mass.



Ralph and Gino Garibaldi in training at George Bothner's Gymnasium. Gino, the older, is on the bottom.

And *Still* They Come!

Rudy Dusek is Latest Claimant to World Championship

By EDWARD MERRILL

SINCE the last issue of THE RING went to press, two more "world CHAMPIONS" have been "crowned," one in Pennsylvania and one in New Jersey. Following his match with Danno O'Mahoney, Rudy Dusek declared himself the world king, and now, instead of having only one champion, as was the case only a few months ago when O'Mahoney was the recognized leader, there are almost as many title-holders as there are states in the Union.

Thus in New York, Ali Baba is the king. In California, Lopez rules. In Colorado, they have Everett Marshall on top. In Massachusetts, they still hold that Danno is the champ. And out on the Pacific Coast, to further the dilemma, the boxing commission has started a wrestling tournament as part of the Vancouver Centennial, and the winner of that will be dubbed the king of the heavyweights.

All this was started when the New York Commission complicated matters following the defeat of Dick Shikat by Ali Baba in Detroit. Dick, it will be recalled, forced O'Mahoney to cry quits when Shikat got a hammerlock on him, but the Irish lad protested after the bout that Referee George Bothner had misunderstood him, and that he didn't quit. That, of course, is neither here nor there. Suffice it to say that the referee ruled against him and that Shikat therefore figured that he was now the champion.

* * *

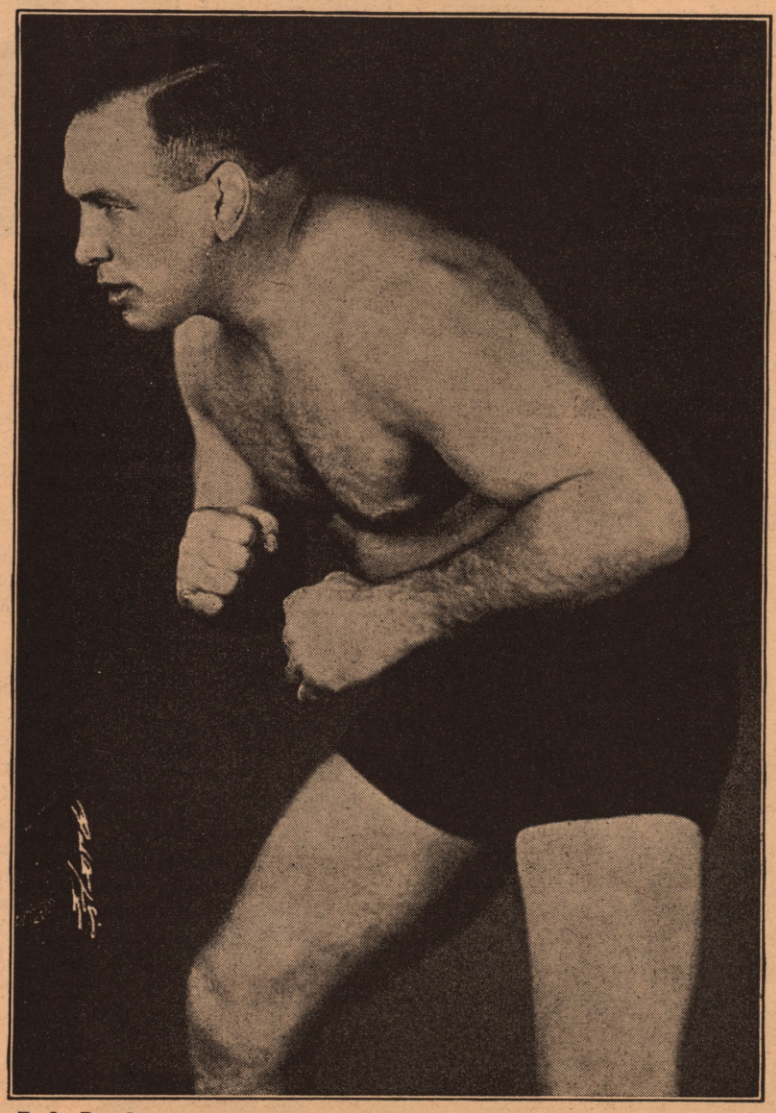
BUT then came the rub. The New York Commission sided with Dick, but when he was tossed by Ali Baba, it made an about face and declared that Shikat couldn't have lost the title in Detroit because championship bouts are not recognized there, and ordered a rematch in New York. With that decision, the board opened itself to severe criticism by other commissions and wrestling experts, and when Shikat was tossed by Ali Baba in their second bout, the stars of the heavyweight division declared a revolt. Their contention was that since New York also billed its matches as exhibitions, Shikat could not have won the title from O'Mahoney and that Ali Baba couldn't have gained it from Shikat, and each state apparently decided to stage a championship match of its own with the result that at this writing there are an army of "champions" parading the country.

Of all in the field, it is doubtful if there is a man who is more powerful and a better wrestler than Rudy Dusek, who declared himself "champ." Rudy is the toughest wrestler in captivity and if he gets the chance to test the matter of supremacy with Ali Baba, he'll have an army of backers behind him. For color, there also isn't a man in the game who has anything on Rudy.

* * *

HERE is how Rudy comes to claim the title. He and Danno were billed for a "title" bout in Philly. Rudy was handing Danno a severe shellacking when Jack McGrath, Danno's mentor, began to shout to the referee to disqualify Rudy for fouling. Eventually this did happen, but only after McGrath had jumped on the apron of the ring, thus disqualifying his own man. That is Rudy's contention. He insists that the referee could not have disqualified him when O'Mahoney's manager had already disqualified his own man by jumping into the ring. According to the wrestling and boxing rules, there can be no doubt about Dusek's just contention.

Both Rudy and Danno were ordered to appear before the Pennsylvania State Board the next day and not only was the verdict taken from Danno and handed to Dusek, but the lad from Erin was fined one hundred dollars.



Rudy Dusek, one of many claimants to world heavyweight championship.

According to the Philadelphia papers, Rudy was administering the worst beating to Danno he had ever received anywhere, and it looked as though he would be pinned if the match continued. Therefore, Rudy lost no time in claiming the championship. Of the many men now claiming such honors, Rudy says he will post five thousand dollars to meet Baba anywhere. Men who have followed the sport for years consider the Bohemian easily the best man now claiming the championship.

* * *

THE comeback of Rudy to the top of the heap, so far as Pennsylvania is concerned, is surprising, inasmuch as a year ago last June he hurt his back in a bout in Jamaica, N. Y., and was out nine months. When he returned to the ring, he weighed around 240 pounds, but training and wrestling often has reduced his weight to around 215, his best figure.

For the past year, the Duseks—known as the "Riot Squad"—have been the biggest mat attrac-

(Continued on page 43)

From BOXER to WRESTLER

Dixie Dick Powell, Best Grappler Ever Developed in West Virginia

By MATMAN

"WHAT'S in a name?" Nowadays in the wrestling game it is hard to tell whether your matman is an orchestra leader on the side or perhaps a crooner. Vince Lopez, not the band leader, is champion of California—now we also have in the grappling ranks "Dixie" Dick Powell who swears that it is his honest-to-goodness name.

Dick took a long time after he quit college to decide to become one of the so-called behemoths. Dick has only been "matting it" about a year. He started to do his hold stuff in the Rio Grande Valley.

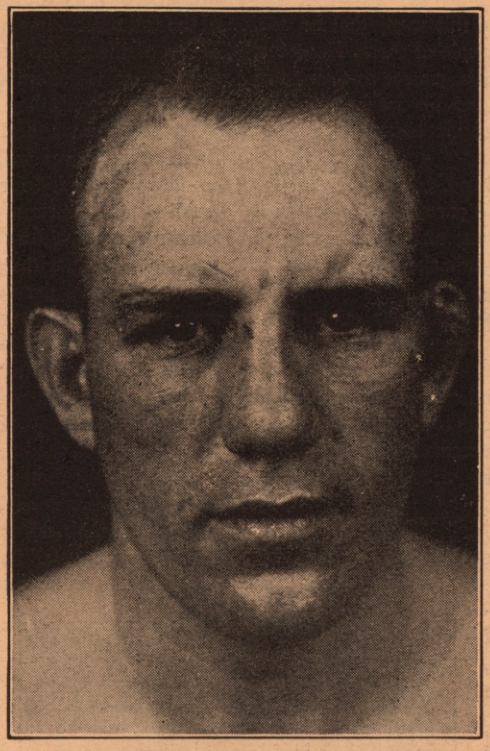
Powell is a big strapping lad, tipping the beam at 225 pounds and soaring six feet three inches toward the heavens. He is twenty-eight years old.

Dick had quite a record as a heavyweight boxer before taking his fling at the catch-as-catch-can game. He had four years experience in which he was never knocked out and during which period he was only beaten seven times. He kayoed Hank Hankinson, defeated Jack Lewis, the fellow who whipped Max Baer, ex-champion; went to a draw with Johnny Risko, Cleveland baker-boy, defeated K. O. Christner and was the only man in Ohio to go the four-round limit with Jack Dempsey when he went on his famous exhibition tour.

On March 11, 1933, he met Max Rosenbloom, ex-light-heavyweight champion at Akron. He also beat George Trinkle, Max Brown and Frankie Wine.

Dick was born and raised in Clarksburg, W. Va. He went to Davis & Elkins College at Elkins, W. Va. and made an enviable rep for himself in the major sports. He went in for football, basketball and baseball. On the gridiron he played against the Army, Navy, Fordham, New York University, Temple, Villa Nova and other crack teams.

Dick played on the first All-Eastern team that played the Western stars at the Shriners' Convention in San Francisco, but his side was beaten, 6 to 0. He is the youngest fellow who ever made the team in this annual fixture, being only eighteen years at the time.



Dick Powell, who was a good heavyweight boxer before turning to wrestling.

Has the distinction of twice having made Bob Ripley's famous "BELIEVE IT OR NOT" series on two different occasions. In 1932 Dick played left end for the New York Giants, a pro team, another brother played the same position for Duquesne, a college eleven and a third brother, also covering left end for Glenville, W. Va., a high school team—three different grades of football playing—at the same time.

His second "BELIEVE IT" was when playing for the Ironton Tanks when he scored four touchdowns in four successive plays, through forward passes, their opponents on that occasion having been the Washington Olympic Club.

Powell played four years of pro football in all for the National League, having been with the Giants, St. Louis, Cincinnati Reds and the Ironton Tanks—playing end all the time.

In 1931 Dick played in the minor baseball league, covering first-base for Akron of the Central League and leading the organization in batting with a mark of .407.

The only other work he has done for a living was when he was a member of the West Virginia State Police, being stationed in the criminal identification bureau at headquarters.

Powell took to the mat like the proverbial duck does to water. He says the way that modern grappling is conducted that his pro football and boxing experience has been a big help to him. He has made remarkable headway for one at it such a comparatively short time and those who have seen him in action say he is going places.

Powell majored in five sports when at Davis & Elkins and he was picked on the all-time, All-West Virginia eleven in 1930. Besides he was selected as the best all-round athlete in the entire intercollegiate history of his state.

* * *

TOOTS MONDT is now the manager of the world heavyweight champion. Immediately after Ali Baba was disqualified in Newark for tossing Dave Levin out of the ring and sending him to the hospital, Mondt lost no time in signing Levin to a long-term contract and thereby got back for the Eastern wrestling promoters, headed by Mondt, Bowser, Fabiani and Curley, the heavyweight championship which was temporarily lost when Dick Shikat pinned O'Mahoney to the mat and then deserted those promoters. Thus the title is back in the hands of those who have steered wrestling through its most prosperous days during the last seven years.

Levin, who was the star performer for Jack Pfeffer, a former aid of Mondt and Curley, was brought into the spotlight by Pfeffer, but as Mondt could afford to pay Dave far more than he could earn under the Pfeffer banner, he experienced little difficulty getting Levin to jump to the rival group. Levin was kicked in the face by Ali Baba, recognized national champion, and after he had collapsed, Referee Sinborn awarded Dave the bout and the world title. Thus the championship changed hands for the third time in a period of seven weeks.

* * *

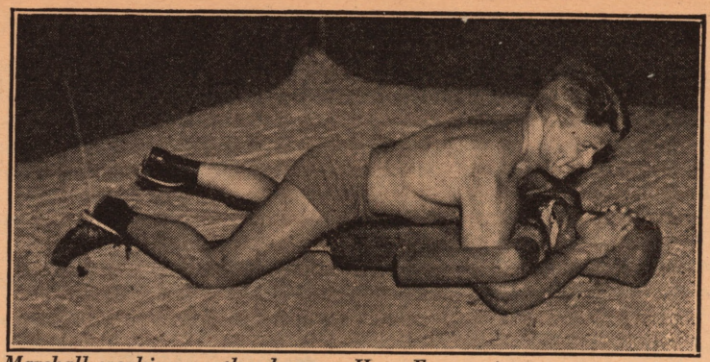
ABOUT two years ago, Dave Levin worked for his daily bread in a butcher shop in Jamaica, Long Island. There he wielded his meat cleaver, chopping off legs of mutton, prime ribs of beef, pork chops, lamb chops, or whatever happened to suit the customer's fancy. He went about his work casually, just putting in a day's toll for a pittance to keep body and soul together. He was an athlete in his youth and he continued to keep himself in perfect physical condition by daily training in the gymnasium. Wrestling is what he liked most, and it was that sport which he practiced after hours in a Jamaica club.

Dave was anxious to become a wrestler, and to learn the intricacies of the sport and become proficient, he took on fellows, who, like himself, didn't know much but were adept in the use of a few of the better known holds and were fast.

It is reported that Pfeffer engineered the coup whereby Levin was able to win the title and that Pfeffer has been taken back into the fold of his old cronies. The story has it that Pfeffer was dissatisfied with the manner in which he was being treated by those who handled the affairs of Ali Baba and that he decided to break away. According to the original agreement, Pfeffer was to obtain the services of the champion for several appearances in New York but he has had Ali Baba only twice and with ordinary opponents who couldn't draw, and that caused the break, according to reports.

SANDOW Becomes

BILLY SANDOW, the man who piloted "Strangler" Ed Lewis to the world's heavyweight championship several years ago, and who now handles the affairs of Everett Marshall, Colorado's world title-holder, is the modern Henry Frankenstein. In case you don't know who Henry Frankenstein was, he's the individual who, the story books tell us, made the "Frankenstein" monster, which terrorized the European countryside in which the scene of the story is laid.



Marshall working on the dummy. Here Everett is seen gripping the dummy under the arms and the back of the head to set the full nelson.

Sandow is the modern "Frankenstein" in this way—that he, too, has made a monster, or to be correct, a couple of them. However, instead of Billy's monster getting beyond his control to tear down and wreak evil, Sandow's first monster and his latest and best, are always under control and the result of his endeavors is good and not bad.

Sandow's first monster was a wooden head, constructed in two parts with powerful springs separating the parts. It was designed to add muscular power to Ed Lewis' arms, and it succeeded to the extent that he became the greatest headlocker the mat game has ever known, and won the world's title.

Sandow's latest monster is a far more elaborate contraption of powerful springs and it is almost a complete wooden body instead of just a head.

Billy designed it to develop the tremendous arm, forearm and shoulder muscles of Everett Marshall, and how well "Sandowstein," as it has been nicknamed, has succeeded in its work is evidenced by a glance at Marshall as he wrestles the wooden dummy about the mat.

* * *

SANDOW'S latest creation is designed specifically to make Marshall the greatest exponent of the full nelson in the world. When Everett grips "Sandowstein" under the arms and back of the head to set the full nelson, powerful, concealed springs within the body of the wooden man resist Marshall's pressure.

At first he could hardly bend the head at all. Now his arm and shoulder muscles have been so tremendously strengthened that he can force the powerfully resisting springs and head far over. The ordinary man, however, couldn't begin to force the head over, and Marshall couldn't either, at first.

Especially strong springs attached to stirrups, in which the feet are placed, are designed to strengthen and give power to Marshall's leg muscles in the same operation.

"It's the most scientific instrument for training and development purposes of which I have ever seen or heard," Al Haft, prominent Columbus, O., sportsman and wrestling impresario, stated when he first saw Marshall in action with it. Other mat coaches and critics were equally impressed.

Marshall is enthusiastic about it. "Training with Sandowstein is no cinch," Everett said, "but he's a constant, effective and uncomplaining training partner. His sharp edges and unyielding body make him a tough opponent at times, but at that, he's the only man I ever wrestled with whom I could always pin when I wanted to," the blond title-holder added jocularly.

Marshall putting pressure on the back of the head of the dummy. This time he is working from a standing position.

* * *

MARSHALL is giving the anatomists and others scientifically inclined something new to theorize upon with the use of this dummy. To put it concretely, Marshall's viselike full nelson, or rather, further development of the full nelson, has brought a dearth of human training partners. Many of those who have been lured by Everett's manager, Billy Sandow, to work out with him, have quit the mat game for good and all. Further, they have so press-agented the full nelson and its awful terrors that not within a twenty-four-hour ride can there be found any willing worker eager enough for the spendable specie to act as foil for Sir Everett of Colorado.

All of which brings this back to the opening paragraph and its scientific aspects. First, how much pressure per square inch can the human neck withstand without collapsing? Second, how many pounds pressure per square inch can be developed by the super-arms of the Colorado wonder.

Neither of these questions will probably be answered in a satisfactory manner at any immediate date. True, anatomical surveyists, if the term may be coined, have a fairly accurate knowledge of the strength of the human neck, but obviously all of their tests have been made with the spines of dead bodies. It is further a scientific fact that red corpuscles in blood, circulating normally, offer a very appreciable amount of resistance, plus the actual strength of the neck proper. There are any number of authorities for this statement. The crushing strength of Marshall's arms is so great that if he continues to increase this strength, there will not be many fellows able to withstand this pressure.

* * *

ACCOMPANYING this story will be found a picture of the invention belonging to Billy Sandow. It is Marshall's wrestling partner. There is no human target willing to accept Marshall's embrace, and it was up to his manager to devise a substitute, and the wooden dummy is the result.

Close inspection of the picture will disclose the springs which the pressure is exerted against. There are several sets of springs, the resistance of the immediate adversary Marshall is to meet, determining which set shall be used in training. Selection of the springs devolves upon Sandow, who occupies the dual role of manager and trainer to Marshall.

"Marshall won all his important matches by following a regular course of training," says Billy. "This course was mapped out according to the ability, size, strength and skill of his opponents. I might compare it to the three speeds of the automobile. If Everett is matched against a big, slow, clumsy man, the training consists of heavy springs in the

"FRANKENSTEIN"

Invents Contraption of Powerful Springs to Help Marshall Attain Wrestling Heights

By EDDIE MERRILL

dummy, and work with a sandbag weighing three hundred pounds. If the opponent is light and fast, the lighter springs go in the dummy and a continuous round of hand ball, rope skipping and short sprints comprise the champion's routine.

It is essential to add that Sandow is at present working on an addition to his invention. This addition will be what he calls a resistometer. In other words, it will be a graduated device which will accurately record the pressure per square inch exerted by Marshall in clamping his full nelson on the dummy. Thus, if the invention is completed, will be answered the second question of the third paragraph.

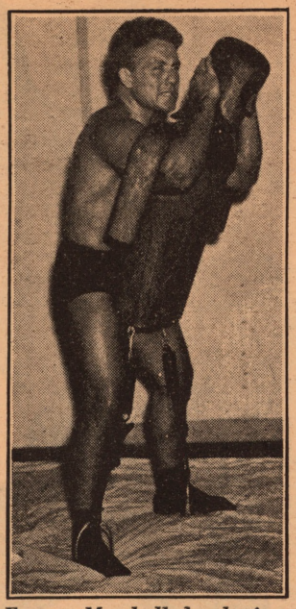
The famous grappler is proud of his dummy, which has travelled from Coast to Coast with him, and which is probably the cheapest but most profitable investment he ever made.

* * *

SWEATING is the best method of getting into perfect physical condition, according to Marshall, champion wrestler.

What do you find the best means of conditioning?

This question was recently asked Marshall by a New York health officer, and Marshall, without hesitating, answered: "Sweat for it."



Everett Marshall developing the full nelson by pressure against the powerful concealed springs within the body of the dummy.

According to Marshall, it seems to be a characteristic of the human animal to try some other way than the best to get certain results. A short cut to achievement is sometimes possible and feasible. On the other hand, the longest way round is often the shortest way home. The longest way is the best when it comes to perspiration, says Marshall, adding:

"This sweating process can come as a product of exercise or as the result of a steam bath. When it comes as the result of physical exercise, the journey is apt to be some longer. But it isn't necessarily less enjoyable, for along the route are handball, volley ball and basketball games, gymnasium groups of congenial fellows, bowling and other indoor sports, skating, hiking and many outdoor recreations. Perspiration through exercise is nature's way to rid the body of excess heat, which is the result of activity. The evaporation of this fluid abstracts heat from the body and keeps the temperature normal.

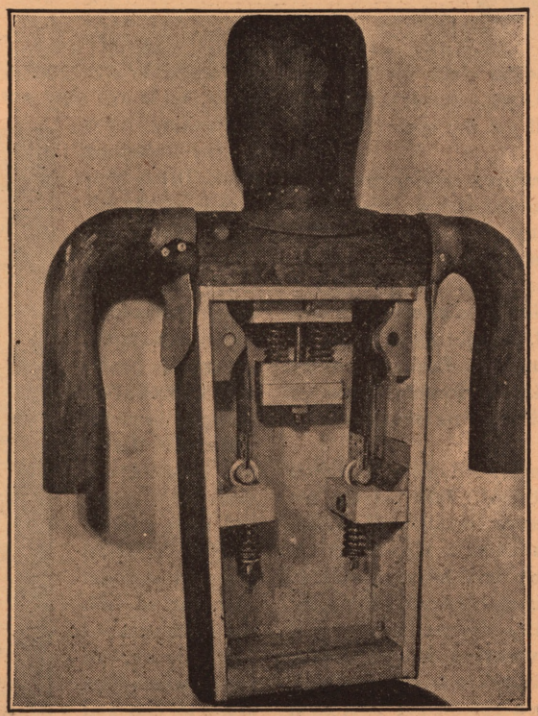
* * *

"THE fellow who follows exercise, when carried to a sufficient degree to produce perspiration, makes one who does not understand the physiology of exercise sometimes think that perspiration has been the cause of it. He is inclined to try to beat the game and get the same results by getting his perspiration in some other way that has not demanded effort, so he goes into the hot room and sits down and lets the heat of the room produce this. The result is that he grows gradually weaker, softer, less resistant.

"There is no doubt but that a person gets some reaction from this hot room experience. There is the elimination through the skin of some of the waste products of the body. There is the reaction that comes from the cold bath which usually follows. The readjustment from the cold bath may produce exhilaration, but the only progress that he has made is because of the reaction from the cold bath. One can readily see that not much exercise was performed in this reaction. The results, which are measured by what was actually accomplished, are apt to be rather meager.

"It is the activity of exercise that does the good. It is the working of the muscles, making them more pliable, that makes for health. They increase in size and efficiency, according to the amount of work done. It is the lack of work that causes them to atrophy and become less resistant.

"A man may get his money by working and earning it, or he may have it given to him. If he goes the longer way round and labors for it, he is quite apt to get more benefit from his income. A man may win a girl's love through persistent effort, or some girl may throw herself at him. If he goes the longer way round and overcomes obstacles in securing a wife, he is quite apt to appreciate her all the more. And even in such a seemingly trivial matter, which it is not, as working up a good sweat, it can be done through the longer way round of exercise or the lazy man's method of the steam bath."



The Sandow dummy, showing the springs against which Marshall exerts the pressure that develops his strength.

* * *

AN old-time boxing fan took occasion to remark recently that Marshall ought to make a whale of a fighter, but he was unable to recall where any good wrestler ever developed into a boxer of any class. Frank Gotch and Dr. Roller tried both games and soon became convinced that there was no place in the boxing game for them.

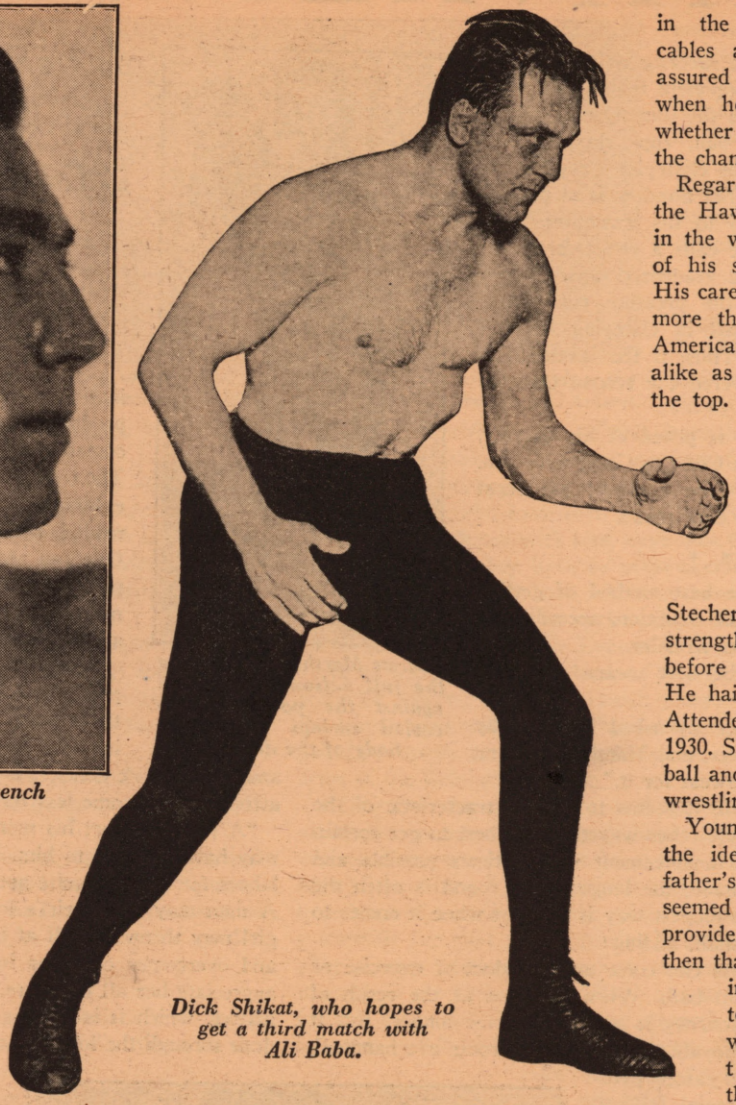
The following explanation by Marshall shows why a wrestler fails to make good as a boxer.

"The old idea that a wrestler is muscle bound is all wrong," Everett said. "I believe that a good wrestler has better control over his muscles than the average fighter, but the styles of the two games are so different that they won't mix.

"A boxer must be able to strike straight out with a snap, and plenty of strength behind it, and it is this that a wrestler cannot do. A wrestler is always using his pulling muscles and they get developed for that purpose. One man pulls and the other pushes."

In WRESTLING

Maurice La Chappelle, classy French wrestling star.



Dick Shikat, who hopes to get a third match with Ali Baba.

FROM the languorous isles of the mid-Pacific comes a real threat for the light-heavyweight wrestling championship of the world. His name is "Prince" Leilani Manai, and he is a fast and clever youngster, who has been bowling over all opposition below the Mason-Dixon line and will shortly go into the arenas of the North and Middle West to force his claim for a chance at the crown now held by Leroy McGuirk, former Oklahoma A. and M. star athlete. Whether he will get the opportunity remains to be seen.

Manai, who is the only genuine Hawaiian now campaigning in the United States, is but twenty-six and, despite his youth, travels against the best of the light-heavies, and his record so far since coming to the mainland has been unblemished, except on one or two rare occasions.

Seeing the bronzed son of the Islands in action reminds the old-time wrestling devotees of Freddy Beall, thought by many to be the greatest light-heavyweight that ever lived. Beall was killed some time ago while an officer of the law performing his duty. Although dead, the name of Beall will live forever wherever wrestling is spoken of by the oldsters.

Chris Jordan, czar of Alabama wrestling, heard of the Hawaiian several months ago and made Manai several offers but the ace light-heavy was reluctant to leave his native Islands and compete in this country, having a beautiful Hawaiian wife, who descended from the ancient kings of the islands, and three lusty youngsters. However, Manai hopes to go back to his native heath within the next year with McGuirk's title strapped to his war belt.

With the importation of American wrestlers into Honolulu, Manai got the mat bug in his ear and started in as a preliminary boy in the Civic Auditorium, and with a spectacular rise, soon was "on top," losing no matches in Honolulu.

Daily "the prince" receives well wishes from his fellow Islanders in the form of numerous cables and letters, and he is assured of a rousing welcome when he returns to Honolulu, whether or not he brings back the championship.

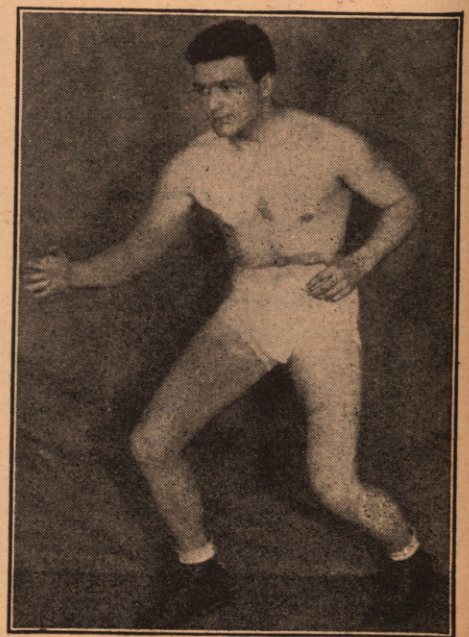
Regardless of that, he has put the Hawaiians in the limelight in the wrestling world because of his spectacular mat ability. His career will be watched with more than passing interest by Americans and the homeland alike as he makes his way to the top.

* * *

FRANK SEXTON. Born and raised on a farm like another famous matman, Joe Stecher, he developed great strength, weight and height before reaching his majority. He hails from Sedalia, Ohio. Attended school there until 1930. Starred at football, baseball and captained the school's wrestling team.

Young Sexton did not relish the idea of working on his father's farm, for which he seemed destined unless he could provide for himself. It was then that he cast around looking for a chance to enter the pro mat game. It was an uphill fight. Old-time wrestlers, and there are many in that part of the country, impressed by the youth's physical makeup, taught him all they could, but it was slow work with little coming in. That, of course, is nothing new in the wrestling game. It has happened often before. That is the manner in which most of our greatest wrestlers have come to the front.

Sexton, however, showed great patience, a willingness to learn, and took the advice from older and more experienced athletes. His great strength soon earned him the sobriquet of "Powerhouse," a name which has stuck to him and which he has lived up to in his



Max Martin, the Hebrew wrestling idol.

SPOTLIGHT

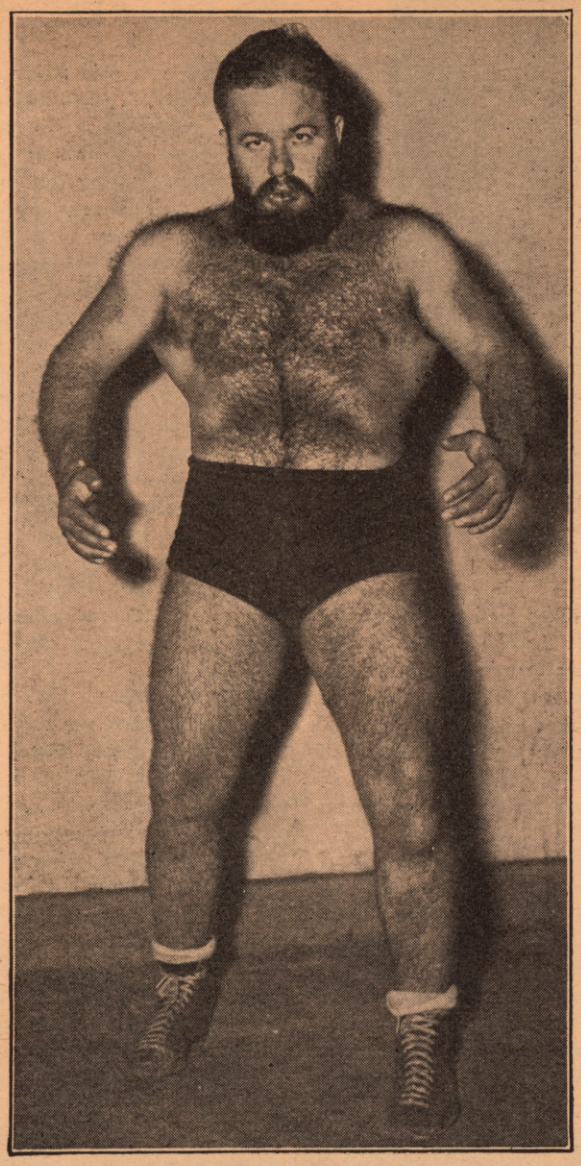
By
JIMMY
GURNETT

mat contests. In the past two years, Sexton has been coming along rapidly. He has met some of the best matmen in the game and can hold his own against the best. He looks like a real prospect headed for big things in his chosen profession. His best hold is a leg scissors.

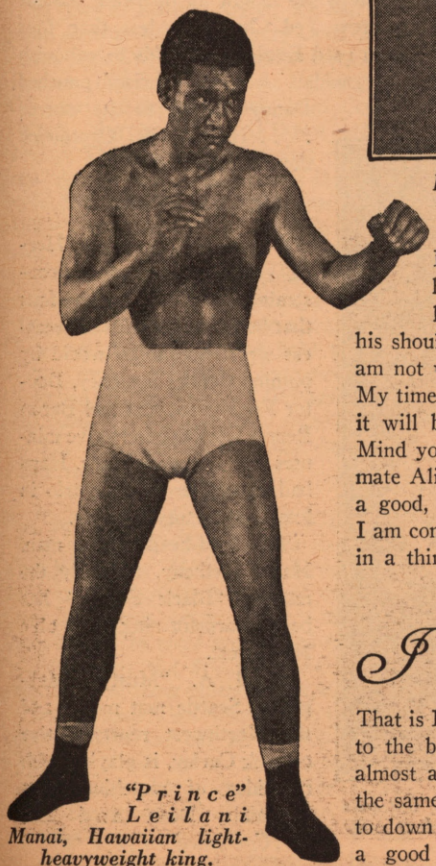
* * *

DICK SHIKAT. The former champion of the world, who bowed to Ali Baba, has resumed wrestling after a short layoff due to his wife's illness. He still believes he can beat Ali Baba, but for the time being he is content to bide his time. Like a true sportsman, Shikat believes in action rather than words. His present plans are to wrestle around the country until the time is ripe for him to demand another crack at the title. And Dick is known for his patience.

The first time he lost the title he went back home, trained diligently, returned to America and defeated Danno O'Mahoney. Again champion of the world, his first statement was to the effect that he would meet all comers barring none. He lived up to his promise and lost his title to Ali Baba after holding it less than seven weeks—a record in the annals of wrestling.



Ivan Rasputin, the hairy-chested heavyweight.



"Prince" Leilani Manai, Hawaiian light-heavyweight king.

Recently, when asked how he felt about the loss, Dick shrugged his shoulders and replied: "I am not worrying about that. My time will come again and it will be a different story. Mind you, I don't underestimate Ali Baba, I think he is a good, tough grappler, but I am confident I can lick him in a third engagement."

* * *

IVAN RASPUTIN. "The Bear that Walks Like a Man." That is Ivan Rasputin. Equal to the bear in strength, and almost as hairy, he employs the same method as the bear to down his victims—that is, a good old bear hug. A peculiar type, this Rasputin. He seldom speaks, looks as if he had a grudge against the world and wrestlers in particular.

His style on the mat is most impressive. He grabs his victim in his long arms, resembling those of a gorilla, squeezes the unfortunate one, then lets him drop. Two or three times he applies this hold until his opponent, completely winded, falls an easy victim to this throwback to Man of the Stone Age Period.

Rasputin is short, being not more than five feet seven inches, and is built like Ali Baba. He has tremendous shoulders and has terrifically powerful arms.

* * *

MAX MARTIN, happy-go-lucky Hebrew Apollo, sings his way through life. His happy disposition has won him a host of admirers. When first introduced to him, it is hard to believe that he can be so different on the mat. A sort of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde is Max. To him the world is a playground made for his special amusement, but behind this happy-go-lucky disposition there lies a desire to go places in the wrestling game.

Max never shows this side of his nature, at least he tries to hide it as much as possible. Maybe he has some motive in doing this, perhaps it is to deceive his opponents and to make them feel that there is nothing much to fear from this genial athlete.

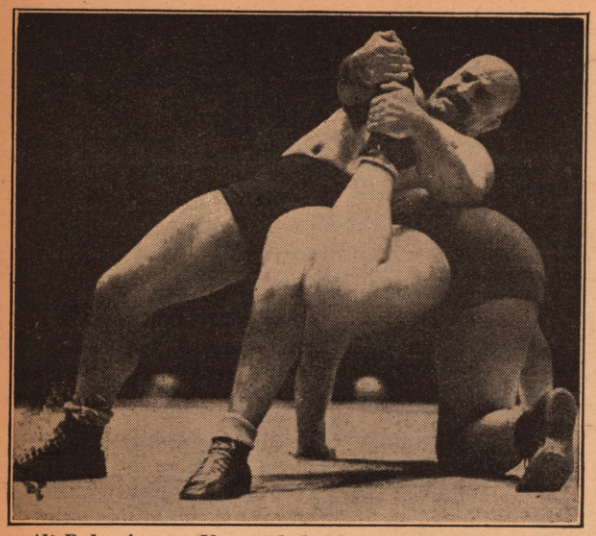
How different he is on the mat! Quick, aggressive, rough and tough, he doesn't care what sort of style an opponent has. He will play an opponent at his own game whether it be clean wrestling or otherwise, and Martin gives twice as good as he takes. Max has championship aspirations. He never speaks about them but his work and consistent winning have placed him high among top-notchers, and there are many who believe that the carefree Max will one day wear the crown.

* * *

MAURICE LA CHAPPELLE. Everybody's idol. Classy Frenchman whom wrestling fans never tire of. Seldom fails to put up a good mat contest, noted for his speed, cleverness and stamina. Holds unique record of two straight years of mat competition without losing a single major or preliminary engagement. Wrestles one hour and a half matches with the same ease of ordinary twenty-minute affairs. One of the cleanest and most scientific athletes in the game. Never resorts to rough or unorthodox methods even against mat villains. Maurice La Chappelle has carved a name for himself in mat history which will stand for many years to come.

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By CHARLES "SPIDER" MASCALL



Ali Baba, former Navy title-holder, now world champion, putting on the pressure on toes of Chief Sandooke in Garden bout.

THE fight between the wrestling factions is certainly raising havoc with the sport throughout the country. Not in years has the mat game been in such low spirits as at this writing, and all because the many promoters whose livelihood depends upon the public support of wrestling, either haven't got the foresight to settle their arguments and carry on as a real, big, thriving business should be handled, or else they are too stubborn and just don't see the handwriting on the wall.

Wrestling is a great sport. In the colleges and the schools, it has a tremendous following and there is no reason why, if an amicable agreement is reached among the rival factions in the sport, the mat game cannot reach the heights it did in 1930 and 1931—the banner years of modern wrestling.

We do not pretend to preach a sermon to the promoters, but we do urge them, on behalf of wrestling, to end the confusion by making peace even though such an act may cause one or more of the leading promoters to lose a little pride. After all, the game is bigger than any promoter, and why kill the sport because of the intense bitterness that exists due to the recent flop of Dick Shikat to the rival camps. On behalf of our army of wrestling readers, we make an earnest plea for a settlement of the warfare that has resulted in new champions springing up haphazardly all over the country.

Come, gentlemen, the game needs you as promoters. It needs the wrestlers and it also requires a healthy attendance in order to make both ends meet. It doesn't take much to bring about this healthy condition in wrestling. Why not let's all get together?

* * *

VANCOUVER, the home town of the fighting Jimmy McLarnin, is this year celebrating its Golden Jubilee. The month of July has been designated as a gala month for the wrestling fans of this fair Canadian city. A tournament has been arranged, and the winner will be recognized as another "heavyweight champion of the world." Genial George Fitch is promoting the affair while "Musty" Musgrave is booking the muscle-men. Among those who have expressed their desire to enter the joust are: Yvon Robert, "Handsome" Sandor Szabo, Mike Mazurki, Hans Steinke, Dean Detton, Joe Savoldi, Gus Sonnenberg, Cassie de Collelmo, "Don" George, Doctor Karl Sarpolis, Leo "Daniel Boone" Savage, Chief Chewchki, Little Beaver, Chief Thunderbird, Roland Kirchmeyer, Matsui Hamanake, Kimon Kudo, Joe Malcewicz, Harry "Jumbo" Jacobs and Frank Stojack.

Hollywood's junior heavyweight tournament came to a rather abrupt finish when Alvin Britt of Kansas was declared champion by virtue of a victory over the rough-and-tumble Ted Christy of California. George Raft, movie villain and a regular wrestling patron, presented the winner with the championship belt.

Johnny Stote, Blacksmith Pedigo, Prince Mihalakis, Bobby Pearce, Frank Taylor, Sammy Kohen, Frankie Peck, Jimmy Lott (ex-Alabama football hero), Stacey Hall, Al Stecher and Danny Savich are barnstorming on California's middleweight circuit.

* * *

COASTAL GALLERY GODS GASPED WHEN—Richard Stahl defeated Ira Dern . . . . Tetsura Higami proved too rough for Bobby Pearce of Olympic fame . . . . Blacksmith Pedigo scored a victory over the highly-touted Johnny Stote and won from Earl McCann . . . . Vic Christy used a series of forearm smashes to down Billy Bartush . . . . Bobby Pearce, the cream of the junior middleweight crop, subdued the nasty Gorilla Poggi . . . . George Kondelis, Greek protege of Jim Londos, stepped all over the grizzled Stanley Pinto . . . . Tiger Daula pushed Man Mountain Dean through the ropes to win . . . . Bobby Burns threw Abdel Khan and Gene La Belle . . . . Hardy Kruskamp scored the surprise of the month by throwing Sandor Szabo . . . . Jimmy Lott threw Ted Christy in less than four minutes . . . . Sammy Kohen used English leg holds to vanquish Tetsura Sato and Buzz Reynolds . . . . Ted Christy punched Danny Savich to the canvas . . . . Howard Cantowine downed Vic Christy.

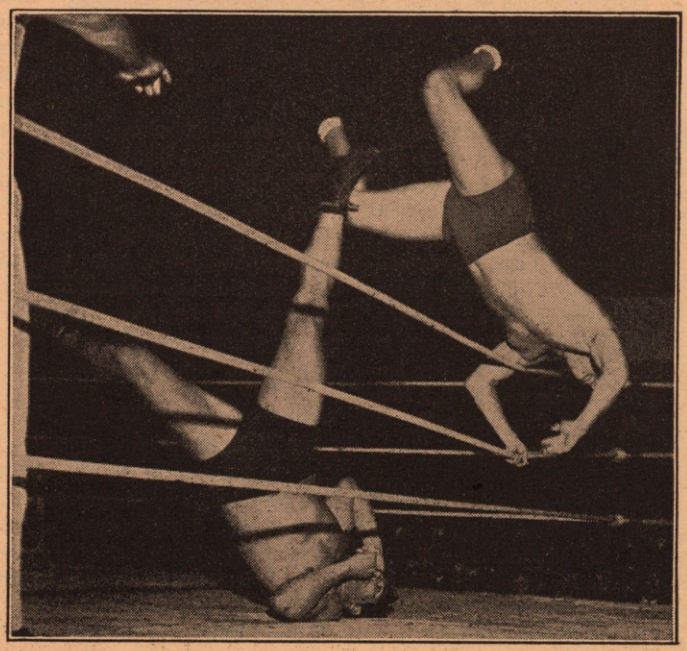
* * *

THE veteran Hans "Hercules" Steinke demonstrated to Los Angeles fans that he is still one of the greatest wrestlers in the world by pinning George Maloney, Doctor Freddie Meyers and Baron Bennie Ginsberg in twelve minutes and twenty seconds. Hans had agreed to toss the trio in less than twenty minutes.

The bald-headed bad man, Hank Metheny, formerly the masked "Black Secret," has been barnstorming in the Northwest.

Floyd A. "Musty" Musgrave, Seattle mat mogul and the Northwest representative of Jack Curley, is playing with the idea of matching Man Mountain Dean and Leo

(Continued on page 48)



Here's a thriller. Hardy Kruskamp tried a flying tackle, but was repulsed by Vincent Lopez, whose kick tossed Hardy clear over the ropes in San Francisco ring.

A Promoter Speaks

(Continued from page 26)

Soldier Bartfield. Battling Levinsky and Proky Flynn were in the semifinal. In the other ten-rounders, Johnny Dundee met Young Drummie, and Dutch Brandt fought Battling Lahn. Three of those bouts ordinarily were fine headliners, each worthy of topping a show.

"The fans jammed into Ebbets Field and I thought I had a successful show. I was amazed, yet today, what I took in then would be mere piker's money. In fact, I get a little faint when I think what the same card would have done at the gate in later and more prosperous years.

"While I really get my biggest kick out of open-air shows, I got my start as a promoter in an indoor arena. I staged my first show at the old Broadway Arena in Brooklyn back in 1913. My first show was on the night of February 7 of that year.

"Those were the days! Main bouts got twenty-five dollars, and then we hit on the idea of boxing matinees. These were very popular for a while. They were supported in the main by barbers, bartenders and boot-black-stand proprietors. It was at one of those matinees that the late Bill Brennan made his Eastern debut under the name of Bill Shanks.

* * *

"WE ran three matinees a week and also staged shows on Tuesday and Saturday nights. And almost every card was staged before big gatherings. But in those days we had more boxers than we could use. It was no trouble to make up a card. All we needed then was pencil, paper and a few minutes' time and, presto, we had a card of bouts and a good one, too!

"At the Broadway Arena, we had such names as Mike Gibbons, Harry Greb, Sailor Burke, Jack Dillon, Battling Levinsky, Pete Herman, Billy Miske, Jack Britton, Ted Kid Lewis, Sam Langford, Tom Cowler, Tommy Murphy, Mike O'Dowd and Al McCoy. Those were names that drew the fans. And we kept the prices down and enthusiasm up. Just think of fellows of that calibre appearing at the Broadway Club today!

"What's more, all these great boxers put on great fights. They didn't go into the ring with the idea of earning a night's pay. They went in to fight, and fight they did. Today, men like Tony Canzoneri, Pedro Montanez, Sixto Escobar, Baltazar Sangchili, Lew Ambers and a few other present-day stars are doing for the small clubs what I had in my early days.

* * *

"OF course, promotion of boxing was much different in those days from what it is today. Most of the business was done by telephone and required very little time. Sometimes the terms for a main-bout boxer's services were not settled until just before he left the dressing room for the ring. Imagine doing business that way today.

"Many times Dan Morgan would come into my office and ask for a $200 advance to bet on a hot tip at the racetrack and then tell me to pick an opponent for Britton, K. O. Brown or any of his other fighters. No matter the opponent selected, it was always all right with Morgan or his boxers. They never welshed. Other managers were the same. They would ask for money and then tell you to pick whoever you wanted for their fighters.

"But there are very few of the old-time managers around today. In fact, one of the biggest problems in promotion these days is the choice of an opponent. With some managers this factor is even more important than the purse.

"It is natural, of course, for a manager to protect his boxer. He knows his style and the style of opposition that will make his fighter look best. And, of course, he wants the type of boxer that will go best with his man.

"This, with the scarcity of talent around, makes the promoting end of the game much harder than it was in the old days. If we had the number of good boxers available that we had back in the good old days, and the type of old-time manager around, the promoter's headaches would be no worse than they were in the days when often only a handshake was needed to clinch a bout.

* * *

"BUT in spite of all the changes, the promotorial end of boxing still has its fascinating points. There is still the old appeal in trying to make good matches, to put together good shows and to put over the entire program in a manner that satisfies the fans.

"After all, the fans are the backbone of the game. Without them boxing and all other professional sports would die a sudden death. And that is why, in making a match, I always try to view it from the angle of the fan. I look at a bout as a fan. Would he like it? That is my first consideration. If I think he would like the bout, then I go ahead with the match, confident that it will draw money.

"I am firm in the belief that this is the only way to promote boxing successfully—indoors or outdoors."

The Ring's Globe Trotter

(Continued from page 17)

short space of one minute.

Mr. Kennedy does what nobody had done in a coupla hundred years. He re-writes the London Prize Ring and Marquis of Queensberry rules, and calls it a draw. This is strange procedure, but as nobody is hurt except Covelli's eye, so Mr. Kennedy makes history, painlessly. But, as we shall see immediately, Mr. Kennedy has Illinois companions in foolishment.

Chicago, Ill.:—Illinois fight rule brings a national laugh.

THE Globe Trotter desires to introduce Joe L. Gleefuss, prominent fight fan of the metropolis of Chicago. Mr. Gleefuss is laughing. Will Mr. Gleefuss tell the patrons of the Globe Trot why he is laughing? Mr. Gleefuss is laughing so hard he can't stop. Well, here he is:

"Folks, I can't contain myself! You hear about that referee which stops the Arizmendi-Covelli fight because of a cut and calls it a draw. Well, come to Chicago and get yourselves a real laugh.

"The fight solons in Chi announce that if a battle is stopped on account of one of the guys is licked, then the referee has to call it a draw.

"Imagine for yourself how this rule leads to a holiday for the gamblers, the sure thing crooks, the chisellers and the enemies of boxing, and the human race in general. What are we coming to, anyway? Is boxing a contest or is it a movie? In other words, wotinell?"

Mr. Gleefuss' exposition of the situation certainly is plain and emphatic and we will have to sit down and laugh with him. Chi certainly has made a joke of itself in the fight arena.

What the Globe Trotter would like to hear is an explanation from those responsible for this absolutely asinine and ridiculous ruling, which undoubtedly will be wiped off the books soon. After all, everybody isn't a sucker.

Suppose Ike Inkle is fighting Jake Jingle in Chicago. The gamblers bet on Ike. Jake gives Ike a licking. The fight is stopped, it is called a draw, and the gamblers save their dough, while the poor public is whipsawed. Boxing commissions are supposed to protect the public, NOT THE GAMBLERS.

San Francisco, Cal.:—Former bell hop threatens the world at 160 pounds.

WHOM have we here? It is a bird by the name of Apostoli, front name Fred. The entire name is Fred Apostoli. You say you recognize him? That he looks something like that bell hop who led you to that bum room in the St. Vidus Hotel in San Francisco last year?

Well, this here Apostoli is that Apostoli. The scrapper in the picture is a former bell hop, and now he hops out at the bell and wades in, and they say he is the world's terror at 160 pounds.

In his second pro fight, Apostoli has the ill luck to be steered into Freddy Steele. Apostoli has the fight for six heats but is kayoed in the ninth. Since then, Apostoli learns much and hands out plenty.

Mr. Apostoli punishes Babe Risko, Paul Pirrone, Young Stuhley and Swede Berglund. Mr. Apostoli sure is hell on wheels when he gets started, and they say he is bound to be another Ketchel—a sort of fistic Joe Di Maggio, if you know what we mean.

Okeh for Mr. Apostoli! What we need in this country is one hell of a 160 pounder, so viva Frederico, and let 'er rip.

And Still They Come!

(Continued from page 36)

tion in the country. They have wrestled about thirteen times on the same bill. The other three brothers are Ernie, who twice held Danno to draws when the Irishman was undisputed champion; Emil and Joe, the youngest.

Rudy is only thirty-five, having started wrestling when he was eighteen years old. He is one of nine children, eight boys and a girl, and he is holding back the other four brothers, all of whom can wrestle, because he thinks that too many Duseks might kill the goose that lays the golden wrestling eggs.

Meet the Lieutenant

(Continued from page 29)

Kennedy never stepped between those two great little bantams for the entire ten rounds, while pandemonium prevailed. It was the greatest fight he or anybody else ever watched in California.

Fight fans will tell you of the time when Kennedy got the assignment to work the Tod Morgan-Eddie Mack fight in Los Angeles. The Commission heard ugly rumors about this one and again, taking no chances, they put their best man in to see what it was all about. Kennedy heard from somebody that the contest would end even enough to be called a draw. A fortune was bet by the Spring Street gamblers on a draw for some reason or other. In California many bets are made only when a draw is conceded. It saves the other bettor the laying of odds. Kennedy promptly announced when he entered the ring that a decision would positively be rendered and if anybody had bet on a draw, they were going to be fooled. It happened that the fight turned out to be a dandy.

* * *

THERE are many other fine officials in California as well as Kennedy. George Blake, for instance, was called all the way to Cleveland to referee the bout between Young Stribling and Max Schmeling. The Pacific Coast boasts some of the most competent and honest referees in the fight game today. They are required to toe the mark by the ever-alert boxing commission, which has a way of dealing with officials who call bad decisions. Instead of putting them on the shelf completely, they are retired for several months. This has happened in very few cases, however. We might state that the matchmaker at the Olympic had absolutely no knowledge of what was going to take place in the McVey-Hudkins fight. Almost every man at the helm in Los Angeles' famous boxing club has been scrupulously honest.

The present matchmaker, Joe Waterman, has revived the game in southern California. He has been showing to capacity crowds at the Olympic for several months. And if you should ask Joe Waterman who is his choice of referee, he will tell you, without hesitation, "Jack Kennedy."

Champions in the Raw

(Continued from page 28)

hurt his gigantic playmate. They maul one another through nine rounds with little damage on either side. The crowd is roaring with laughter at their comic attempts to knock one another about the ring.

The referee has suffered far more than either of the principals. By this time, he is letting them do as they please. Therefore, they're in a clinch most of the time, and to all intents and purposes, they're a couple of wrestlers armed with boxing gloves. Both are tired to the point of exhaustion. Midway through the tenth and last round the awkward giant shoves the little fellow off and launches a terrific right-hand uppercut. He's got some smoke on that uppercut, all right, but this is the first one of them he has landed all evening—and it lands in the hapless Lou's groin with a sickening thud. Lou drops in his tracks. At the same time, the referee rushes over and shoves the giant to his corner and gives the fight to the smaller man on a foul. The blow is low, all right, there is no question about the justice of the decision.

The crowd files out, still laughing at the comic antics of the pair of alleged heavyweights. They've just witnessed nine and a half rounds of fighting, wrestling and tug-of-warring combined. As a fight, it was lousy, but as a comic show it was a pip and the crowd figured it had seen its dollar's worth.

And the principals? The winner was Lou Fink, a fellow who had never amounted to anything before and never did afterwards. The loser was a big mule-skinner and cowpuncher who answered to the name of Jess Willard!

A fellow who would have predicted that Jess would eventually become heavyweight champion after witnessing that fistic debut of his, would have been an optimist indeed.

* * *

THE scene moves ahead a few years and the setting changes to the old mining camp of Cripple Creek, Colo., high up in the heart of the Colorado Rockies. A boxing match has been arranged for the entertainment of the reckless, rowdy hard-rock miners. A pair of heavyweights have been secured to furnish the fireworks. The favorite in the betting is George Copelin, a rangy teamster from the neighboring camp of Victor. Copelin has fought in Cripple Creek before. He is popular, too, not much on science, but how he gets in there and throws 'em. The miners like that kind of fighting, that's the way they brawl among themselves. Who in hell wants to pay out money to see a fancy boxing match? So they sent over and got Copelin. They know he'll fight. His opponent is an unknown, to Cripple Creek, at least. He had done most of his fighting over on the western slope of the state. Well, if he gets by Copelin, he'll have to have something on the ball besides a prayer.

The fight arena is small and ventilation is a secondary question. The smoke screen is almost perfect, however; the fighters are able to distinguish one another across the ring in the blue haze.

Copelin seems to have the edge in height and reach. He has also got about ten pounds pull in the weights. The bell sends them into action and the pair lose little time in getting down to business. The black-thatched, beetle-browed fellow from over around the Grand Junction country is a wallop swapper himself. This fight is going to be worth looking at. They belt one another around with reckless abandon. Copelin steps in and slams a haymaker to the chin. The western sloper goes down but bobs back up and tears in for more. They maul each other something fierce for four rounds. The crowd is in an uproar.

These guys are really slamming for keeps. Copelin has scored another knockdown or two and has had the better of the milling so far. Yes, sir, you had to fight when you got in there with George Copelin. In the fifth, the Victor teamster appeared a sure winner. He was belting the Grand Junction battler around plenty. He was swinging those long rights and lefts from the floor and some of them were getting home.

Then came the sixth round and Copelin began to slow up. He was tired. He had half murdered this guy and here he was coming in for more. Just before the bell, the guy from the western slope buried one in George's guts that didn't do him any good at all. Good thing the bell rang when it did. Here comes the seventh. The Victor battler is all in. That shot in the guts had really counted. The black-headed hurricane stepped on the gas for fair. Bang, bang, bang went those whistling shots to the head.

Copelin dropped his guard for a moment and the beetle-browed youngster fired one that hit the pin. Copelin dropped like a pole-axed steer. Counting "ten" was a mere formality; you could have counted a hundred and ten for all the difference it would have made.

Oh, yes, that black-headed guy who was billed as being from Grand Junction was none other than Jack Dempsey himself. Yes, sir, a champion in the raw.

The Case Against the Big 'Uns

(Continued from page 25)

inches. Weight, 196 pounds.

Peter Jackson—Height, 6 feet ½ inch. Weight, 196 pounds.

Peter Maher—Height, 5 feet 11¾ inches. Weight, 196 pounds.

Gus Ruhlin—Height, 6 feet 2 inches. Weight, 182 pounds.

Tom Sharkey—Height, 5 feet 8½ inches. Weight, 180 pounds.

Kid McCoy—Height, 5 feet 11 inches. Weight, 160 pounds.

Joe Choynski—Height, 5 feet 11¾ inches. Weight, 162 pounds.

Philadelphia Jack O'Brien—Height, 5 feet 10½ inches. Weight, 160 pounds.

Georges Carpentier—Height, 5 feet 11½ inches. Weight, 175 pounds.

Luis Firpo—Height, 6 feet 3 inches. Weight, 216 pounds.

And here are a few comparisons with the champions and top-notchers of bygone days:

Figg—First known champion, 1719: Height, 6 feet ½ inch; weight, 195 pounds; chest, 44 inches; expanded, 48 inches.

Jack Broughton—1740: Height, 5 feet 11½ inches; weight, 196 pounds; reach, 78 inches; chest, normal, 44 inches; expanded, 47 inches.

Tom Cribb—1811: Height, 5 feet 11 inches; weight, 206 pounds; chest, normal, 43 inches; expanded, 47 inches.

Daniel Mendoza—1788: Height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 160 pounds; chest, normal, 45 inches; expanded, 50 inches.

Richard Humphries—1788: Height, 6 feet 3 inches; weight, 225 pounds; chest, normal, 45 inches; expanded, 49 inches.

Ben Brain—1791: Height, 6 feet 4 inches; weight, 230 pounds.

Isaac Perrins—1789: Height, 6 feet 2 inches; weight, 220 pounds.

Jem Belcher—1805: Height, 5 feet 11½ inches; weight, 182 pounds.

Hen Pearce (Game Chicken)—1805: Height, 5 feet 9 inches; weight, 175 pounds.

Jem Mace—1870: Height, 5 feet 9½ inches; weight, 160 pounds.

Tom Sayers—1860: Height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 152 pounds.

Fighting Men of the Rand

(Continued from page 14)

McCoy's capabilities, and somehow I have never been able to forget those words, uttered in Mick's hoarse voice.

They ran through my mind when at long last I stood up to McCoy in the ring: "He's fast, an' d—d clever!" How well I was made aware of that after we had been fighting for a few rounds. He was the most baffling glove artist that I had ever met and a past master at doing the unexpected. As a matter of fact I found that he didn't do anything at all that was expected of him in the ring. I knew nothing of his style for he had never allowed me to see him in action, but he seemed to have learned my methods off by heart. At the end of half a dozen rounds it dawned upon me that the third part of Mick Dooley's judgment—"you might beat him," had only the flimsiest claim to serious consideration, and I made the best of a bad job by squaring up and hitting out in the only style I then knew, that of Foley and Mace, determined to stay there until I was carried out. And carried out I was after nine rounds.

Not only was McCoy "fast an' d—d clever," but he was tough and game as well. I could hit in those days, and when he mixed it with me in the early part of the fight I landed some beauties on his face and body—but he just grinned in a boyish way and came back for more.

It always fills me with astonishment when I look through the record books and see no mention of Kid McCoy among the world champions, because it is not easy to understand how a fighter of such ability could have missed acquiring the title.

In my time I have heard many an argument as to who was the cleverest boxer who ever lived and I have never known the discussion to end before the names of Peter Jackson, Young Griffo, and Kid McCoy were prominently mentioned. But if you look up the record books you will find that not one of the three ever officially held a world championship. As masters of the noble art these men live only in the memories of old-timers who fought with or saw them in action. Are the books right, then, and the old-timers, including yours truly, mistaken? I leave it to you.

Another story by Bill Doherty in the next issue.—[Editor's Note.

Humphreys Ranks Greatest Fighters

(Continued from page 13)

Negro the most accomplished defensive boxer of them all, irrespective of poundage.

Humphreys names two lightweights, McAuliffe and Lavigne, ahead of the immortal Gans, rated by a vast majority of judges the peer of all 135-pound fighters.

"But McAuliffe was a rare combination of fighter-boxer," asserts Humphreys. "Jack won the amateur championship, and quickly established himself as a worthy professional title holder when the original Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, designated him as such in vacating the throne. McAuliffe fought and whipped them all from 1885 to 1893, when he retired undefeated. That's good enough.

"Biddy Bishop, who trained Lavigne, considers him the greatest of all. The Saginaw Kid never scaled more than 128 pounds, and often lighter, yet he defended the lightweight title against all the stars of his time.

"In their first battle, Walcott agreed to stop Lavigne in 15 rounds, but at the finish the Kid had the Barbadoes Demon hanging on. In the second, Lavigne knocked Walcott out in the 12th round. Any boxer scaling from 125 to 128 pounds who could stop a battler of the Walcott type who outweighed him 10 pounds, was indeed a marvel."

Tommy Ryan was a tricky welter and middleweight with all the ingredients of a champion.

Humphreys' ranking Dempsey ninth will cause plenty of comment. The old Man Mauler was tops in the eyes of a large share of ringworms.

Tunney being placed 10th, with Jeffries, Langford, and other formidable heavyweights omitted from the first 10, bears out what the keener observers said would happen when the Manly Marine retired in 1928. They predicted that Tunney would be seen in a much more flattering light as the years rolled by.

"Tunney was a devastating fighter against anybody who lugged the trouble to him," elucidates Humphreys.

"Check his record. It includes the names of Harry Greb and many another good one, but who ever beat Tunney? Gene arrived late, like many of the Irish do. It was a shame to see him retire after stopping Tom Heeney. He had just swung into full stride. There was much of Corbett and considerable parts of other great fighters in the last we saw of Tunney."

Joe Humphreys should know. No one else in history witnessed as many fights or was as close to as many fighters.

In the next article, Joe Humphreys gives an intimate picture story of his idol—Terrible Terry McGovern.—[Editor's Note.

The Cadillac Bearcat

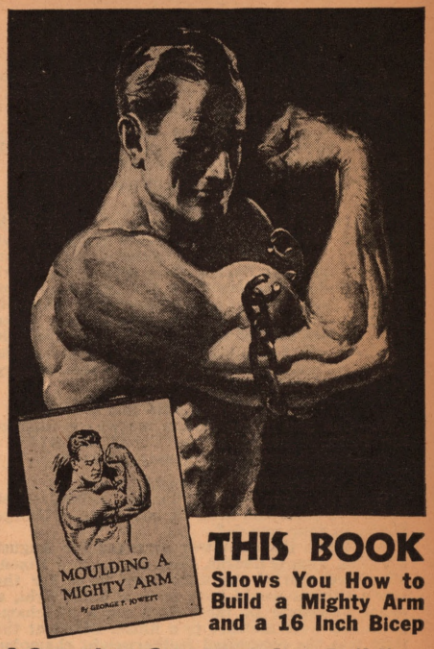
(Continued from page 31)

remembered that he blossomed in a period when lightweights really were the cream of the crop. The boys really fought in those days . . . . ask any one who was a ringsider in the palmy days of California's twenty-round days.

Wolgast was born at Cadillac Mich., on February 8, 1888. He stood about 5 ft., 5 inches in height and rarely weighed more than 133 pounds. He was a "light" lightweight and in this day and time, no doubt would have cast his lot in the featherweight division, as he could have made the weight with little effort.

Too bad, there aren't a few Ad Wolgasts around today to add spice to the lightweight division. Though his type never last long, they are bearcats while they do. As amply demonstrated by enlarged editions in the persons of Paul Berlenbach, Sammy Baker and Ace Hudkins. Could they fight, and WOULD they fight?

MOULDING A MIGHTY ARM



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IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Archie D. Halley, Washington, N. C.

Q.—Would Young Stribling have had a chance against Joe Louis. Who would you pick to win?

A.—None whatever. Louis.

John Kenyon, New York City

Q.—What was the height and weight of Jack Delaney, former light-heavyweight champion?

A.—Six feet tall and 172 pounds.

Shirley Rubin, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Q.—Please tell me if Buddy Baer is still fighting and when will he be 21 years of age? What are the limit of rounds a fighter under 21 can box? When will Barney Ross defend his title?

A.—Buddy was beaten a few weeks ago by Andre Lenglet. He just passed his twentieth birthday. Six rounds is the most a boy under 21 is supposed to box. Ross may defend his title against Jack Carroll in Australia in November unless he puts his title at stake in this country before that date.

Juan Peralto, Porto Rico

Q.—Can you please inform me who is managing Pedro Montanez in the United States?

A.—Lew Burston and Jimmy Bronson.

William Mennie, Lidcombe, Australia

Q.—Why wasn't Billy Plimmer recognized as the world champion after he had defeated George Dixon in four rounds?

A.—When the fight was arranged for August 22, 1893, Tom O'Rourke, then manager of Dixon, stipulated that if the fight were to be for the world title, it would have to be a finish fight, a usual procedure in those days when all championships were matches to a finish. Dixon at the time was the recognized featherweight champion and Plimmer was the recognized bantam king of England, he scaling only 115 pounds to 125 for Dixon, and as a result, Plimmer's manager refused to sanction a finish fight.

It was then that a four round contest was settled upon for Madison Square Garden, and thus the bout really was listed in the "exhibition" class. On the day of the contest, more than 10,000 from all parts of America, came to New York to see these clever lads in action and shortly before fight time, Tom O'Rourke announced that under the terms of the agreement, he had named Steve O'Donnell, the big Irish heavyweight, to referee. And when Steve entered the ring, he called Fred Burns, the announcer to the ring center, and had him announce that the bout not being listed as a finish affair, no championship was at stake, and that if Dixon lost, no championship would change hands. That's why, when Plimmer was declared the winner on points in a wizardry contest that was warmly applauded by the huge gathering, Dixon still retained the crown.

Eugene Ricks, Sugar City, Idaho

Q.—Would greatly appreciate it if you give me a list of all the weights in boxing?

A.—Flyweight—112 pounds; Bantamweight—118 pounds; Featherweight—126 pounds; Lightweight—135 pounds; Welterweight—147 pounds; Middleweight—160 pounds; Light-Heavyweight—175 pounds; Heavyweight, all over the light-heavyweight limit.

Frank Vitola, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Q.—Should a high school boy who has shown good work in boxing, turn pro or first fight as an amateur if he wants to make boxing his profession?

A.—My advice would be to join an amateur club and spend about six months in the ranks of the simon pures before taking up the more strenuous work of a pro fighter.

Martin Chisselton, Liverpool, England

Q.—Why don't you rate Nel Tarlton in Borden's page? And why isn't Laurie Stevens the leading contender. Where do you get off?

A.—Our monthly rating by Eddie Borden is just that—a rating by the month, and only when a champion is concerned or a fighter who rates so high that inactivity does not affect his standing much in his division, does a name appear of a fighter who has not displayed his wares during the month or who hasn't stood up. .. ..

In the case of Tarlton, he was defeated several times in the past few months while other boys have come up and therefore I agree with Borden's rating. Too few of our readers from abroad, in particular, have failed to take cognizance of the fact that our boys have shown superiority in almost all cases over foreign lads, and I attribute much of the criticism which we receive, especially from South Africa and Australia, to their overzealousness.

Our task in making choices is an impartial one and we take into consideration all angles before making our ratings. Take the case of Laurie Stevens of South Africa, for example. We have received many bitter complaints because we fail to recognize him as the leading contender. We feel confident that regardless of what Laurie has accomplished in his home country, we can find six boys here who will beat him—Canzoneri, Pacho, Montanez and Ambers among them. We don't mind criticism, but we want to assure all our readers that at no time are we biased in our opinion. Our aim is to please, but we cannot please all. In South Africa, with its climate conditions in her favor, Stevens is supreme, but despite the fact that I fully recognize his ability —more power to the lad—I don't think he'd fare so well here.

Ray Horan, Burlington, Vt.

Q.—What is the average life of a good fighter?

A.—In a compilation recently published by a magazine in England, the age is given as 66 years, but a list I have before me, shows out of thirty-four fighters from 1882 to 1910, 27 lived to the ripe old age of 72.

James Moffat, Boston, Mass.

Q.—In what year did John L. Sullivan first play "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands." Was it a success?

A.—He starred in this play in 1890. It was a huge success.

Q.—Who was the referee in the fight between Sullivan and Kilrain? What was the date and who were the seconds?

A.—The fight took place at Richburg, Miss., on July 8, 1889. It was the last bare-knuckle heavyweight championship fight. The referee was John Fitzpatrick, who later became Mayor of New Orleans. The seconds were—for Sullivan—Mike Cleary and William Muldoon. The bottle holder was "Handsome" Dan Murphy and the timekeeper—Tom Costello of Cleveland. The fight went 75 rounds with John L. the winner.

Q.—Who scored first blood in the Sullivan-Corbett fight?

A.—Corbett did in the fifth round.

Q.—What were the ringside odds?

A.—4 to 1, Sullivan the favorite.

Q.—Who handled Sullivan for that fight and who refereed?

A.—The referee was Prof. John Duffy. In Sullivan's corner were Johnson, McAuliffe, Lannon, Phil Casey, the handball king and the timer was Frank Moran.

Michael Hussing, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—In an argument at our club, a dispute arose over the weighing in. One of our members wagered me that at no time in the American prize ring was the weighing in done in the ring. I thought I had read of such a procedure in a Ring Magazine story on Fitzsimmons hence took the chance that he was wrong and wagered an even $5.00. Who is correct?

A.—You win. We carried the story on the Fitz-Nonpareil Jack Dempsey fight some time ago. On January 14, 1891, when Fitz fought the Nonpareil for the middleweight title, Dempsey scaled 147½ to Fitz's 150½. They weighed in five minutes before the battle on scales that were brought into the ring in full view of the spectators. Col. A. Brewster, the referee, supervised the weighing. Doc O'Connell, Jimmy Carroll and Prof. Robertson were with Fitz and Jack McAuliffe, Gus Tuthill and Mike Conley acted for Dempsey in the ceremonies.

W. A. Turner, London, Eng.

Q.—How are points scored?

A.—Points in boxing are given for aggressiveness, cleverness, sharp hitting, etc. As a rule there are ten points allotted to each round—in some places only five and three are given for cleverness, 3 for sharp, accurate scores in hitting. Thus in N. Y. we have the following:

Aggressiveness and clean hitting—5 points.

Clever sparring and good defense—3 points.

The other two points are given for sportsmanship, and general all around effectiveness. If a man fouls, he loses the round. If warned, he drops two points. If he fails to obey the referee's instructions, he drops a point or two, according to the seriousness of his offense.

(May I ask that you kindly write to Mr. Dexter, Atlas Pub. Ltd. Fleet St. London, Eng., and tell him that I asked you to write and inform him that you cannot buy any Rings in your locality on newsstands. He'll see that your dealer is properly supplied.

Vic Paz, Olan, Hawaii

Q.—What nationality is Johnny Pena who recently whipped Freddy Miller? How many fights has he up to date and how did he fare in them? Since Small Montana defeated Midget Wolgast in a titular bout, why should Mr. Borden continue to rate him second best man in the division?

A.—Pena is of Spanish descent. His complete record can be found in the Post and Everlast Record Book for sale by the Ring Book Shop. There was some question about Wolgast making the flyweight limit when they fought. I personally know that the fight was not at championship weight.

J. J. Kennedy, Long Beach, Calif.

Q.—Do you know where I could join an Amateur boxing Club?

A.—Try the Long Beach Athletic Club which holds boxing tournaments.

Max Schwartz, New York City

Q.—Is Willie Beecher still in the fight game?

A.—No. He was running a gymnasium in Brooklyn, in the East New York section but now is trainer for his boy and others.

Q.—Was he a good fighter?

A.—One of the best in New York at a time when there were plenty of excellent lightweights and featherweights in the field.

Marty Berger, Boston, Mass.

Q.—How can I develop and strengthen my neck?

A.—By constant use of neck exercises. You will find such exercises in my book, "Height Increase Exercises." For example, use neck twisting exercises and do same with a snap. Then do the exercises of forcing the chin downward against the palm of the hand, while the hand is trying to push the chin upwards. This double pressure is an excellent exercise for strengthening the chin.

Evelyn Horton, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Q.—Some time ago you listed some exercises for reducing the waist line. Kindly repeat them for me.

A.—A good exercise is to go through the motions of chopping wood without your use of any ax. Take a small hard rubber ball and make a fist over the ball. Clench the fist until you feel the pressure. Now take a position with the feet stretched apart about two feet and then make the imaginary swing.

Swing to the sides as well as in front and do each movement about a dozen times. Repeat as often during the day as possible. Also rolling along the floor or over a barrel, imaginary rowing and swimming exercises.

Martin Chusnick, Erie, Pa.

Q.—Will the use of bar-bells make me strong. I want to be a pro boxer. I am now a pretty good amateur but haven't a good solid wallop.

A.—Bar-Bells in my opinion are good for those who seek to attain strength for wrestling or show purposes or just for physical development. But a boxer should never use bar-bells. Regardless of what others might say, I claim that their use is injurious as eventually you find you cannot get freedom in movement necessary for fighting.

Floyd Schroeder, River Falls, Wisc.

Q.—I am seventeen years of age and am 5 feet 8 inches tall. Will I grow any taller. What is good to purify the blood? Does work like coal shovelling make you muscle bound? My chest is 38, waist 30, neck 15, thigh 20, biceps 14 and weigh 150 pounds? Will I be a heavyweight at 22?

A.—You will undoubtedly reach the six feet mark. Nat Fleischer's "Height Increasing Exercises" will be of great benefit. Plenty of vegetables and yeast, occasionally, will be of benefit. Shovelling will strengthen the muscles of the upper region. It will not cause muscle bound condition. You will probably reach the heavyweight ranks.

Artie Simmons, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—Recently you had an article on Mick Dunn, the famous Australian fighter who died a few months ago. My dad saw him fight Walcott and he asked me to find out from you, where and when that bout was staged. He has a faint recollection that it took place at the Broadway A.C. of Brooklyn? Is he correct?

A.—No. The bout was not staged at the Broadway A.C. of Brooklyn. It took place on April 3, 1895 at the Coney Island A. C. and Dixon won in eight furious rounds.

Martin Flaherty, Montreal, Canada

Q.—Was there a fighter at any time by the name of Tom Broderick? Is he the New York detective who has figured so often in print in New York? I recollect a Broderick but it was so long ago that I think I saw him fight (I'm now 72), that I would like to be enlightened?

A.—Yes there was a Tom Broderick, a very good, two-fisted fighter who hailed from West Point. He was born at the point on June 14, 1887, and fought many great battles, almost all of which were staged in the vicinity of Yonkers and parts of Connecticut. Among his best bouts were those with Jimmy Handler; a vicious 20 round mill with Matty Matthews which he lost in Yonkers; Mike Leonard, Charley Mc Keever, Eddie Connolly and Kid Mc Partland. Mc Partland's contest was by far his best. Although Broderick lost in 20 rounds, he gave an excellent account of himself. Perhaps the New York detective is related to the West Point Broderick. I'll find that out, for if ever a fellow was born to follow in the footsteps of a good fighter like Tom, such a man is the present Johnny Broderick.

Carman Licurse, Mitchell Field, L. I.

Q.—I am eighteen years of age, weigh 142 pounds and am five feet seven inches in height. Do you think I can at least weigh 195 pounds when I am 21. I took lessons from Farmer Burns and learned quite a lot. Do you think I can make the light-heavyweight wrestling grade?

A.—If you continue exercising there is no question but that you will probably reach the six feet mark and possibly go over the hundred and ninety mark. That would make you eligible for the heavyweight wrestling ranks also.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

IT was with a great deal of wonder and astonishment that I read the article of Hype Igoe that appeared in THE RING. How any boxing expert could make the claims that he did, and still maintain that he was unprejudiced, is beyond me.

The greatest mistake he made, and the real reason for this letter, was his contention that Joe Walcott could have beaten Louis. Walcott was a welterweight, and although I am aware he had some measure of success fighting heavyweights, there was never a fighter born who could spot Joe Louis fifty pounds and beat him. McCoy, Ketchel and Choynski were all great fighters, but would have labored under the same handicap.

Corbett would have been tough, because he is the type that would bother Louis, but I have enough confidence in the boxing ability of Louis to feel certain that in a fifteen-round fight he would have caught Corbett for all his cleverness. Jeffries and Fitzsimmons both did it, and I rate neither one of them ahead of Joe in boxing finesse.

As for Dempsey, he was the hardest hitter the game has ever known, but he is not to be compared to Louis in boxing skill. He had no left jab to open a defensive boxer for his left hook or right cross and he gambled entirely too much to be any more than a fifty-fifty choice against the Brown Bomber.

Suppose the night he came rushing out of his corner against Firpo and missed his first lead that he had been opposed by a sharpshooter with a knockout punch in either hand, as Louis is, instead of a crude right-hand swinger! Fitzsimmons would have carried an outside chance against Louis as he could both box and hit, but here again, size would have been against him. Jeffries' main stock-in-trade was ability to take a punch, and against a hitter like Louis or Dempsey, that only insured a terrific beating for anyone with strength and stamina enough to keep getting up.

Baer and Paulino had never been on the floor, but that availed them little when they fought Louis. Which brings us right down to Jack Johnson. The class of the opposition that he faced was the worst that I can recall and I don't even except the present crop in that statement. The only good heavy of that time was Langford.

Jeffries was thirty-five years old when Johnson took fourteen rounds to stop him, and Stanley Ketchel, although outweighed some sixty-five pounds, was still strong enough in the twelfth round to put Johnson on the floor. As for the other men you mentioned in your article, I shall not take the time to point out the flaws in their records. Sufficient to say, the men I have dealt with were all champions. Come, Hype, own up your mistaken judgment.

There is another slight matter that evidently did not enter in your composition, the fact that all the men that you compared with Louis were from three to six years older than he is now before they attained their peak. Have you any sound reason to believe that Louis will not continue to improve until he is twenty-five or twenty-six?

You say in your article that Louis doesn't keep the men he hits down. The fact that Willard and Firpo both climbed up from the floor six or seven times apiece against Dempsey doesn't seem to lessen your admiration for him! Even the fragile Carpentier got up once! Which is no attempt to prove that Dempsey couldn't hit, but only an attempt to show you that there are very few one-punch knockouts. You will note that there is no one getting up from the floor to beat Louis!

You, in conjunction with a lot more experts, claim you would like to see how Louis acts after he has been on the floor. It seems to me that it would be a greater proof of his greatness if he were clever enough to avoid ever being hit hard enough to be put on the floor, as Nat Fleischer so often has written, especially when it has been proved so many times that there is no one who cannot be stopped when hit right by a hard enough hitter.

As to Louis faltering in the first round of his fight with Baer, I don't think a person watched the pictures of that fight any closer than I did and I must admit that I failed to see Louis falter at any point. Baer, I think, was watching even more closely than either you or I, and I'm quite sure that he also failed to see it. And don't think Baer wasn't looking for some such silver lining at that time!

Louis, although only twenty-two, already has two former world champions to his list of victims, and I'll go on record saying that Schmeling will be his third. As for Braddock, all he has is a plentitude of courage, which is a great asset if you have more weapons, but almost a liability if you haven't. And you certainly weren't in earnest when you designated Corn Griffin, John Henry Lewis and Art Lasky as the best opposition in the heavyweight class.

I have no doubt that you will disagree with things I have said in this letter as thoroughly as I disagreed with the contents of your article, but I know there is no bias connected with my opinions and I am afraid the years have slightly colored some of your recollections.

CECIL TAGGART,
Spencer, N. Y.

* * *

AS I glance through the pages of any issue of THE RING I am impressed with the great deal of care that has been given to its preparation and with the value of the work. I consider it remarkable that such a splendid magazine, with so many illustrations, can be produced at the low price of 25 cents.

On the fourteenth anniversary of your magazine, I offer to you and to your staff my sincerest congratulations for the success you have had in the past and my best wishes for still greater success in the future, as well as a cordial greeting to readers of your magazine throughout the world.

Well, Mr. Fleischer, let me tell you that you can publish any part of this letter if you want to. I will conclude, congratulating you again for your wonderful success.

JULIO C. SAAVEDRA M.,
Port Limon, Costa Rica, C. A.

* * *

THANKS for the many enjoyable hours of interesting reading THE RING has given our boys. I find the articles of Daniel M. Daniel interesting and amusing, notably "THE RING's Globe Trotter," a monthly effort of genuine wit. Also the photographs of the recent big fights are reaching a very high standard, the Louis-Paulino camera shots being remarkably clear. I have read many of your books and hope that you will one day write the life-stories of Tony Canzoneri, Jimmy McLarnin and Tommy Loughran.

Over here, Jack Petersen is the great attraction. No wonder, for his fights are full of action, and he is the ideal type of clean living fighter for the youth of Great Britain to admire.

HOUSE OF BOYS,
Leicester, England.

* * *

I HAVE been an ardent reader of THE RING for the last several years. I like everything your magazine contains, and the Milo-to-Londos series was specially interesting. Likewise the articles written by yourself. By the tone of your writings, you are always impartial in every respect and when one is in doubt, your opinion may be taken as final. In this locality there is only a handful above one thousand inhabitants, but nevertheless there are four subscribers for THE RING in this neck of the woods. I'm afraid I cannot agree with Toots Mondt in some of his "World Ranking of Wrestlers" for 1935, but, of course, that is only a matter of opinion. Personally, I would rate Earl McCready above Dean Detton. Both these wrestlers have proved themselves popular with the fans here in New Zealand. George Walker beat Dean Detton on numerous occasions in our country.

I find your "Modern Wrestling" book very instructive.

RANGI GILL,
Kaikoura, South Island, New Zealand.

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 42)

"Daniel Boone" Savage for the whiskers championship of the universe. The loser will be shaved at the ringside (they'll probably need a lawn mower to do the job).

* * *

THE recent match between Ali Baba, recognized world champion in New York and the Middle West, and Dave Levin of Brooklyn, which resulted in the disqualification of the champion by the referee after he had stepped on Levin and knocked him unconscious, has complicated the wrestling situation more than ever. After the referee had declared that Ali Baba had lost his crown, Toots Mondt broke the backbone of his rivals by acquiring the services of Levin, the new title-holder.

Then came a meeting of the New Jersey State Boxing Commission, which ruled that Ali Baba had not lost his title because no championship matches are recognized in that state and as a result, the decision of the referee, contrary to the rules of the sport, was reversed. Thus we now have Dave Levin added to the list of title claimants.

The finest move towards bringing about one champion was made a few days later when the New York State Commission, in a meeting with the Illinois, Missouri and California moguls, decided to stage a series of eliminations throughout the country. Thus it was decided that Lee Wyckof and Strangler Lewis be nominated for the New York elimination; Vincent Lopez for the Pacific Coast, and Jim McMillen, the top man for Illinois, will have it out in the Middle West. The winners will be pitted against each other and the final survivor is to meet Ali Baba or Levin, whichever is recognized by New York at the time.

Levin won his claim on June 12 in Newark through the decision of Frank Sinborn, the referee.

* * *

MINIATURES OF MATMEN—A year ago, to this very month, a young Mexican stepped into the wrestling spotlight by defeating the notable Hindu matman, Jagit Singh. Since that stirring day, this young Latin, Vincent Lopez, has downed every Eastern invader. Lopez, born in Los Angeles of Mexican parents, was christened Daniel Vincent Lopez de Vinaspre. His parents moved from Los Angeles to a farm in Idaho where young Vincent grew up.

During his "alma mater" days at the University of Idaho, Vincent won considerable fame as a boxer, wrestler and basketballer. In 1930 and '31 Danny Lopez, representing the University of Idaho, won the amateur heavyweight titles of the Pacific Northwest. Friends persuaded Vincent to enter Lou Daro's international heavyweight tournament and Lopez, under the watchful eye of the veteran Ed "Strangler" Lewis, came through with flying colors to win the tournament and recognition in twenty-three states of the Union.

As heavyweight mat monarch of the Coast, Lopez has beaten Ali Baba Yumid (recognized in some parts as the world champion), Gino Garibaldi, Sandor Szabo, Joe Savoldi, George Calza, Jim Browning, Gus Sonnenberg, Man Mountain Dean, Chief Little Wolf, Emil and Ernie Dusek, Kimon Kudo, George Zaharias, Count Zarynoff, Tiger Ali Mahomed Daula (who was considered unbeatable), and dozens of lesser lights.

It is my prediction that Vincent Lopez will defeat any Eastern claimant to the heavyweight bauble and become undisputed champion of the world, if given the opportunity to meet all the claimants.

* * *

CHIEF THUNDERBIRD, Freddie Caronne and Bobby Burns have all seen the inside of a hospital in recent weeks. Bobby Burns, popular middleweight, underwent an operation for the removal of his appendix, while Caronne suffered spinal injuries and required several weeks in hospital. Chief Thunderbird was forced to cancel a trip to New Zealand when he injured his arm in a bout with "Cannon-ball" Kitzmiller, rough-and-ready Portland hoodlum.

Salt Lake City fans turned out en masse to see Vincent Lopez down Ray Steele, "The Earl Caddock of the Modern School," two falls to one. Steele won his lone fall with a headlock and arm bar. In the semi-final bout, Del Kunkel of Salt Lake battled to a fast one-fall draw with Richard Stahl of Germany. Watch the rise of this lad, Del Kunkel, who hails from the same town that produced Ira Dern, Dean Detton, Bill Longson and other championship contenders.

Doctor Karl Sarpolis, the gentleman wrestler, returned to the Northwest after an absence of four years, during which time the medico from Chicago made wrestling history in the Lone Star State. The flying scissors expert showed to the fans that he had lost none of his old speed and finesse when he defeated Tiger Daula, Lou Plummer, Rudy Strongberg, Chief Chewchki and Sandor Szabo in sensational matches.

* * * *

CURFEW CHATTER—As we put this edition to bed, we hear that . . . . George S. Miehling, old-time wrestling champion, and for more than a quarter of a century wrestling instructor at the famed Olympic Club of San Francisco, has passed to his Maker . . . . Walter Miller is in California, booking grapplemen for "Down Under" mat cards . . . . Emil Klank, ex-manager of Frank Gotch, is promoting in Sydney, Australia . . . . a youngster who claims he is Danny Dusek, of the famed Dusek clan, is campaigning in the Northwest . . . . Carnation Lou Daro is in Japan booking several ponderous "Sumo" experts for the winter wrestling season in America . . . . Earl McCready (in far-off New Zealand) and Vic Christy (in sunny California) became proud papas recently . . . . Ali Baba, whom we knew under the mat monickers of Ali Yumid and Harry K. Ekezian, a mediocre matman of clowning tactics, is quite a bigwig in Eastern circles—a champion!

* * *

NATIONAL SLAMS AND SPINS by J. Jimmy Amann—Sammy Klein, holder of the tri state welterweight wrestling championship ever since 1931 was stripped of his title when Pancho Sanchez, the Mexican was the surprise victor. As a warmup, the Mexican trimmed Blondie Black, St. Louis challenger.

* * *

The American Federation of Wrestling on June 1, 1936 named the following champions of their divisions which embraces most of the Middle Western states: Heavyweight, Jumbo Joe Carroll; light-heavyweight, open, Billy Allen, leading claimant; middleweight, open, Sammy Klein, leading claimant; welterweight, Pancho Sanchez.

* * *

Every independent wrestler looking for booking should get Jimmy Amann's latest release of National Wrestling Promoters which includes over 250 of the leading mat promoters of the country. Twenty-five cents and a self-stamped envelope will get you this handy pocket sheet. Address cash to Amann at 1702 State Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

* * *

Jack Reynolds, world's welterweight champion might engage Gus Kallio middleweight champion in an early match on the west coast according to rumors I received out of Spokane, Washington.

My National Wrestling Ratings, which celebrated their birthday of sixteen months on June 15, 1936. From February 15, 1935 where about a handful of interested fans first wrote in for the Ratings, I am now besieged from all over the world for the Ratings which includes over 2000 of the leading heavyweights, light-heavyweights, middleweight and welterweight wrestlers. The popular price of 25 cents in cash and a self stamped envelope will get you the June Ratings promptly. Address all mail and orders to Jimmy Amann, 1702 State Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Dark Shadow

(Continued from page 11)

tell me of any white man who likes to be hit there either?"

There is a superstition among white pugilists that Negroes "don't like 'em in the stomach." They also say, "Never hit a Negro in the head."

Many white pugilists feel that a Negro "ain't quite human." This belief tucked in the white's subconscious mind, has helped the Negro win many a battle. Some pugilists claim that "all Negroes are yellow," in spite of the fact that ring history proves them to be the bravest of men. But of course, pugilists are no more concerned with history than men who write historical novels.

Many Negro pugilists die young. Molineaux, Peter Jackson, Joe Gans, George Dixon and Young Peter Jackson all died under forty. They generally die of lung trouble, and always penniless.

With the exception of the dreamer, Joe Gans, "The Old Master" of Baltimore, I have never known a Negro pugilist to worry.

Primitive, yet unemotional over the shifts of fortune, the psychology of their race was expressed by Jack Johnson in his corner after the fight with Willard—"Now mebbe de'll let me alone."

Joe Louis, of course, will earn more money than any other great Negro pugilist. While I believe that Jimmy Braddock will surprise the fistic world in his battle with the young Negro should they ever meet, he cannot possibly eliminate him.

As Jack Dempsey would say—"Let the best man win, fellows."

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

PLENTY of the topnotchers participated in fistic activity during the month and consequently the game took a spurt in the right direction. Leroy Haynes, the highly-touted Negro heavyweight, celebrated his New York debut by scoring a technical kayo over Primo Carnera in the ninth round. Al McCoy, prominent light - heavyweight, after a long siege of inactivity, stepped into the heavier division because of weight difficulties. Ambrose Palmer, Australian 175-pounder, announced his retirement because of eye injuries. Fritzie Zivic stepped into the limelight with a one-round kayo over Billy Celebron and followed up with an eight-round kayo over Tony Falco. Barney Ross disposed of Laddie Tonelli in five rounds in an overweight match. Pedro Montanez improved his cause in the lightweight quest by winning from Leonard Del Genio and Frankie Klick.

Beginning with action in the heavyweight class, we find Haynes' kayo over Carnera numbered among the high lights of the month. Phil Brubaker drew with Andre Lenglet while Andre disposed of Roberto Roberti in eight rounds. King Levinsky whipped Millionaire Murphy and disposed of Pepe Del Rio in two rounds while Peppy scored over Butch Rogers. Al McCoy disposed of Jim Dowling and Bobby Lenhart in two rounds each. Art Lasky finished Jack Roper in the eighth.

Charley "Killer" Coates scored a noteworthy feat when he disposed of the rugged Terry Mitchell in the first round. Abie Feldman stopped Ralph Barbara in five rounds. Steve Dudas scored over Nathan Mann and kayoed Isadoro Gastanaga in four rounds. Hank Hankinson flattened Karl Walker, German heavyweight, in one round. Patsy Perroni scored a knockout over George Crossky. Jack Trammell whipped Eddie Simms and flattened Eddie Mader in one round.

Tommy Farr and Jim Wilde, a pair of promising English heavies, battled to a draw. Leo Lomski seems to have made a fine start on his comeback trail. He whipped George Vallas, Eddie Boyle and scored a four-round knockout over Adolph Wiater. Tony Galento and Al Delaney battled to a draw. Adolf Heuser disposed of Norman Tomasulo in one round. Marty Gallagher won from Bob Tow.

Buddy Knox disposed of Harold Anderson in two rounds. John Erjavec stopped Max Marek in eight rounds. Bob Pastor whipped Terry Mitchell and kayoed Frankie Simms in seven rounds. Junior Munsell drew with Jack Van Noy. Frank Rowsey won over Dutch Weimer. Charley Belanger whipped Jack Kranz. Tom Beaupre finished Eddie O'Day in two. Abe Simon stopped Lou Berg in three rounds. Max Zona trounced Big Boy Brackey. Oscar Matthews kayoed Hilton McCollum and Dixie Oliver in one round each, and was stopped by Kid Chicasha in the third when he injured his hand.

In the light-heavyweight division, we find Al Gainer, by his excellent work, ranked leading contender to John Henry Lewis. Lewis kayoed Bob Godwin in one round and defeated Charley Massare and John Anderson. Anderson was held to a draw by Charley Weise. Al Gainer gave Joe Knight a thorough trimming. Fred Lenhart was held to a draw by Johnny Erjavec. Jack Gibbons disposed of Joe Goeders in four rounds. Allen Matthews stepped into the picture by whipping Billy Ketchell and scoring a three-round kayo over Wild Bill Thomas. Steve Carr scored over Leroy Brown. Red Bruce whipped Izzy Singer but lost to Trader Horn. Freddy Fiducia disposed of Frank Zamoris in four rounds.

In the middleweight division we have Frank Battaglia scoring a knockout over Frank Kapanowski. Erich Seelig won from Eddie Peirce. Al Quaill scored over Solly Krieger. Bob Turner was beaten by Teddy Yarosz and Frankie Caris. Marty Simmons defeated Ron Richards and Mark Hough in Australia. Harry Rowles scored a two-round knockout over Al Diamond in England. Roscoe Manning finished Joey Bazzone in eight rounds. Tommy Freeman whipped Alabama Kid. Joe Lynch won from Jackie Aldare.

Barney Ross disposed of Laddie Tonelli in five rounds but his welterweight title was not at stake. Jack Portney, who is making rapid strides in the welter class, defeated George Salvatore and Teddy Loder. Ceferino Garcia defeated Young Peter Jackson. Fritzie Zivic stepped into the limelight with his knockouts over Billy Celebron and Tony Falco. Gustave Eder, German champion, scored an impressive five-round knockout over Al Silva. Gordon Wallace scored over Mike Payan.

Willard Brown turned in victories over Battling Burroughs and Roy Calimari. Al Manfredo defeated Johnny Dias and Frankie Britt. Joe Bernal drew with Dias. Andrea Jesserun scored over Cocoa Kid. Sonny Jones drew with Caspar La Rosa, Johnny Clinton and defeated Vince De Angelo. Harry Dublinsky drew with Phil Furr. Tracey Cox whipped David Velasco but lost to K. O. Castillo. Lou Lombardi disposed of Al Dunbar in five rounds and then whipped him. Norman Snow won over Eddie McGeever. Frankie Sagilio defeated Toots Bernstein.

Pedro Montanez is putting plenty of life in the lightweight division. He whipped Leonard Del Genio and Frankie Klick. Laurie Stevens, the South African, defeated Phil Zwick. Wesley Ramey drew with Joe Zodda and whipped Mickey Genaro. Hubert Kid Dennis scored over Charley Gomer while Gomer whipped Pete Carraciola. Jimmy Garrison whipped his Kansas City rival, Pat Kissinger. Young Casanova, now a lightweight, defeated Juan Zurita, a featherweight, and Kid Azteca, a welterweight.

Enrico Venturi won from Al Roth. Chino Alvarez finished Johnny Jadick in seven rounds. Howard Scott won from Norment Quarles and Stumpy Jacobs. Jimmy Walsh won over Boyo Rees. Joe Ghnouly defeated Eddie Zivic. Aldo Spoldi disposed of Louis Camps in six and Johnny Toomey in three. Camps whipped Pete Mascia while Toomey was also kayoed by Young Zazzerino in two. Jimmy Vaughn whipped Freddy Miller, but lost to Cecil Payne. Lew Feldman trimmed Bucky Taylor but lost to Kid Chocolate.

Leo Rodak drew with Joey Alcanter and lost to Johnny Morro. Davey Abad whipped Perfecto Lopez. Harry Mizler won over Jackie Flynn. Johnny Durso defeated Tony Herrera and Ray Sharkey. Louis Jallos lost to Ray Nash and was stopped by Maxie Strub in four rounds. Frankie Wallace disposed of Ervin Berlier in seven rounds. Bushy Graham kayoed Orville Drouillard in the seventh session. Ritchie Fontaine won from Benny Barrish.

Baby Arizmendi was the leading light in the featherweight class to show his wares. He fought an official draw with Frankie Covelli. Mike Belloise battled to a draw with Dave Crowley. Henry Armstrong disposed of Bobby Leyvas in four rounds. Dick Corbett whipped Benny Caplan and Stan Jehu. Nel Tarleton trounced Johnny King. Benny Chavez scored over Pete De Grasse. Midget Wolgast whipped Varias Milling and stopped Bobby Gray in seven. Milling scored over Patsy Hennigan. Benny Sharkey won over Tommy Steele but was stopped by Johnny McGrory in five rounds.

Young Rightmire won from George Feist and Paul Estrada. Petey Hayes triumphed over Joe Doherty. Jackie Wilson disposed of Jack Middleton in two and George Gee in seven. K. O. Morgan won from Lennie Cohen and Johnny Edwards. Johnny De Foe scored over Jose Santos while Jose whipped Baby Manuel. Chalky Wright won over Al Spina. Mose Butch defeated Rosy Grier. B. De Guzman scored over Little Pancho. Pancho won from Umio Gen but fought a draw and was beaten by Cris Pineda. Joe Mendiola scored two knockouts over Star Frisco and also disposed of Star Cruz in two rounds.

Baltazar Sangchili, world's bantam title-holder, stopped Jimmy Martin in eight rounds and defeated Lou Farber. Tony Marino staged a genuine surprise when he defeated Louis Salica. He also kayoed Santos Hugo in four rounds. Henry Hooks whipped Pablo Dano. Joey Archibald scored over Biff Bang Lemieux and Katsumi Morioka. Mickey Miller drew with Billy Carr in Australia. Nipper Cusick scored over Jackie Brown and kayoed Ken Barrett in seven. Lucius Fleet defeated Joey Palmo and Lloyd Pine. Pine won over Al Gillette.

Among the flyweights, Jim Warnock scored over Jim Campbell and Syd Parker. Parker defeated Peter Miller. Benny Lynch disposed of Pat Warburton in three and Mickey McGuire in six rounds. Valentin Anglemann disposed of Burah in quick time. Pat Palmer whipped Tiny Bostock and kayoed Arthur Smith in two. Phil Milligan won from Ken Barrett.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Peter Kane, England.
Bantamweight—Jack Gubbins, England.
Featherweight—Joey Fontana, New York City.
Lightweight—Aubrey Martin, Chicago, Ill.
Welterweight—Tony Ciaccio, Norristown, Pa.
Middleweight—Walter Woods, Sunnyside, L. I., N. Y.
Light-heavyweight—Stanley Hasrato, Yonkers, N. Y.
Heavyweight—Manny Pahl, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending June 11:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Jimmy Braddock	World's Champion John Henry Lewis	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Barney Ross
1—Joe Louis	Al Gainer	Freddy Steele	Jack Carroll
2—Max Schmeling	Leo Kelly	Lou Brouillard	Jimmy McLarnin
3—Leroy Haynes	Jock McAvoy	Fred Apostoli	Jack Portney
4—Maxey Rosenbloom	Tony Shucco	Frank Battaglia	Bep Van Klaveren
5—Al Ettore	Carmen Barth	Babe Risko	Ceferino Garcia
6—Phil Brubaker	Fred Lenhart	Ken Overlin	Fritzie Zivic
7—Andre Lenglet	Jack Gibbons	Erich Seelig	Kid Azteca
8—King Levinsky	Allen Matthews	Swede Berglund	Izzy Jannazzo
9—Red Burman	Steve Carr	Al Quaill	Gustave Eder
10—Al McCoy	Bud Mignault	Solly Krieger	Gordon Wallace

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Tony Canzoneri	World's Champion Petey Sarron	World's Champion Baltazar Sangchili	Title Vacant
1—Lou Ambers	Freddy Miller	Sixto Escobar	Jim Warnock
2—Pedro Montanez	Baby Arizmendi	Tony Marino	Small Montana
3—Frankie Klick	Mike Belloise	Louis Salica	Benny Lynch
4—Leonard Del Genio	Henry Armstrong	Johnny King	Valentin Anglemann
5—Laurie Stevens	Dick Corbett	Henry Hooks	Pat Palmer
6—Wesley Ramey	Nel Tarleton	Lew Farber	Jim Campbell
7—Hubert Kid Dennis	Dave Crowley	Joe Mendiola	Pat Warburton
8—Jimmy Garrison	Maurice Holtzer	Pablo Dano	Syd Parker
9—Young Casanova	Tony Chavez	Joey Archibald	Phil Milligan
10—Chino Alvarez	Juan Zurita	Cris Pineda	Billy Nash

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BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

PEDRO MONTANEZ, scrappy Porto Rican, finally received his opportunity to appear on the big time circuit. He was pitted against Leonard Del Genio, young Harlemite, and came through the winner by a clear margin at the end of ten rounds in Madison Square Garden, but there were some unexpected incidents that developed which tended to detract from the good work that this boy accomplished.

A few hot headed Porto Rican admirers who disagreed with Referee Artie McGovern's notions of refereeing, took things into their own hands and heaved a few bottles into the ring, which, luckily enough, failed to strike any individual. It was an exhibition of poor sportsmanship and it did considerable damage to Montanez's cause for further recognition in lightweight circles.

Pedro, who seems like a well-mannered, gentlemanly type, was more grieved over the incident than any of the guilty perpetrators. He made a plea to his fellow countrymen to lessen their enthusiasm for him, if that was an indication of their regard for him.

Two of the guilty parties were discovered and it is safe to assume that it will be a long time before they allow their enthusiasm to run away with themselves. They were given a six months' sentence in jail, but not before they were subjected to a strenuous lesson in the art of self-defense.

Jack Trammell made an impressive entrance in New York when he scored a clean-cut one-round knockout over Eddie Mader. Bob Pastor won over Terry Mitchell; Atilio Sabatino defeated Hooky Jackson; Phil Siriani whipped Julie Katz, and Eddie Dunne drew with Solly Abruzzio. The show attracted around fifteen thousand dollars at the box office.

Manny Seaman, who trained Benny Leonard, Primo Carnera and many other ring greats, may land a new post with the New York State Athletic Commission. It is possible that a position will be created with Manny supervising the activities of the boys who are scheduled for local appearances and also to weed out those who are unfit for boxing. There are many preliminary boys who cannot make any headway but continue boxing because they have nothing else to do. A heart to heart talk with these boys may convince them that they are not cut out for the boxing game, and everyone involved would be better off—Archie Bell, at one time ranked as one of the cleverest bantamweights in the country, is seeking an opportunity of commercializing his talent. He is looking for a position as tutor to youngsters who need physical development, not necessarily to become boxers, but to be taught the manly art of self-defense for the good derived in such treatment. Archie can be reached in care of THE RING Magazine.

Eddie Mack, former Denver lightweight, is tutoring a young heavyweight, Matt Rhodes, who celebrated his professional debut with a knockout victory. Eddie also runs the Windsor Gymnasium in Denver—Mike Getz has a youngster, Ray Sharkey, who, he claims, is the best fighter developed in Cleveland since the palmy days of Johnny Kilbane—Maurie Waxman is now handling the publicity for the Queensboro Arena and has given up the management of Lew Massey—Al Gainer, New Haven light-heavyweight, seems to be the most dangerous threat for John Henry Lewis' light-heavyweight title—He recently gave Joe Knight a thorough trouncing in Pittsburgh and the fans there are clamoring for a match between Gainer and Lewis—Hank Hankinson, Swede heavyweight, returned to winning form by flattening Karl Walker, German heavyweight, in one round at the Olympic in Los Angeles.

Petey Sarron's featherweight title will be on display within the next month at the Texas Centennial Carnival to be staged in Dallas. Jimmy Erwin, Sarron's manager, intends to make Petey a fighting champion and will accept all reasonable offers for Sarron's services—His opponent in Dallas will be Baby Manuel and the show is to be staged by Dick Griffin—Harry Zigmond, who fought around Denver many years ago, now owns the Hollywood Men's Shop on Hollywood Boulevard in Hollywood—Joe Glick is still trying to gain fame through the flicker medium—John Henry Lewis had no trouble with John Anderson at the opening show of Dexter Park in Brooklyn. TraderHorn scored an upset in beating Red Bruce on the same card—Aldo Spoldi disposed of Johnny Toomey in three rounds at the St. Nicholas Palace, which intends running all summer.

The newly organized Queensboro Arena started the summer season in auspicious style—In their first three shows, Matchmaker Billy Brown put over matches that were decided upsets in the realm of fisticuffs—Mike Belloise was held to a draw by Dave Crowley, the rugged English featherweight, in the opening show—Louis Salica, a five to one favorite, went down to decisive defeat at the hands of Tony Marino, clever Pittsburgh bantamweight, and the following week found Johnny Morro scoring over Leo Rodak, another favorite marked at three to one—Although the attendance was far from flattering for the opening shows, Billy expects to come through with more attractive matches for the later months in which to entice the fans—The club is situated in an ideal location and has a seating capacity of seven thousand—N. W. Lanford, newly appointed matchmaker for the Ball Park in Atlanta, Georgia, is looking for fistic material and can be reached at 312 Mortgage Guarantee Building, Atlanta.

Edwin Buck, who handles the affairs of Hubert Kid Dennis, Butte lightweight, expects to turn his protege over to Sammy Goldman and Charley Rose for an Eastern invasion—Dennis is of the rough, tough type and should be a welcome addition to these parts—Goldman and Rose are now handling some corking lightweights: Leonard Del Genio, Lew Feldman and now Dennis, although Tony Canzoneri should not be ignored when lightweights are being mentioned—Mike Belloise is the latest champion to fly the colors of New York State—He has been designated featherweight champion by the New York State Athletic Commission and if Mike can preserve his decorum and dignity, he should refuse to be placed in such a ridiculous light—Commission-made champions not only hold the Commission up to ridicule, but the candidate is often the target of uncomplimentary utterances.

Baby Salvy Saban scored over Caspare Abruzzi at the St. Nicholas Palace after one of the bitterest six-round tussles ever witnessed in a local club—For three rounds it looked like certain defeat for Saban but he put on a burst of speed and came through the winner after a cyclonic rally in the closing sessions—Aldo Spoldi stopped Louis Camps in another St. Nick show in six rounds—Camps was unable to spot Spoldi a six-pound weight advantage and fought a plucky battle, but was outclassed—Gustave Eder, European welterweight title-holder, turned in his most impressive victory when he kayoed Al Silva in the seventh round at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn—Silva was down seven times and was no match for the clever and hard-hitting German—Enrico Venturi, latest Italian lightweight importation, came through impressively in whipping Al Roth at the St. Nick's—Venturi is a two-fisted fighting fool and will prove to be the sensation that Montanez developed into—He has a great style for the public.

Petey Hayes, after several months' absence from the ring, returned to score over Joe Doherty at the Broadway Arena—Petey is a fine little scrapper but has been handicapped with various ailments which have retarded his progress—Norman Snow, stablemate of Dave Crowley, turned in an easy victory over Eddie McGeever on the Crowley-Belloise program—Julio Rodriquez Rivera holds the distinction of being the first to discover the prowess of Pedro Montanez—Two years ago he wrote a letter to Nat Fleischer and extolled the virtues of this Porto Rican before the latter was ever heard of in this country—Oscar Matthews will never believe that the number thirteen is anything but unlucky—He scored twelve consecutive knockouts and in his thirteenth, after scoring five knockdowns over Kid Chicasha in the first two rounds, broke his right arm and could not come out for the third heat.

Pedro Montanez again proved his fighting ability and drawing powers to the complete satisfaction of Matchmaker Johnny Attell, when he opened the Dyckman Oval Arena with Frankie Klick as an opponent. They drew a paid attendance of ten thousand dollars, and his victory over Klick was by far the most impressive that he has scored to date—He dropped Frankie in the third and fourth rounds for nine counts and the battle was full of exciting moments—Montanez suffered an eye injury in the seventh and it continued to annoy him until the last round, and at times it looked like Arthur Donovan would halt the bout, due to that injury—In the final round, Frankie also suffered a badly injured eye and both were covered with gore at the conclusion of ten hotly fought and thrilling rounds—Joey Wach scored over Phil Siriani in the six-round semi-final in a corking scrap.

Joey Kaufman, at one time one of the ranking lightweights in the country, is now connected with the 18 Club on West Fifty-second Street. It is one of the best of the newer night clubs and also boasts the services of Long Sing Que as the distinguished cook—He also boxes in his spare moments—Jack Kennedy lived up to the rules of the California State Athletic Commission in stopping a fight between Baby Arizmendi and Frankie Covelli at the end of the ninth round and called the affair a draw—This ruling is contrary to all the rules of boxing, but what are rules to boxing commissions—The fact that Frankie Covelli has a real manager in Brooklyn, but was lured to the Coast by insidious influences, has nothing to do with the issue—Covelli is also one of those favored by the American Legion matchmaker, who seems to have the faculty of using a certain few fighters in his choice spots, which may explain the reason for the success that the Olympic in Los Angeles is enjoying—Matchmaker Joe Waterman of the Olympic Auditorium believes in doing one thing at a time—He is either manager or matchmaker, but cannot successfully be both.

John Henry Lewis made short work of Bob Godwin in the closing show for the season in Madison Square Garden. Godwin gave no opposition whatever and Lewis landed at will. The fight was stopped a little over a minute in the first round, after Godwin had been floored for a nine-count and arose in unsteady condition. Jack Trammell, one of the prime reasons for the staging of this show, fell down dismally, in the opinion of the fans. He won the verdict over Eddie Simms, but his showing was far from impressive. Baltazar Sangchili, the real world's bantamweight leader, whipped Lew Farber in a bitter ten-round tussle. Farber fought a smart and cagy battle, but weakened at the finish. Sangchili is a busy little battler of the Kid Kaplan type and will give them all trouble. Bob Pastor stopped Frankie Simms in the seventh round, while Louis Nova drew with Guita Gatti in the four-round opener. The house was very disappointing and drew around thirty-five hundred dollars.

Leroy Haynes repeated his knockout of Primo Carnera in the ninth round of their ten-round bout at Ebbets Field, but his showing was below the expectations of those who had witnessed the previous kayo. Carnera was on the verge of surviving the full distance, although way behind on points, when he suffered a paralysis of the leg and was forced to stop. It was rumored that Haynes entered the ring with a bad hand but he failed to use that defect as an alibi. Isadoro Gastanaga stopped fighting in the fourth round of his bout with Steve Dudas, claiming an injured rib. Abie Feldman disposed of Ralph Barbara in the fifth round when Barbara bled too freely from a lip injury. Sandy McDonald finished Al Demedowitz in the concluding number of their six-round set-to while Sol Flaum kayoed Frank McGregor in the first. The receipts were around twenty thousand dollars net figures.

Boxers, when they have outlived their usefulness in the ring, have little resources to fall back on. Only a favored few have the common sense to save their money and most of them are so incapacitated physically that they are unfit for any other line of duty. The best years of their lives have been devoted to the game of boxing but at the conclusion of their fitness, there is little recompense for them. If the State Legislators would pass an amendment taxing each club in New York about one per cent tax, the proceeds going to the National Sports Alliance, it would be a move in the right direction. The revenue would be a substantial one and still not enough to inconvenience those inflicted with the tax. The boxing game could use an organization for its own purpose, specifically to take care of its own disabled athletes, such as the N. V. A. has a home to provide for those in the theatrical profession who have become passe. The New York Athletic Commission, sponsoring such a move, would have little difficulty in aiding the enactment of such a bill.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES
By ARCHIE PIROLLO

A NEW promoter, Yankee Schwartz, former boxer and globe trotter, has opened York, Pa., as a boxing center. In his first show, John Henry Lewis was pitted against Dutch Weimer. Jack Laken, who acts as matchmaker in Lancaster, Pa., will act in the same capacity for Yankee Schwartz.

Jimmy Toppi, on the sidelines as a promoter, has announced his intention to come back with a few open-air shows.

The open-air season is the worst in history here. The only show booked at this writing is the Al Ettore-Leroy Haynes show at the Phillies' ball park. Lack of talent finds the open-air season at a standstill.

Two Philly stars suffered defeat at the hands of Chino Alvarez in Florida. Eddie Cool was defeated by Alvarez and Johnny Jadick was stopped in seven rounds. Jadick also lost to Young Gene Buffalo in Atlantic City.

Billy Ketchell lost to Allen Matthews . . . . Lew Massey lost to Erwin Berlier . . . . Tommy Loughran will begin his campaign for a Louis match . . . . His first match since his return home from England will be with Al McCoy in Montreal.

Johnny Johnson, a former Simon-pure lightweight star, has turned his A.A.U. card in and won his first professional bout against Jack Sheppard. Johnson was amateur champ for three years.

Jack Hiller, Max (Boo Boo) Hoff's heavyweight protege, has had five straight knockouts. We predict a bright future for this youngster.

Matt Adgie, former light-heavyweight, is doing a good job as a referee and is now one of the best in the State.

Results of bouts that took place during the month:

Atlantic City—Roosevelt Rowe defeated Johnny Freeman; Mickey Duca drew with Ted King; Wickey Harkins won over Baby Kid Chocolate; Bobby Greene stopped Danny Tomasso; LeRoy Williams knocked out Sam Latch; Frankie Blair and Young Gene Buffalo drew; Johnny Johnson defeated Jack Sheppard; Johnny Duca drew with Roosevelt Rowe; Joe Duca stopped Eddie Allen; Mickey Duca outpointed Bobby Washington.

Harrisburg—Wickey Harkins and Tiger Reed drew; Sol Burdo drew with Joe Flocco; Vic Smith drew with Kid Harkers; Billy Donelly won over Pete Corona; Kid Chapman knocked out Dick Kryston.

Lancaster—Bobby Dean defeated Earl Fredericks; Joe Flocco knocked out Joe Britt; Jackie Willis stopped Tommy Liberto; Bobby Wilson knocked out Jack Schlicter; Myer Rowan defeated Frankie Mills; Earl Fredericks defeated Joe Beltrani; Freddy Lewis defeated Jack Schlicter; Paul Hoft defeated Jack Sacks.

Amateur boxing is again under way, with outdoor shows being run weekly. The Simon-pures draw good houses.

The Kensington A. C., one of the new organizations, has a number of good prospects in Eddie Miller, the Regan brothers, and Al Hall. Frank DeWinne and Tony Mastranegelo are directing the boys.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

THE following amateur boxing shows were put on during the month:

At Elks Club—Art Fletcher, Lackawanna, defeated Carl Sorenson of Syracuse; Attellio Belluci, Rochester, defeated Tiger Valentino, Syracuse; Joey Stephano, Rochester, defeated Kid Snookie, East Rochester; Ray Smith, Rochester, K.O.'ed John VanHanegan; Joe Buca, Rochester, defeated Ernie Schaefer, Rochester; Peter Fiore, Rochester, defeated Black Jack Garlin, Rochester.

Wrestling—At Convention Hall: Indian Jack Sherry defeated Joe DeVito, two out of three falls; Walter Podolak, Syracuse, defeated Ivan Rasputin, Russia; Al Getz and Walter Sirois drew to a half-hour time limit.

Boxing—At Elks Club: Chris Mordenga, 135, Rochester, beat Johnny Leonard, 135, Schenectady; Eddie Thomas, 147, Rochester, kayoed Gene Nicolelli (1); at 126, Henry Smith, Rochester, kayoed Peter Pone, Schenectady (2); at 126, Willie Neelin, Rochester, defeated Ralph Ravella (5); at 147, Jack Garlin, Rochester, kayoed Peter Fiore, Rochester; Jackie Polvino, 135, kayoed Steve Balonek, 140, Scottsville (1); at 112, Mickey Cardarella, Rochester, defeated Jimmy Reina, Rochester (3).

Wrestling—At Convention Hall: Everett Marshall threw Maxie Martins. George McLeod and Al Getz drew, time limit. Walter Podolak threw Nick Condes.

Boxing—At the Starbuck Avenue Arena in Watertown: Hup Smith defeated Harvey Lacelle (5); Tony Palozzi, 147, Rochester, defeated Dean Hoffman (5); Billy Russell, Alexandria Bay, defeated Frankie Smith; Miles Young, Kingston, defeated Con Varry, Adams Center; Elmer Austin defeated Tony (Kid) Sullivan.

Boxing—At Elks Club, Rochester: Tony Palozzi defeated Eddie Thomas, won city amateur welterweight championship. At 135, Sammy Goritz, Rochester, defeated Steve Kuhol, Johnson City; at 126, Willie Neelin defeated Earl Briggs, Johnson City; Mike Fricassi, 135, Rochester, defeated Bob Render; Kid Snookie, 135, East Rochester, defeated Johnny Coyne; Eddie Smith, 118, Rochester, defeated Joe Mirabella.

AROUND THE STATE—Irish Jim Flood is training for his coming bouts . . . . Tiger Smith has another baby girl . . . . Al Traino married Miss Ida Spano on June 27 and will honeymoon to Havana . . . . Jack Hagerman is driving a milk truck . . . . Joe DiCarlo is back from the C.C.C. camp and looking great . . . . Irv Robbins is packing them in at his weekly amateur cards at Syracuse . . . . Joe Brennan turned away five hundred fans at Watertown when he showed Hughie Smith . . . . Ray Khal is running weekly amateur shows at Auburn . . . . Tom Currey has a great little boy in Harvey Lecelli of Ottawa . . . . Mickey Cook is running outdoor fights in Johnson City . . . . Al Stern is running weekly wrestling shows at Binghamton . . . . Jimmy Stanton, former fighter, is on the police force . . . . Get your RING at Clinton and Main Streets on the first of each month . . . . My address is 238 Lyndhurst Street, Rochester, N. Y.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

PRO boxing was revived in Utica at the outdoor stadium with Bushy Graham and Orville Drouillard on top. Bushy scored a knockout over the rugged little Detroit lightweight in the seventh round before a crowd of two thousand fans. Joey Brown of Syracuse and Frankie Graham of Utica, brother of Bushy, stole the show, slugging through six torrid rounds to a draw.

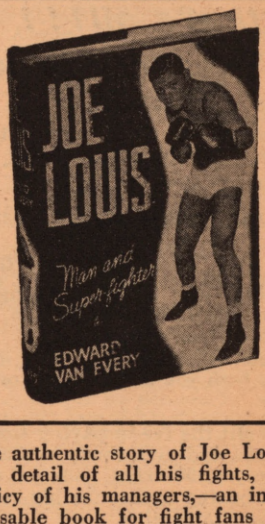
Bert Courage, Hobart College light-heavyweight sensation, has become one of the biggest drawing cards in amateur boxing hereabouts. Bert packs them in regardless who he fights, and he has won so many battles the fistic faithful are yelling for his scalp. A bout between Courage and Sam Leta of Rochester drew 3,300 ringworms to the Syracuse Arena.

Ralph De John, Joe Netro's brilliant 175-pound boxer, should be given a chance to show his wares at one of the New York clubs. Here is a boy whom we honestly believe has the makings of a champion. He does everything naturally and smoothly. A clean-cut, perfectly built young specimen, he combines boxing with slugging, and is without a particle of doubt one of the most colorful ringsters uncovered in this section in years. De John has won every one of his pro fights, and is the type of fighter the division needs. Mike Jacobs or Jimmy Johnston would do well to give this boy the once-over.

Bob Moody was supposed to work with Joe Louis for the Schmeling bout, but was taken ill with an attack of stomach trouble and was unable to go to Louis' Lakewood, N. J., training camp. Bob's hands have also given him considerable trouble, and his manager, Eddie Gallagher, has put Bob on the shelf for a month or so.

Joe Morrison spent a couple of weeks at Alexandria Bay and Clayton, N. Y., in the heart of the Thousand Islands, interesting officials of the two cities in bringing Jimmy Braddock North to train for his title defense in New York in September . . . . Elmira may have a pro boxing show or two this summer, according to Jack Herman, the current wrestling impresario in the Queen City . . . . Stuart Smyth, publisher of the Owego *Times*, ran several articles on the Louis-Schmeling bout written by your correspondent . . . . We picked the Brown Bomber to stop Maxie before the sixth and received many letters from fans in the Southern Tier who disagreed with us in our choice . . . . One writer, who signed himself Al Peke, wrote: "Schmeling is one of the greatest lightweights in the country today, and could lick Canzoneri, Walker, Ross and this fellow McLarnin all in the same ring on the same card." . . . . Can you tie that one?

Bingo Joe Banovic, the boy Jersey Jones made quite a fighter of a few years back is training daily at Binghamton and wants some ring work . . . . Joe can still belt them around a bit . . . . Irv Robbins, the Syracuse Arena amateur club bouts director, is looking for some good teams to show here . . . . He can be contacted at the Seymour Hotel . . . . Al Stern is staging wrestling shows at Binghamton now . . . . Bouncer



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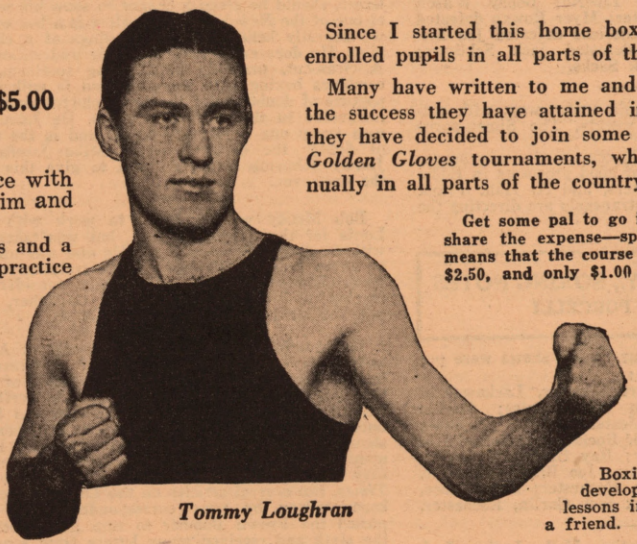

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CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

WHITE Hope heavyweight tourneys were the vogue for the opening of the Canadian fistic season and a jumbled variety of ring action, with knockouts galore, served as an appetizer for the more consistent and serious activities to be viewed by Canuck ring fandom. Montreal and Toronto each had two of these spectacles and though no apparent Dempseys were revealed the meets stirred up considerable interest and started a few promising young heavyweights along the rocky trail of ringdom. Winnipeg was slated to have one late in June and a couple of more prospects may materialize.

The winners were Phil Munroe and Andrew Worthy in the Toronto meets and Jim Corbett (nee Willoughby) and Joe "Babe" Doucet in the Montreal shows. Both Munroe and Worthy were outstanding victors and Willoughby (or Corbett) was easily the best in the tourney staged at the Forum, though Young Jack Delaney, a Polish youth, proved a popular performer and keen prospect. Doucet, a light-heavy from Drummondville, got plenty of breaks and luck to win the ballpark bombfest, ranking behind two or three other less fortunate entrants. He gained the final award while reclining on the canvas from a wallop that was ruled foul though it was apparently a solid smash to the solar plexus. Munro and Doucet won most of their bouts via decisions while Willoughby and Worthy wielded lethal right fists to gain their awards.

The most pretentious tinge was attached to the Quebec finals staged by Armand Vincent at the Montreal Baseball Stadium. Jack Dempsey was on hand to referee most of the bouts (plus plenty of the inevitable autographing wherever he happens to be), along with our chief himself, Nat Fleischer, who personally donated his handsome three-panelled RING belt award to the victor. 'Twas an ideal night for the show, a little warm, and a nice crowd of approximately five thousand, including many members of the fair sex, attended.

Joe Thibault, a dynamic, two-fisted walloper, was the big hit of the night with the fans. He scored two one-round knockouts, flattened another in the second heat, and pounded another foe around in workmanlike fashion to qualify for the final as the overwhelming choice for the honors. His opponent, Babe Doucet, backpedaled furiously for two rounds and Thibault started connecting in the third, which was ruled a low punch. Thibault was thus done out of his rightful award of first prize money, $250, and THE RING Belt, which he had coveted so highly.

Thibault looked to be the best prospect and performer revealed in any of the tournaments staged in Canada and Dempsey himself endorsed him as the outstanding performer, which would apparently mean that he will get THE RING medal to be awarded by Nat Fleischer for the competitor, outside of the winner, who makes the best showing. The promoters would do well to encourage and develop him as he will rapidly build up a good following. He looks and fights more like Dempsey than any Canadian ringster yet seen.

Doucet, a legitimate light-heavy, was about the smallest entry in the tourney but the lack of size and weight helped rather than handicapped him as it made the crowd sympathize with him in his bouts and probably influenced the officials to lean backwards to give him the extra breaks. He won one apparently unjust decision and got another by a very close margin. However, he "did his darnedest" and was game to tackle them as they came and deserves more credit than some give him. He was a late entry and did not have to go through the medical examination and weighing in, which seems strange, as it was compulsory in the tournament rules, which were not too keenly pressed by those in charge.

RINGSIDE RAMBLINGS—Al McCoy back in town to campaign as a heavyweight under the exclusive local promotions of Vincent Enterprises, Inc. . . . McCoy looks good and should make rapid progress in the ranks of the big fellows . . . . Dempsey rates him highly . . . . McCoy and Tommy Loughran figured for headliner of next Vincent card . . . . Tommy Osborne, local amateur heavy and McCoy's favorite sparring mate, quoted as overwhelming favorite to represent Canada at Olympics as result of Murray Patrick's forced withdrawal . . . . Patrick goes under knife for nasal operation . . . . local boxers primed for Olympic trials being staged here late in July.

STRAY SHOTS—Maxie Berger going strong in New York campaign . . . . kayoed Ray Haynes at Dexter Park in three heats and impressed . . . . reported to be signed for four more bouts . . . . Maxie Alper is pleased with progress of his kid brother and protege, Myer . . . . Maxie, who developed the kid brother in amateur ranks, had him entrain for New York some months ago and his charge is unbeaten in five starts . . . . two special bouts in Vincent's White Hope show were decided rather quickly . . . . Dave Castilloux, McCoy's cousin from New England, gave Henri Pilotte, local French southpaw, a sound drubbing and knocked him cold in the second stanza . . . . looks as though Pilotte, once a promising youngster, is doomed for a short ring career . . . . Jim Willoughby, Forum's White Hope winner, chopped Roger Beaulieu down in short order, needing about half a dozen of his bombing rights to blast Beaulieu for the count in the first heat . . . . A return match between Joe Thibault and Babe Doucet, or a Willoughby-Thibault go, would be a good attraction for Vincent's next card . . . . with McCoy a heavy now it looks as though Montrealers will see plenty of heavyweight battles this summer . . . . lightweights will be popular as well . . . . Castilloux may be matched with Joe Marsh, who is nominee for Canuck lightweight crown if Tommy Bland does not meet him by July 1 . . . . Nate Lewis, Chicago promoter, offered Bill Brennan twenty thousand dollars for McCoy's contract but was turned down to date . . . . McCoy should be a good money maker in the next five years . . . . Castilloux likely to go pretty far too . . . . Pilotte was his 18th straight victim . . . . Sylvio Mireault's protege, Romeo Emond, one of the likely prospects in White Hope tourney . . . . extended Joe Thibault to three-round decision, making best showing of any of Thibault's foes.

ONTARIO, CANADA, NEWS
By G. A. M. TUTTY

THE Apex A. C., who, by the way, were the first to start this heavyweight series of tournaments in Toronto, will stage a somewhat different type of tournament this time out, with the boys weighing to 175 pounds and those that run from 180 pounds to the "Queen Mary" Ocean liner weight, with a special six-round Flanagan-Cryderman joust.

St. James A. C.'s maestro, Danny Johnson, pulled off his usual good amateur show at the Maple Leaf Gardens this month and the card witnessed was a good one, and amateur boxing is as strong as ever. Will they stage open-air shows this summer? is the query from a number of sources and we hope to be able to definitely state, yes, shortly, folks.

Hamilton is once more staging pro shows, headlined by Angelo Callura-Len Wadsworth, a native son combination that should do well to bring Hamilton back to the days of good shows when Bobby Eber, rules Canada's bantams and one of the best men at his weight anywhere.

The Callura brothers won their bouts in Hamilton. Jack beat Joe Belmont, 125, of Syracuse, and Angelo beat Frank Ross of Syracuse at 129. Len Wadsworth beat Tony Kansas of Buffalo.

Bobby Orr will have lots of good opposition in New York, as boys of the welter brigade are very popular there. The Irish will be fighting for you and the Scotch part of you will look after the cash.

We were pleased to hear from W. W. Lasky, Fredericton, N. B., and glad to hear he has put on some good amateur shows for the U. N. B. down there. More men like Lasky are needed in the game, not only in the Maritimes but everywhere.

Glad to hear from Dave Cavadas, Northwestern scribe for this publication, saying that things fistically and in the grunt and groan game were nearly at the peak in Vancouver, B. C. He is trying to take one or two boys to California this summer. May say I appreciated the record of Walsh you sent, Dave—thanks.

Please send all news for this section to me by the first of the month. Some came too late last month and was missed. Address: 126 Walmer Rd., Toronto, Canada. Enclose stamp if needing a personal reply.

Howard Glen, Montreal, P. Q.: Yes, the writer is the boxing editor for the Sports Publications of Canada, Inc., Montreal, and has a column and two stories as usual in their series of ten monthly issues, one for each province covering all sports. For your information, THE RING is sold at all good newsstands in your city. Write me if you can't get it regularly.

J. J. Walsh, Kitscoty, Alta.: You will do well by going with Dave Cavadas, and he is the right man to handle that for you.

That great Maritime boxing instructor, W. W. Lasky of Fredericton, staged the best New Brunswick amateur boxing meet ever shown to that section of Canada. He was congratulated by the M.P.B.A.A.U. officials for the way the show was conducted.

Montreal's turnout for the "White Hope" tournament was 4,550, not as large by 2,000 as the Toronto one last month. Jim Willoughby, alias Jim Corbett, won the $250 first prize, and showed to good advantage in his series of bouts. They will be lining him up as the Eastern winner when they bring East and West together for the ultimate winner.

Eddie Wenstob is to be banned by the Canadian Federation of Boxing for his run-out on "Kap" Kaplansky in England. This will be effective with all other commissions tied up with Canada in all N.B.A. states and Britain. Too bad, he is too good a boy to be on the sidelines, but boxers must know that they have to live up to the regulations. This will apply to Lou Keiswetter, the Moose Jaw heavyweight, who has done the same thing with Chas. G. MacDonald, who has done his job thoroughly for Keiswetter, only to have him fall down.

Frankie Wolfram, who claimed the featherweight championship of Canada, something he does not possess as it belongs to Ray Cook of Toronto, T.K.O.'ed Bert Ardt in London at a pro show there last month that only drew a very slim crowd, and Cliff McWhirter T.K.O.'ed Wally Losse, claimant to U. S. Army championship, 126-pound class in the fifth. London is a poor pro fight town.

The A.A.U. of Canada are getting the best boys to show here in their preparation bouts for the Olympic Games. There is some opposition to Canada being represented at the Games, but I don't think it is strong enough to force this Dominion to stay out. In all fairness to the opposition, their points are well worth considering. Germany hasn't proved very sporting the last few years, and these Games develop anything but a sporting feeling, judging by the hockey controversy this winter past in Germany.

Tommy Bland, recently returned from England, was K.O.'ed by Frankie Cinque, a former armory fighter, in North Bergen, N. J., this month. Tommy is getting along these days and will soon have to retire.

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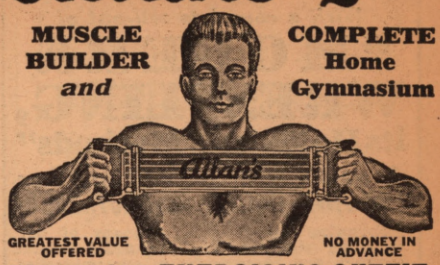

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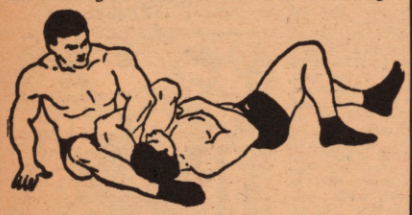

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TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

ARCHIE SEXTON knocked out Tommy Moore in the second of a ten-round bout, with a straight left to the jaw. The latter went right through the ropes, to be counted out before a packed house at Cambridge.

Larry Gains made a successful comeback at the expense of Maurice Strickland, whom he outpointed over ten rounds at Gramby Halls, Leicester.

Len Beynon scored a clever points victory over George Morgan after fifteen rounds at Swansea in the final eliminating contest for the Welsh featherweight title.

George Odwell gained a clever points victory over Billy Hughes after twelve rounds at Smethwick.

Dick Corbett easily defeated Stan Jehu over ten rounds at the Stadium Club, London. In the supporter of ten rounds, Seaman Storrie of the Royal Navy strengthened his claim as challenger for welterweight title honors when he defeated Ivor Pickens, Welsh champion, on points.

Jack Robinson outpointed Bob Firmin after a hard-punching twelve-round bout at Great Yarmouth.

Alby Day could only draw with Fred Lowbridge in a very good bout of ten rounds at the Devonshire Club. In the chief supporter, Goff Williams proved too clever for Joe Brahams in their ten-round bout and was a ready winner at the end.

A large crowd packed the Victoria Club, Hanley, to witness Tut Whalley contest twelve rounds with **the Belgian, Al Wimme.** The bout proved a keen and fast-hitting one, but the southpaw style of Whalley proved too much for the game Belgian, and he was declared the winner.

Joe Connolly showed plenty of action and a variety of punches when he K.O.'ed Raymond Renard, the Belgian lightweight champion, in the sixth of a ten-round contest at the Ring, London.

"Little" Joe Curran, weighing only 108 pounds, gave too much weight to Joe Hardy in their twelve-round bout at Manchester. The referee's decision in favor of Hardy was badly received by the big crowd.

Syd Parker won his flyweight eliminating contest from Fred Bilsborough after a good bout of fifteen rounds at Manchester.

Tiny Bostock gained a close decision over Peter Miller in a twelve-round bout at Salford.

Jimmy Stewart won his eliminating contest for lightweight honors at Liverpool when he scored a T.K.O. over Frank Barton in the eighth, when the referee, Jack Smith, stopped the bout after Barton had been floored five times.

Chris Benson scored a sensational K.O. over Dick Johnson at Hackney in the tenth and last round of an exciting encounter. The latter was put down, hitting his head on the canvas, to be counted out.

Quick finishes were the order of the day at the Ring, London. Dave McCleave had an easy task in knocking out Frank Davey in the third of a one-sided match.

Pat Palmer punched too hard for Arthur Smith, who succumbed in the second after taking several counts. Frank Hough and Harry Briars had a hard bout for six rounds before the latter retired at the end of the round with his right eye completely closed, leaving Hough the winner.

Great Britain scored a brilliant victory over the United States in the Golden Gloves amateur tournament, staged before a crowd of ten thousand at the Empire Pool, Wembley.

It was a magnificent testimonial to amateur boxing, and the New York *Daily News* and London *Daily Sketch* deserve credit for bringing about the International Golden Gloves tournaments that were staged in London and New York.

When the show was staged in New York in 1935, Great Britain was the victor by eight to three. This year the score in Great Britain's favor was seven to three.

It was good to see in each corner Joe Bowker, ex-bantam champion of the world, for Great Britain's lads, and Arthur Susskind, who was known as Young Otto, the K.O. king, in the United States corner, assisted by Billy Johnston.

The first bout of the tournament proper was between Albert Russell (Gt. Britain) and Joe Wall (U. S.) and it furnished plenty of thrills. Wall threw all kinds of punches, hitting the ropes, air, and sometimes Russell. The judges disagreed, and the casting vote of the referee rightly went to Russell.

Pete Scalzo (U. S.) turned the tables on Albert Barnes (G. B.), who had won in the New York tournament, but this time Scalzo, who had a variety of punches, was a good winner.

Great Britain again took the lead in the third bout when Laurie Case, the Darlington railway employee, gained the decision over the Scottish born United States representative, George Coyle, after a good bout.

Jack Treadway (G. B.) raised a lump over the eye of Ray Olivio (U. S.) which caused Young Otto to stop the fight at the end of the round.

Marcus Cohn (U. S.) started off a sure winner but he underestimated the cleverness of F. J. Simpson (G. B.), who, after losing the first round, won the next two with something to spare.

I thought that Vincent Pimpinella (U. S.) was very unlucky to be returned the loser in his bout against Wally Pack (G. B.). The American showed plenty of class, and I claim that he had the best professional style of the visitors. This result was on the casting vote of the referee.

Willie Skinner (U. S.) gave America another victory when he all but K.O.'ed A. E. Harrington (G. B.) and brought the score to 5-2.

One of the best fights of the night was supplied by George Brothers (U. S.) and T. J. Giffin (G. B.), who furnished fireworks, with Brothers returned the winner.

Another light-heavyweight bout was won by the United States which brought the score to 5-4 in Great Britain's favor, when Phil Ragozzini (U. S.) defeated A. Shawyer (G. B.) on a casting vote.

Excitement ran high when the heavyweights took the ring. V. A. Stuart (G. B.) defeated James Howell (U. S.) in a terrific contest. I can honestly say that the applause that these two boys received was the most enthusiastic ovation I have heard in some time.

Stuart won this bout and gave Great Britain the winning margin of 6-4.

R. Hunter (G. B.), the six ft. eight in. policeman of A Div., showed marked improvement in his boxing when he put Bill Schloemann (U. S.) down with a right uppercut in the second, thus giving Great Britain the winning score of 7-4.

The other bouts resulted in C. Webster (G. B.) beating Austin McCann (U. S.) on the referee's casting vote. This was a lightweight bout. The welterweight bout, Lanc. Corp. George Spears (British Army) beat Murray Kravitz (U. S.) on points.

In the middles bout, a useful colored boy in Bradley Lewis (U. S.) stopped M. Dennis (G. B.) in the first.

Aurel Toma created quite a sensation by outpointing Valentin Anglemann, the I.B.U. "flyweight champion of the world," at the Salle Wagram, Paris.

Jack Gubbins won the right to meet Fred Morris for the bantamweight championship of the Southern Area, when he was declared the winner over Freddie Baxter after fifteen fast rounds at the Stadium Club, London.

Boyo Rees and Alby Day supplied the fireworks for twelve rounds at Smethwick, and at the end the referee could not separate them and declared the bout a draw.

Jimmy Vaughan had to be content with a draw in his bout with Harry Craster over ten rounds at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

Jack Morgan had his jaw broken in the fourth round of his fight with Jackie Moody and was forced to stop in the seventh at Newport. He was later taken to hospital, where it was set properly.

Jimmy Lester boxed in clever style to win over Dave James in twelve rounds at the Ice Rink, Bournemouth.

Jim Warnock, Irish flyweight champion, had little to spare when he outpointed Jim Campbell in a terrific bout over twelve rounds at Glasgow. The Irish lad suffered from a badly cut eye in the fifth, but this did not stop him from going forward.

Arnold Kid Shepherd gained a clever points victory over ten rounds at the expense of Jack Hardiman in the latter's home town.

The first open-air promotion at Liverpool was marred by a terrific downpour of rain before the boxing began, but ten thousand people weathered the storm to witness Nel Tarleton, the featherweight champion of Great Britain, prove too clever for Johnny King, bantamweight champ of Great Britain, in defense of his title.

Tarleton has been boxing for fifteen years, but never put up a more brilliant show than he did on this occasion and King, who was the recipient of a severe boxing lesson, was forced to take five counts, and proved a gallant loser after fifteen rounds.

Again I call to you folks to watch a lad who will surely be among the champions during the next twelve months—Peter Kane, who scored his fifteenth successive K.O. over Praxille Gyde in the third of an eight-round bout.

"Ginger" Sadd retained his Eastern Counties welterweight title when he again outpointed Jim Lawlor after fifteen rounds at Norwich.

Frank Hough got the surprise of his life when he was outpointed by Bill Hardy.

Benny Sharkey won his fifteen-round contest against Tommy Steele in the semi-final eliminator for the Northern Area featherweight championship.

Eddie McGuire outpointed Dai Jones after twelve rounds of hectic fighting at Swansea.

Joe Connolly proved himself a strong contender for lightweight honors when he T.K.O.'ed Jose Mico in Glasgow in three rounds.

Credit goes out to Jim Wicks and Ted Broadribb for organizing the successful charity show at Wandsworth Greyhound Track on behalf of Battersea Hospital. The ten thousand fans saw a great card, and showed their appreciation at the end of each round.

The new welterweight champion of Great Britain, Dave McCleave, showed good form against Johnny Rust, who after several cautions for holding, was ruled out in the fifth round and McCleave was named the winner.

The best fight of the night was between George Daly and Alby Day. Daly won the decision.

Frank Hough defeated Roy Mills in the second round on a disqualification for a low blow. Johnny Peters outpointed Mickey Summers after a strenuous six-rounder.

Pat Palmer fought well under a cut eye handicap and scored a good win over Tiny Bostock after a ten-rounder.

Alec Bell outpointed Jack Pettifer over twelve rounds at the Millbay Rinkeries, Plymouth.

Frank Goldstein and Harry Hanley were proud of themselves when the Ulster Hall was packed to the doors when Belfast's idol, Jimmy Warnock, met Syd Parker over ten rounds. Warnock was tested to the hilt, and he came through with flying colors against a clever and hard-hitting opponent.

In the chief supporter, George Odwell made short work of Sam Thompson in the third of an eight-rounder.

My vist to Barnard's Promotions at Millbay Rinkeries, Plymouth, was made a pleasant one by meeting some old friends. Harry Jenkins, the old Plymouth promoter, asked me about Jack Johnson, Jimmy Britt and Packey McFarland when they visited Plymouth.

I could fill The Ring Magazine with anecdotes of past happenings. Harry showed me a photograph he had received from "Nutty" Curran, the old Plymouth heavyweight, whose son is boxing in good form in Australia.

Jimmy Vaughan outpointed George Odwell after ten furious rounds at Devonshire Club, Hackney.

A crowd of seven thousand people packed the Belle Vue, Manchester, when John Cusick was awarded the decision over Jackie Brown in the semi-final eliminating for the bantamweight championship of the North.

The promoter was asked by Brown's manager, Dave Lumiansky, to hold up the purse of the referee and boxers concerned, and that there should be an inquiry by the B. B. B. of C. on the referee's decision.

Jimmy Wilde and Tommy Farr fought a furious twelve-round draw before a crowd of fifteen thousand people at Veitch Field, Swansea.

"House Full" was put up at the Stadium Club, Holborn, at the annual charity show for the Greater London Fund for the Blind.

The principal bout featured "Wee" Johnny McGrory and Benny Sharkey over twelve rounds. The bout was even up until the fourth, when a hard right split Sharkey's left eye, and with blood streaming into the injured optic, he held up his hand and was led to his corner, leaving McGrory the winner.

A newcomer to London rings was seen in Dai Jones. The manner in which he beat Nat Franks over eight rounds convinced many that it will not be long before he will be seen in the Metropolis again.

Alf Robinson and Harry Briars provided the fans at Junction Stadium, Manchester, with twelve rounds of thrills. Robinson's aggressiveness gained him the decision.

Jimmy Walsh had his first bout since winning the lightweight title when he outpointed Boyo Rees, winning every one of the twelve rounds at Liverpool. In the chief supporting bout, Moe Moss punched too hard for Tommy Connolly, who was forced to retire after eight rounds of a ten-rounder.

Peter Kane disposed of Jim Laird of Scotland in the third round.

Jackie Wilson scored a K.O. victory over George Gee in the seventh round of a twelve-rounder at Millbay Rinkeries, Plymouth, before a crowd of seven thousand fans.

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IN HAWAII

By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

B. DE GUZMAN, triple champion of the Philippines, and Manager Manuel Eloriaga, formerly connected with Little Pancho, Little Dempsey and Small Montana are now on the island. De Guzman's first opponent will be "Piston" Horiguchi in May.

Small Montana arrived in Honolulu with a slight case of flu, thus postponing his first fight with Augie Curtis. Montana was much sought by the Hawaii Promotions, Ltd., and Joe Neves, who is trying to make a comeback as promoter. However, H.P.L. won Montana's contract for three fights. The flyweight champion is accompanied by his manager, Leo Leavitt.

Honolulu—Al Cante, who claims the welterweight championship of the Philippines, was an easy victim of Kayo Rodrigues in an eight-round bout. Chic Delaney, hard-hitting Portuguese boy, put the cleaners on Henry Callejo in the fourth round with a series of hard blows to the midriff. Kid Matsumoto finished Johnny Cabanila in two rounds. Chris Crispin beat Larry Santana. Young Sadaba and Kid Waianae bout thrown out of the ring. Herman Kaakua won from Joe Lawrence.

Honolulu—Baby Tiger Flowers, Omaha colored junior lightweight, beat the local featherweight champion, Joe Velasco, giving the title-holder a neat thrashing, taking six of the eight rounds. Manuel Eloriaga refereed the bout. With a fifth round knockdown, Freddy Buck won the nod over Clever Sison in the semi-windup.

"Terrible" Tony Roccaforte's name may sound terrible to his boxing opponents, but when he met Jack Terry on the mat in a mixed bout he couldn't last the regulation time of three minutes. He was just that terrible with a rassler.

Champion Bert Osborne of New Zealand, with Manager Bill Graham, stopped in Honolulu for two or three fights before proceeding to the States. The pair are traveling on their own accord.

Honolulu—After the smoke was cleared in the spacious Civic Auditorium, several chairs were a heap of shambles as a result of a riot caused by the irate Filipino fans who refused to leave the Auditorium for nearly half an hour. The riot started when Referee Capt. Maglin raised the hands of Tsuneo "Piston" Horiguchi over B. deGuzman, featherweight champion of the Philippines, for the Oriental championship. Judges Willie Whittle and Eddie O'Connor gave the fight to Horiguchi while Capt. Maglin ruled it a draw. De Guzman hit 125⅛, while Piston weighed 125⅞ pounds. A capacity crowd of six thousand saw the fight, paying two dollars as top price.

Little Reynes gave Flyweight Champion Tiny Muroda a neat thrashing in an eight-rounder. Title was not at stake. Hitoshi Tanaka beat Benny Dawson. Herman Kaakua drew with Satogi Hotta. Jay Matsumoto T.K.O.'ed Baby Bermuda in three rounds.

Hilo—Chick Delaney added another victory to his list by shading Young Gildo, local featherweight kingpin, in a slow eight-rounder, thus placing himself as a serious contender for the featherweight crown. Although giving eight pounds away, Adolph Samuels pounded an easy six-round decision over Sabas Jamito in the semi-windup. Harry Katsumoto beat Catalino Cristomo. Charley Higa, in his eagerness to finish his man, lost to Leon Inson in the first round. Yoshito Yamagata polished off Marcelo Manalo in three rounds. Teifuku China scored a kayo over Victor de Vera in one. Domingo Santiago T.K.O.'ed Francisco Inis in the fourth heat.

BOXING IN JAMAICA, B. W. I.

By JACK SAUNDERS

BILLY JONES, the American heavyweight, was stopped in seven rounds by Young Herrera, our fighting demon. From the first bell, Herrera had things all his own way, knocking Billy down for a couple of short counts in the seventh round and had him in very bad shape, out on his legs at the bell. He failed to come out for the next round.

Cuaves, a Cuban middleweight, won his initial bout in good style from Buzz Barton by a T.K.O. in four rounds of their eight-round semi-final. Barton, one of our promising boys, seems to be going back of late, losing three consecutive fights.

Angel Kid Sanchez won an unpopular decision over Freddy Cooke in six rounds. Young Williams, new lightweight king, scored over Pal Silvera. Old rivals, Breezy Boy and Baby Al Brown, battled to a deadlock.

Bill Tate, middleweight champ, K.O.'ed Felix Fernandez, Cuban middleweight, in the seventh round of their scheduled ten-round main bout. This was the Cuban's first bout here, and sad to say, his last, he having passed on shortly after the bout.

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SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

SIOUX CITY'S outdoor boxing season is in full sail at this writing, with two clubs in operation and both going on the same night. Consequently, the competition is keen for suitable talent. Tommy O'Loughlin is in charge of the Riverview Park Arena, while Ty Dillon has charge of the new $10,000 Uptown Arena. Boxers and managers would do well to contact these two promoters.

The first outdoor card of the season took place in the Uptown Arena with the following results: Jimmy Legrone, Des Moines lightweight, won over Petey Alcanter of Kansas City in ten heats. In the eight-round semi-windup, Albert Manriquez, Sioux City featherweight, scored over LeRoy Selover of Des Moines. Terry Griffiths, Sioux City lightweight, beat Vince McCoy of Toledo, Ohio; Mickey Slater, Sioux City featherweight, won over Billy Clancy, another local youngster; Young Newsboy Brown won the nod over Jimmy Gaughan of Omaha.

A week later, the Riverview Park Arena opened the season with the following results: Joe Jaramillo, Denver welterweight, knocked out Dick Demaray of Bismarck, No. Dak., in four rounds; Andy Miller, Sioux City light-heavyweight, beat Billy Hasselstron of Bismarck in six; Jackie Rogers, Bismarck featherweight, beat Sammy Musco, Omaha, in six; Paul Levinson, Denver featherweight, won over Freddy Penn of Omaha; Rusty Gramling, Bismarck, beat Lee Bacca of Denver.

Uptown Arena—Jimmy Legrone, Des Moines lightie, and Mervin "Scotty" McLean of Peoria, Ill., battled to a split decision with one paper calling the fight a draw and the other in favor of Legrone. The opinion of the writer is a draw. It was a slashing affair the full ten rounds. In the other bouts, Mel Rice, Sioux City welter, won over Ross White of Peoria; Terry Griffiths, Sioux City lightie, stopped Jackie McCarthy of Detroit; Peter Doss, St. Louis Negro heavyweight, stopped Hoot Gibson of Des Moines; Billy Clancy won over Jimmy Belasco, Des Moines featherweight.

Riverview Park Arena—Sammy Musco, Omaha featherweight, defeated Jackie Rogers of Bismarck, No. Dak., in ten rounds; Andy Miller, Sioux City light-heavy, stopped Clyde Peterson of Omaha; Al Pahl, Sioux City lightweight, showed plenty of class in beating Jimmy Knight of Bismarck; Jack Harding, Sioux City welter, beat "Red" Summerville of Omaha; Eddie Reynolds of Le Mars, Ia., beat Jack Presti of Omaha.

Uptown Arena—Frankie Wolfram, Winnipeg featherweight, and Young Ted Garcia of Belle Fourche, So. Dak., battled to a ten-round disputed decision. One paper called the bout in favor of Garcia, while the other went in favor of Wolfram. In the semi-windup, Albert Manriquez stopped Benny Finnerty, Omaha featherweight; Ray Mann, Sioux City middleweight, beat Billy Cory of Coon Rapids. In a sizzling bout, Mickey Slater won over Jimmy Gaughan, Omaha featherweight. Sol Starr, Belle Fourche welter, gave Jack Harding of Sioux City a terrific licking.

Riverview Park Arena—Jimmy Buckler, Kentucky featherweight, and Sammy Musco of Omaha went to a disputed ten-round decision. One paper called the fight in favor of Buckler, while the other turned in a draw verdict. Dick Demaray, Bismarck welter, beat Jimmy Reed of Kansas City, Mo., in ten; Bill Hasselstrom of Bismarck won over Peter Doss, St. Louis Negro heavyweight; Al Pahl, Sioux City lightweight, beat Jimmy Nate of Bismarck; Eddie Reynolds showed plenty of class when he knocked out Jack Presti in two heats; Freddy Penn, Omaha featherweight, beat Tommy Sacco of Sioux City.

Uptown Arena—In a ten-round re-match, Mervin "Scotty" McLean of Peoria and Jimmy Legrone, Des Moines lightweight, battled to a draw; Mel Rice, Sioux City welter, won over Eddie Spencer of Perry, Iowa; Mickey Slater, Sioux City featherweight, using an educated left hand, beat Hymie Spiegel of Omaha; Terry Griffiths, Sioux City lightweight, won over Smokey Fronzek of Denver, Colo.; Young Newsboy Brown, Sioux City feather, and Jimmy Gaughan of Omaha went to a fast draw.

Manning, Ia.—Ray Mann, Sioux City, won over Jimmy Wooten of Omaha in six rounds; Jack Harding, Sioux City welter, beat Young Kid Gotch of Manning in five close rounds; Young Newsboy Brown, Sioux City, beat Young Kid Brady in a fast four.

Perry, Ia.—Eddie Spencer defeated Jess Ackerman, Des Moines, in eight rounds; Al Soukup, Omaha, won over Frank Roberts of Sioux City; Wild Bill Hindricks won over Smokey Fronzek of Denver; Jack Means of Des Moines knocked out Bucky Williams in three rounds.

Fort Dodge, Ia.—A large crowd turned out to watch the first outdoor card of the season. In a slashing ten-round bout, Elmer "Buzz" Brown, who has been fighting out on the Coast, scored over Armanda Sicilia of Springfield, Ill. Goldie O'Hara of Fort Dodge beat Benny Mack of Oakland, Cal. Jimmy Salvatore, Fort Dodge feather, stopped Young Newsboy Brown of Sioux City in two rounds.

Onawa, Ia.—Wilbur De Cora, Winnebago, Nebr., Indian middleweight, knocked out Kayo Cunningham of Onawa in the first round; Roy Gray, Onawa middleweight, won over Cyclone Miller of Omaha; Frankie Thompson of Winnebago knocked out Dedie Ninece, Flandreau, So. Dak., welter, in two; Ernie Russell knocked out Vergil Bales in three; Jack Collett, Onawa welter, won over Willard Zortman; Young Lockwood drew with Buddie Thompson.

Attention, boxing managers and boxers: Don't forget to make out your record for Nat Fleischer's Boxing Encyclopedia and Record Book. The writer will be glad to assist you fellows in getting your records together. There is no charge for this assistance, nor charge for having your records in the all-time record book. Get busy as the time is short.

Cedar Rapids, Ia.—Davenport and Cedar Rapids each won four decisions in a Catholic Youth Organization boxing tournament. The results: 105 pounds, Tom Elridge, Davenport, beat D. Golad, Cedar Rapids; 112 pounds, Jeff Castell, Davenport, beat Bill Green, Cedar Rapids; 118 pounds, Fred Perkins, Cedar Rapids, knocked out Pete Macias, Davenport, in first round; 126 pounds, Corkey Cortez, Cedar Rapids, beat Dick Blue, Davenport; 135 pounds, H. Puente, Davenport, scored over C. Woodford, Cedar Rapids; 147 pounds, Elwood McReynolds, Davenport, knocked out Bud Sandboe, Cedar Rapids, in first round; 160 pounds, Don West, Cedar Rapids, won by T.K.O. from Frank Lopez, Davenport; 175 pounds, Blaine Scriven, Cedar Rapids, beat Jackerman, Davenport.

Waterloo, Ia.—A team of boxers representing the Jewish Community Center of Des Moines defeated a team representing Waterloo in an amateur tournament sponsored by Andy George. The results: 118 pounds, Harry De Cario, Des Moines, beat Sammy Smith, Waterloo; 126 pounds, Don Francis, Des Moines, beat Ronald Scales, Waterloo; 142 pounds, Sam Hollingsworth, Waterloo, knocked out Chuck Cordes, Des Moines; 145 pounds, John Kakos, Des Moines, knocked out Dick Keahna, Waterloo; 155 pounds, Roy Ducan knocked out John Eggenberger, Des Moines.

Fargo, No. Dak.—Angelo Puglisi, 156, Duluth, Minn., won over Jack Charvez of Topeka, Kans., in eight rounds. Mac Kalbrener, 153, Moorhead, Minn., beat Karl Lautenschlager, 155, of Kansas City. Johnny Stanton, 146, Minneapolis, stopped Eddie Kaplan, 142, of Eau Claire, Wis., in two. Herbie Adams, 119, Fargo, stopped Cy Hartigan, 122, Minot, No. Dak., in three rounds. Billy Mears won over Lyle Purington.

St. Paul, Minn.—Harry Lennon, matchmaker for the Queensbury Club, had his franchise renewed at a business meeting of the State Athletic Commission, presided over by Jack Ahern. It was understood that Frank McCormick would take over the Minneapolis franchise.

Grand Forks, No. Dak.—Everett "Young" Rightmire, Sioux City's featherweight star, defeated Georgie Feist of Grand Forks in a vicious ten-round battle. Rightmire won the North Dakota featherweight title and with it a championship belt. In the other bouts, Angelo Puglisi of Duluth beat Goldie O'Hara of Fort Dodge, Ia.; Max Kalberner won over Bill Radke; El Roy Bushaw won from Red Grant; Johnny Baker and Myles Martinez went to a fast draw.

Sheldon, Ia.—Plans for a number of outdoor wrestling and boxing cards are in progress here. Henry Holln, claimant to the world middleweight wrestling title, will promote the cards under the auspices of the Junior Chamber of Commerce.

With two boxing clubs operating in Sioux City, boxers and managers from all sections of the country are coming in here. From twenty to thirty boxers are working out daily in Hawkins' Gym, located in the Kaysee Building.

Emmetsburg, Ia.—Pret Ferrar, Des Moines, Ia., Negro heavyweight, and Jimmy White of Duluth, Minn., went to an eight-round draw. Goldie O'Hara beat Bill Baedke of Minneapolis. Frankie Warrington won by a T.K.O. over Johnny Dobens of Minneapolis. Claude Pettit knocked out Battling Van Ditt in one round; Johnny Goodson put the kayo on Arlio Farmer. Johnny McDonald decisioned Kid Miller when Miller forfeited after the first round.

Boxers, managers and promoters, attention: The dead line for this column is the first of the month. So please have you notes in my hands by that date, as it will help me out a great deal. Mail same to 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., Sioux City, Iowa. Thanks.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS—When an out-of-town fighter can headline cards in Sioux City for five straight years and still be a drawing card, it is something to write about . . . . Such is the case of Frankie Wolfram, Winnipeg featherweight, who is doing his fifth season here . . . . Win or lose, the Canadian never fails to turn in a pleasing battle . . . . He is under the management of Jimmy Brady, popular Detroit sportsman, who is also manager of Chuck Woods . . . . Incidentally, Wolfram and Everette Rightmire hold the record for drawing the largest crowd in history of Sioux City's outdoor season . . . . Johnny Erjavec, Duluth, Minn., heavyweight, lost in eight rounds to Sandy McDonald at Chicago . . . . Everett Rightmire won over Paul Estrada at Kansas City . . . . On the same card, Armanda Sicilia scored over Frankie Wolfram . . . . Manson, Ia., is holding boxing cards under the direction of the Veterans of Foreign Wars . . . . Harvey Woods, St. Paul, Minn., featherweight, beat Jackie Sharkey of Minneapolis in six rounds at Eau Claire, Wis. . . . . Ted Zanfes is holding down the third man position at the Riverview Park Arena . . . . Sammy Sacco, Riverview Park announcer, is quite popular with the fans . . . . Louie Tattleman of the Uptown Arena is another favorite announcer . . . . Pocahontas, Ia., dropped their plans to hold boxing cards, according to a late announcement . . . . Children under sixteen are permitted to see fights free in Sioux City if accompanied by their elders . . . . Freddie Lenhart of Tacoma, Wash., and Johnny Erjavec of Duluth went to a draw at the latter city.

Carl Viciquerro, Creighton College boxer from Omaha, made the Olympic boxing team . . . . Good luck, Carl . . . . Lee Savoldi, St. Paul heavyweight, is going good out on the Coast . . . . Roy Gillman is drawing record crowds to his boxing shows in Fort Dodge, Ia. . . . . Jimmy Reed of Miami, Fla., and his manager, Mike Licausi of Kansas City, received injuries in a motor car accident while returning from Sioux City . . . . Harry Brown of Des Moines is matchmaker for the Olympic Boxing Club there, and can be reached at 506 Grand Avenue . . . . Casey Navin is promoting at Manning, Iowa . . . . A fighter who agrees to fight for a certain amount, and then at the last minute puts the promoter on the spot by demanding more money, should be blacklisted in every port . . . . This happened in Sioux City recently and if the said fighter ever pulls such a trick again, and your writer hears about it, his name will be blasted in these notes for the protection of other promoters.

YOUR LETTERS—Chas. McDonald: Get in touch with the promoters. When writing, send press clippings and complete record . . . . Miss Stella Mario of Albert Lea, Minn.: Your note received. Let me see the clippings regarding this deal . . . . D. C. S., Spencer, Ia.: According to the records I have on file, Hymie Spiegel of Omaha drew with Sammy Musco. You may see them any time. Thanks, glad you like the notes

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AUSTRALIAN BOXING NOTES
By HERB McHUGH

DAME FORTUNE wore a frown over the last month much to the discomfort of the managements of Sydney and Leichhardt Stadiums. Nothing the matchmaker of either resort did was right, postponement after postponement upsetting well laid out plans. As far as the N.B.C. was concerned, it was really tragic, as a couple of days before the arrival of Maxie Rosenbloom, Ambrose Palmer startled everybody by announcing his retirement. Seeing that the N.B.C. had expressly brought out Rosenbloom to fight Palmer, it can best be imagined the headaches which fastened on to the executives.

A ray of sunshine burst through when, after a conference between Jack Munro, Rosenbloom, Frankie Doyle and Billy Newman (manager for Leo Kelly), it was announced that that colored fighter would be Maxie's first opponent. But it wasn't to be. A week later, Kelly contracted serious eye trouble and the fight had to be called off. Specialists visited the Kelly camp with the hope that something could be done, but to no avail and every indication is that Kelly will be out of action for weeks.

Latest is that George Simpson, who has just arrived, will occupy the opposite corner to Maxie. In the meanwhile, Maxie goes about his job with a smile for everybody and hitting the headlines without any trouble. Unless Kelly's eye yields to treatment quickly, it looks as if the N.B.C. unfortunately will be in bother, as the contract with Rosenbloom is reported to be of healthy proportions from the financial angle.

Other fights also went astray from schedule with the result that the Italian welterweight, Turiello, fought on three consecutive Monday nights. These three engagements, however, did not end too good for him, as he was twice disqualified. The first glove-up was against Alf Blatch, but Referee Joe Wallis disqualified Turiello for the indiscreet use of his head. The Italian protested that it was all so much of an accident. There is no doubt that it was, but the rules make it perfectly clear as to what is expected of a referee when such a thing occurs, especially when an opponent, as in the case of Blatch, finished with a deep cut over the eye.

However, the crowd rolled up a week later to see Turiello hit off with Jimmy Purcell. This time the Italian went clear of all cautions and ran out an easy points winner. Except for a burst or two, Purcell never caused his man any worry, although he had the perfectly true alibi of a sore hand prior to going into the ring, which, unfortunately, during the progress of the fight, resulted in a small fracture, due to not being in the position to properly use his hand. Only a few nights earlier, Purcell was withdrawn from a fight at Leichhardt Stadium against Leonard Bennett, owing to hand trouble.

Fired by his success and with the N.B.C. still in trouble in getting suitable contests. Turiello agreed to take the ring against Dick Humphreys. Once again his head got him into trouble and he was again disqualified, the cut over Humphreys' eye requiring three stitches. The young Australian was in the lead when the wrath of the referee came down upon Turiello in the twelfth round. Naturally, the Italian is disgusted with things at the moment and he is not inclined to fight further in Sydney, although it is likely that Melbourne will claim him for a couple of bouts. It has been published here that he has been offered a series of matches in Los Angeles.

Marty Simmons provided fans with a turn-up when he outslugged Ron Richards over fifteen rounds, gaining an undisputed points decision. Without wishing to take anything away from Simmons' performance, Richards' showing was far from his best. He was always seconds behind Simmons when he let a punch go, and even when they did land none was packed with the "dynamite" that the home fighter is known to possess.

Simmons was also given the opportunity of backing up a week later with a clash against the colored scrapper, Mark Hough. The latter went all right early, but couldn't keep up with the tear-in, never stop methods employed by Marty, who landed the nod. Refusing to remain idle, Simmons was loaned to Jack Cousins, promoter at Newcastle. Spotting his opponent, Young Campbell, pounds in weight, Simmons again came out the right side with the points in his favor. Still, it might have been drastic for Simmons also, as he was down many times in the opening round and it looked curtains any moment. Really fighting on his nerve, Simmons wouldn't go under and Campbell got tired of punching him, with the result that Marty did as he liked from the sixth round onwards.

Leonard Bennett has been released from his contract by Leichhardt Stadium. For some reason or other, Bennett did not take with the fans. Leonard outpointed Jimmy Day in his first battle, lost a close decision to Jimmy Purcell at his next start, fought Dick Humphreys to a draw, and stopped Alby Roberts in four rounds—not a bad record at all, yet there was no money for him. Anxious to do what they could for the American, the Leichhardt management informed him that he could accept fights from any Stadium ready to do business with him. Bennett's first start under the new order of things saw his appearance at Newcastle, where he stopped Bronco Eldridge in nine rounds. He will fight Tommy Jones, the colored lad from Boston, at Sydney Stadium.

Fred Henneberry was unfortunate to break his thumb during training which made it necessary for him to withdraw from fights with Ron Richards and Tommy Jones. The proposed meeting with the latter broke a fair amount of space in sporting columns, the suggestion being that the lads would fight on the "winner take all" basis. It was hardly likely that the contract would have called for such conditions, but £100 side bet was quite a definite thing.

Jack Laurence is emphatic in his arguments to me that THE RING should rate Jones amongst the ten best welters. Jack's protege has certainly improved a lot and in his many fights in Australia, has had all of his opponents, with the exception of Carroll and Richards, on the floor at one time or other during the bout.

Among the comebacks during the month was Herb Bishop, ex-lightweight champion. He is located in Melbourne under the direction of Pat McHugh at Fitzroy. He won both of his contests by the short-cut route, Wyn Negus and Gillespie being the victims. Probably with one or two more battles under his belt, Bishop will be making people sit up and take notice.

Not having enjoyed the best of health and also a little tired of the game, Merv Blandon has handed in the Australian featherweight championship. He intends giving boxing a rest for twelve months and should he at the end of that period consider that he can make the grade again, he will again partner up with Manager Jack Dunleavy. Always a crowd pleaser, Blandon will be missed. His glove-ups with Speedy Dado will ever bring pleasant memories.

While on the subject of retirements, efforts are still being made to persuade Ambrose Palmer to change his mind. No headway has been made to date and it is doubtful if Ambrose will change his mind. He has a job to go to when he says the word and as he is sitting rather nicely financially, it will require something out of the ordinary to get him back to glove throwing.

Bob Olin and Lou Brouillard were under offer for Australia, but the N.B.C. could not see eye to eye with the terms suggested, at least that was the information gathered as to the hitch.

The N.B.C. has gone wrestling. Harry Kent and Jaget Singh set the ball in motion, but it is yet too early to predict what might happen. Sonnenberg, Koloff, Mamos and Co. left without making much money, consequently, the job for the newcomers is a big one. Glen Wade, Peter Merenger and Lofty Blomfield are also at the disposal of the matchmaker.

Leichhardt Stadium continues to hold its wrestling crowds. Lurich is still the big man, but new faces are also wanted at this club. Haban Singh and Wong Bock Cheung are in from Suva, which will make the job easier in arranging matches. The big match to be made will be a British Empire championship between Douglas Clark (England) and Lurich.

The news that Charlie Lucas has grabbed Barney Ross made many people on this side take a deep breath. The odds were big against Charlie doing business, but despite obstacles, the job has been done. While the $45,000, free of income tax, is a lot of money, there does not seem much chance of Lucas and his backers losing out. If the world's title fight with Carroll is held in Sydney, it will be a question of getting a ground big enough to house the crowd. Charlie did great spade work last summer in establishing open-air fights and in backing Carroll, he picked the right one. Until he gets back to Sydney, there will be little else to report, but Americans may read some time in November of a new world's champion. Sure, laugh if you want to, but ask Van Klaveren as to Carroll's qualifications.

IN THE PHILIPPINES
With ANTONIO ANDIA

B. DE GUZMAN defeated Little Pancho for the junior featherweight title of the Orient. Guzman is now in Honolulu and dropped a ten-round decision to Piston Horiguchi.

Joe Mendiola won twice by T.K.O. over Star Frisco and also disposed of Star Cruz in two rounds. Mendiola was beaten by Jos Mosquindo, who, in turn, was beaten by Rush Dalma.

Cris Pineda battled to a draw with Little Pancho and in a later match won the bantamweight title from Pancho. Pancho scored over Umio Gen, a Japanese, in ten rounds. Gen showed plenty of gameness but was well beaten.

Little Dado, our flyweight leader, outpointed Yoiskuo Hanada in ten rounds. Hanada came here with Umio Gen.

The amateur boxing team for the Olympics in Germany has been chosen. They are: Flyweight, Felipe Nunag; bantamweight, Oscar de Larrazabal; featherweight, Felipe Gabuco; lightweight, Jose Padilla; welterweight, Simplicio de Castro. Larrazabul is the best of the representatives and may win the world's amateur title.

To Our Readers, With Apologies

Due to the illness of Doc Almy, our Boston correspondent, we will be forced to omit his writings until he recovers.

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NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

As this scribe predicted some time ago, this year is one of the best in the history of boxing in this state. There are not so many clubs running as in other years, but the ones that are operating are playing to capacity houses and prospects for the future look better. The state is particularly fortunate in having three of the finest and squarest promoters in the country at the helm of the largest cities—Hugh Benbow at Houston, Dick Griffin at Dallas and Francis Cunningham at San Antonio.

Much of the credit for the popularity of boxing can be given to the sports editors and the boxing writers of the various papers. Dick Freeman, Bruce Layer and Andy Anderson of Houston; Jack O'Brien, Harold Scherwitz and Ward Burris of San Antonio, Red Webster, George White and Jere Hays of Dallas, have given unstintingly of their time and effort to help boxing. This writer, on behalf of every member of the fight fraternity, wishes to sincerely thank the above-mentioned scribes for the many favors and kind cooperation. Also the many writers in the cities where boxing has been run from time to time who have always done their best to keep the game going. Included in this latter group is Hank Rabun, young Ft. Worth press scribbler, this writer's nomination as one of the cleverest boxing writers we have ever met, and a real friend of fisticuffs.

Houston still continues to be the best spot, staging weekly shows. Promoter Hugh Benbow has taken up the game when it was in a badly rundown condition and once more returned it to public favor. There is a scarcity of fighters in this section, however, and plenty of work for boys who are pleasing mixers. Any boxer or manager would do well to come to Texas, as there is something to be made here with the right sort of talent. The writer can assure anyone coming here that they will be well treated and made to feel that that muchly heralded "Southern hospitality" is not just a myth.

Pat McDuff, Houston's heavyweight puncher, scored his nineteenth knockout in twenty starts when he flattened Young Spence. The Irishman is one of the greatest hitters we have ever had the pleasure of watching. We have seen him in all of his bouts to date, and in each instance it has been a matter of his connecting only once. His punches are like that irresistible force—something just has to go.

Tom Beaupre, Dallas' big white hope, continues to bowl over all opposition. He hammered out a decisive win over Babe Hunt and stopped Eddie O'Day. Beaupre is a great card in the Centennial City and is sure to pack them in any time he goes to the post. It looks like the likable Harry Raskin, who handles Tom, has the goods this time!

Bob Davey, our choice as the best heavyweight in this section and one of the best in any place, has been on the shelf with a badly cut eye, but will be back in action ere this appears in print. This writer suggests a three-way tournament between McDuff, Beaupre and Davey to settle the supremacy and the heavyweight championship of the state. The fans want it. So do the boys, and the promoters would make a neat profit. Here's hoping it can be arranged.

Wishy Jones, the Louisville lightweight socker, came through in good style in his return match with Brescia Garcia, winning the duke after ten thrilling rounds. A match between Jones and Lou Beard would be a dandy for Houston.

Tommy Blanton, classy young heavyweight from Birmingham, scored impressively in winning over George Brown and stopping Jack Thompson. Blanton and Bob Davey have been signed to meet and it should provide a swell night's entertainment.

Billy Deeg, hard-socking young San Antonio welter, turned in a couple of nice victories, stopping Jack Hall and Tod Smith. Deeg has K.O.'ed twenty-eight of the thirty-six men he has faced, quite a feat for a light fellow!

The writer is not very familiar with the wrestling game, hence the reason we have never tried to write much about it. However, it is a very popular sport in this section and we feel it is deserving of some mention here.

We have the word of "Strangler" Lewis, a man who should really know, that Morris Sigel, popular Houston mat impresario, is one of the really great promoters of all time. The "Strangler" was heard to make the above statement when he appeared here recently, pinning Pat O'Shocker.

Leo Daniel Boone (Whiskers) Savage is all the rage locally. Savage has won more than forty matches here and is still undefeated. He is the greatest card the city has ever had. The reason: He gives the fans what they want to see—action!

Weldon Waycott, Jack Thurmond's classy young heavyweight, scored brilliantly in his two appearances this month, making a spectacular last round rally to kayo the veteran, Manuel Luna. He also flattened Fred Hays in one heat. Weldon and McDuff would be a natural in Houston.

Mike Pereira, Houston feather, is rapidly becoming the best in the state at his weight. The aggressive little battler knocked out Midget Azteca and Chic Sanchez, and beat Earl Capps. He drew with Kid Bruno in a great fight. Mike has a very pleasing style and a terrific left hook.

Dick McCawley, Goose Creek middleweight, made a great fight with Petie Mike, winning handily. McCawley is 152 pounds of class.

Remember, the writer is always glad to help any fighter, manager or promoter in any way possible. The address is, the Houston *Press*, Houston, Tex. Your letters will be either answered or turned over to promoters.

Other results over the state:

Al Salbano dropped an unpopular decision to Juan Garcia in a bristling fight; Garcia won over Petie Mike; Jack Thompson was awarded a T.K.O. over James Bradley when the latter was forced out with an injured eye; Tracy Cox beat David Velasco; Tex Lavelle scored over Eddie O'Day and Young Spencs; Louis Curry beat George Harmon and stopped Joe Roberts.

Louis Arriola, classy Mexican lightweight, beat Nick Peters and made a punching bag of Earl Capps; Tod Smith scored over Jimmy Hearne; Cullen Williams beat Lou Hasso.

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY
By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

THE "ten-count" caught up with Ervin Berlier, New Orleans, La., again, this time it being administered by Frankie Wallace, Cleveland lightweight, in the seventh stanza at the New Orleans Coliseum Arena. Berlier had visited the canvas three times in earlier rounds before the final kayo. A few weeks before Lew Massey had the local light on his back four times in ten rounds.

Two victories over mediocre opposition were registered by Willard Brown, Indianapolis, Ind., welterweight. At Mobile, Ala., Brown decisioned Battling Burroughs, Pascagoula, Miss., in ten heats, while in Baton Rouge, La., Roy Calamari, New Orleans, bowed in a decision match.

Jimmy Perrin, New Orleans' perennial prospect, came out of a long layoff in full stride as evidenced by his decisive ten-round victory over Nick Camaratta, local featherweight rival. Perrin, in this bout, gave away much weight and announced afterward he will stick in the bantam class.

A bill, initiated by Erwin Poche, secretary of the Louisiana State Boxing Commission, was cast into the legislative hopper with a view of lessening somewhat the huge state tax on professional boxing.

Marty Burke, veteran Louisiana boxing promoter, is still trying to interest New Orleans fans in his "White Joke" tournament. After two failures to induce paying patronage, Burke opened his Jai-Alai Arena wide and over five thousand spectators took advantage of the free admission. John Henry Vance, 220-pounder from Meridian, Miss., has been the only one of the score of heavies to do anything. Vance has tabbed six wins, the latest a kayo over Bill Andrews of Belzoni, Miss.

Results of other bouts in this section were as follows: Joe Ratley and Joe Ben Hill drew, heavyweights. Jimmy Dolan beat George McGinnis; Henry Deubler stopped Jimmy Hall, middleweights. Gene Tillman kayoed Joe Berroya; Dewitt Holiday knocked out Harvey Mason; Dominick Bruno chilled Joe Scimeca, all welterweights. Mike Cusimano T.K.O.'ed Irving Schaffer; Dave Casebone outpointed Joe Muscarello; George Holmes decisioned Adam Cook, all lightweights. Sidney Duncan beat Jules Guidry, featherweights. Joe Saille defeated Angelo Musso, but lost to Jules Guidry, bantamweights.

Louis Ovalasiti, Italian boxing promoter, who had ruled the roost in Negro boxing in New Orleans, found himself on the outside as the result of summary action taken by the State Boxing Commission. The commission revoked his promoters license on the grounds of "incompetency." Negro boxing in the Crescent City has fallen away to next to nothing, due mostly to bad matchmaking.

The Negro boys wound up their action as follows: Herman "Kid" Collins beat Battling Bozo and Panama Kid; Battling Siki decisioned Kid Willie, all welterweights. Tiger Walker of Cincinnati, O., decisively defeated Charley the Kid; Israel Robinson lost to Sammy the Terror; Kid Claude downed Kid Amos, lightweights. Jimmy Brooks trounced Carl Coste, featherweights.

OUTCROPPINGS—Most of the pros are working out in Murullo's Gym in New Orleans . . . . Pete Kelly's place is idle . . . . Rumor has it that professional fighting will start again at Shreveport and New Iberia, La. . . . . Augie Camaratta will try a comeback . . . . "Brother" Kron now trains most of the local boys . . . . Profiting by his instructions are Kid Glover, Benny Nastasi, Sidney Duncan, Tiger Roussell and others . . . .

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

HOLYOKE—Roger Bernard of Flint turned in a win over Joey Temes of Washington, D. C., in the main bout at the Valley Arena. The week before Andre Jesserun and George Salvatore had the same crowd on their feet with the same kind of milling but, being heavier boys, they punched better and, with some stirring rallies, made a much more interesting fight.

Eddie Reed of Hartford pounded out a win over Biff Lemieux of New Bedford in a stirring six-round semi. Reed's strong finish won him the fight. Young Ace Clark of Springfield scored his best win so far by a decision over Wade Lumpkin of Philadelphia. Young Ace has won seven straight pro fights in the Holyoke ring. Billy Delany of Athol fought a draw with Johnny Prout of Northampton in a hard-punching bout. It was so hard to judge this one that all officials turned in different tickets. One voted Delany, one Prout and one voted a draw.

Joe Gelinas of Athol fought a ten-round draw with Wesley Ferrell of New Haven in a good scrap at the Valley Arena. In the semi-final of six rounds, Harry Conley of Chicopee Falls won his third straight fight at the Arena by winning over Joe Lemieux of New Bedford. Carlo Dapondi of Springfield gave a poor exhibition in his bout with Bobby Woods of Flint. Billy Delany of Athol won a unanimous decision over Al Mello of New Bedford in another six-rounder. Eddie Mikels of Westfield knocked out Johnny Posk of Athol in the second round of a four-round opener.

Sal Canata of Holyoke won for the second time over his rival, Roland Lecuyer, in a hectic bout of ten rounds. This fight had the crowd on its feet many times during the ten rounds.

Ruby Bradley of Holyoke still is winning on his comeback campaign, by getting a decision over Bobby McLellan of Boston in a six-round bout. Eddie Reed of Hartford won a decision over Willie Rose of Boston by a strong finish in the last couple of rounds. Eddie Mikels of Westfield looked on the way to win another bout, but was accidentally butted by his opponent, Battling Eddie of Boston, in the second round, to open a gash over his left eye. Mikels' seconds called the referee, who had the club physician examine it and with just a glance, he decided that the fight was to be stopped.

Johnny Barinowski of Pittsfield, making his debut in Holyoke, scored a knockout over Chick Kelly of Northampton in the first round. Barinowski packs a terrific punch. Kelly was down three times with three punches.

Tommy Rawson of Boston won over Lou Alpert of Utica in a main bout at Bennington, Vt.

Holyoke Valley Arena interests have decided on an outdoor spot and will build an open-air place for summer fights. This will be good news to the fighters of this section. Pittsfield A. C. also intends to build and will have outdoor fights before the summer is over. North Adams Arena will be open when this goes to print.

Martin Dean of Boston has taken over Young Ace Clark's contract. Ace has yet to lose a fight in the pro ranks.

Baron Cohen, the matchmaker in Holyoke, expects a vacation this summer, but the writer thinks the fight game will have him back soon, as Baron cannot keep away very long.

Andre Jesserun won over Cocoa Kid of New Haven, Conn., in ten rounds at Holyoke. Ace Clark knocked out Eric Lawson in the second round of a six.

IN THE COAL FIELDS
By JOE BRADY

AT Hazleton—In the wind-up at Feely Hall, scheduled for eight rounds, Henry Taylor, dusky light-heavyweight from Philadelphia, made short work of Freddy Sallus, stopping him in the first round. In the semi-final, Steve Kahley, local welter, won from Willie Hoppe by a T.K.O. in five rounds. The bout was even until Hoppe sustained a deep cut over his left eye. Rex Fallabell added Joe Brennan to his list of kayo victims. The end came for Brennan in two minutes of the first round. In the six-round opener, Billy Speidell was awarded the decision over Joe Dugan.

At Wilkes-Barre—Joe Netro, Syracuse boxing impresario, came back to town with his "Dusky Destroyer," Bob Moody, who looked very good in defeating Lou Poster of New York in the feature bout of ten rounds. In the semi-final, Pete Uptegrove of Hazleton kayoed Joe Zelinski in three rounds. Johnny Snyder upset the dope by kayoing "Big" Jack Downey of Scranton in the first round. Bedford in another six-rounder. Eddie Mikels of ville in three rounds. In the opening bout, Joe Casper stopped Joe Anthracite in five rounds.

At Freeland (amateurs)—Amateur boxing came back here, and the bouts, presented before a packed house at Public Park, should bring the sport back to its old popularity this summer. In the wind-up, Gene Pinter, slugging McAdoo light-heavy, won a close decision over Joe Downey of Scranton. One of the fastest bouts ever offered at a local show was the semi-final between Patsy Defoe of Freeland and Pat Cannon of Scranton. After three hard-fought rounds the judges agreed to a draw, forcing the bout to go an extra round, in which Defoe had a slight edge, gaining him the decision. In the other bouts, Johnny Petrus defeated Red Stubbs. Morrie Thomas kayoed Jackie Fields in two rounds. Tommy Lloyd won from Ted Lane. Nick Nichols got the nod over Henry Dino. Mike Balog gained decision over Herman Rohrbach. Johnny Zeleznok outpointed Val Vesta. Charles Lloyd defeated Eddie Solonski. Matchmaker Jack Campbell plans to run semi-monthly throughout the year.

At Scranton (amateurs)—Billy Dolphin won from Billy Paterson. Jerry Cleary won a close verdict from Paul Mungrew. Dick Delerbra won from Billy Edmundson. Johnny Marrazano stopped Gene Jackson. Jimmy McGowan defeated Cecil Cunningham. Walter O'Donnell outpointed Gus Kohn. Eddie Long got the nod over Ike Labertore. The bouts were sponsored under the direction of Tommy Ginty, veteran Scranton scrapper.

JUST RAMBLING—Eddie Brink, Scranton, won an eight-round decision over Ernie Ratner at New York . . . . Eddie McGeever, Scranton, lost a ten-round verdict to Norman Snow of England . . . . Joe Buzzelli, Old Forge amateur star, defeated Al Flora and Steve Zelesnock at Williamsport in the past month. Buzzelli is now captain of the boxing squad at Lock Haven State Teachers' College . . . . Joe Redano is now booking Joe Dugan, Leo Berry and Johnny Snyder.

Chester Palutis, Scranton light-heavy, is idle, due to the torn ligament in his right shoulder he received in the last fight with Henry Taylor . . . . Danny Dempsey, Scranton adonis, is now training seriously. Dempsey is one of the best looking 130-pounders in this section . . . . Joe Nealon or Pete Susky will headline the next show at Scranton . . . . Pete Latzo, former welterweight champion, is vacationing at Atlantic City . . . . Jack Reno plans to have Jack Dempsey as third man in the ring in one of his outdoor shows . . . . Three Star Hennessey is keeping his boys busy. The gray-haired Hennessey is booking Pete Susky, Joe Nealon, Danny Dempsey, Johnny VanDurek, Luke Beatty, Jack Downey, Al Lewis, Willie Hoppe and a host of others. Any promoter wishing to use fighters from the coal fields should contact Three Star at 220 Lackawanna Avenue, Scranton . . . . Jimmy Herman, Hazleton veteran, quit the fight game for a job on the W.P.A. . . . . Paddy Sweeney, boxing inspector at Hazleton, celebrated his tenth year as a member of the Pennsylvania Boxing Commission . . . . Hank Stezar is planning a big card for his first outdoor attraction.

All RING readers can purchase the magazine at any newsstand throughout the Coal Fields.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

AT the Columbus Auditorium, Stamford, Ernie Ratner slammed away with two mauling fists to take the verdict from Phil Baker, popular Norwalk lightweight, in the star bout of ten rounds. Pinky Morris, Bridgeport battler, pounded out a kayo over Eddie Healey of New York in the fifth canto. In an action-filled contest, Pin Boy Jumbo, Stamford, outscored Al Brown, Westport, with a punishing body attack in the four-rounder.

Rudy Marshall, middleweight leather swinger, won on a knockout over Steve Black in the fifth frame after Black had taken a thorough trouncing. Micky Bird, Stamford heavyweight, and Young Erickson slammed away to a draw in four rounds.

Al Nelson Gainer, New Haven light-heavyweight socker, squared up the defeat with John Anderson, light-heavyweight mauler, by halting the Swede on a technical knockout in the ninth round of a billed ten-round feature bout on the fistic card at the New Haven Arena. A crowd of five thousand customers witnessed the encounter.

Johnny Bellus, lightweight of New Haven, dropped a decision to Eddie McGreever in the eight-round semi-windup. Johnny Campo, New Haven mitt pusher, won from Jimmy English on a technical kayo in the third heat. A cut eye forced English to quit. Jimmy Campo and Charley Aldino whaled away to a draw in an entertaining four-round bout. Johnny Murabella of New York won over Julie Katz in a six-rounder.

Steve Dudas, heavyweight of New Jersey, gave Nathan Mann, Hamden, a neat trimming to gain the ten-round decision. In the semi-final of eight rounds, Casper Larosa, New York, won a victory over Wesley Ferrell on a decision. Bobby Allen, the Boston welterweight, punched out an eight-round decision over Ted Cappy.

The writer's address is 50 Crown Street, Waterbury, Conn.

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BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

AT this writing Matchmaker Charlie Murray of the Queensberry Club is attempting to rematch Big Boy Brackey and Mike Zona of Chicago. This shouldn't be a hard job to complete but, according to newspaper complaints made by Murray, both the fighters want more than they are entitled to. They drew a fair sort of house in their first meeting, which took place in April. Zona was set down by the boxing commission after he had been disqualified by Referee Jimmy Goodrich for hitting Brackey while the latter was on one knee. Zona was far in front when the disqualification came, having Brackey on the floor about eight times.

Rumors are floating around town that George Nichols, southpaw light-heavy, is going to give Jack Singer the gate and take on a new mentor. Some say Pete Reilly, the "Silver Fox," will pilot Nichols in his next fight.

Joe Lewis, who was one of the outstanding fistic figures in the Middle West when he was staging splendid and profitable boxing carnivals in Cleveland's Public Hall, writes me that he is now located in St. Louis and back in the boxing game as a manager. Joe brought out such luminaries as Paul Pirrone, Benny Gershe and many others. He knows the fight business from A to Z and should do pretty well with the glove sport on the rebound after its severe slump.

Two amateur boxers from this neck of the woods won championships in the national tournament at Cleveland. Jimmy Clark, Jamestown colored boy, won the middleweight (160 pounds) title; Joe Church of Batavia surprised all by coming through a winner in the featherweight (126 pound) class.

Amateur boxing is booming here and especially so when Jimmy Clark, Jamestown Negro flash, is carded. The new national amateur middleweight champion attracted a crowd of 5,800 when he scored a sensational knockout over Irving Pease of Toronto at the Broadway Auditorium on April 29. Pease had previously beaten Clark in a couple of matches but Jimmy was right on edge for their last meeting and put the Canadian to sleep with a terrific right to the jaw in the fifth and final round of their hectic bout.

Clark is headed for the Olympics and will not listen to any professional offers until he competes for the world's amateur middleweight championship. It will take a great amateur fighter to beat him. Rumor has it that Clark may go under the managerial wing of Georges Carpentier of France, although Carpentier has never shown that he can measure up with American managers when it comes to getting a fighter into the money.

Fred Johnson, portly matchmaker for the Orioles, has made a good job of amateur promotion. He has had splendid talent to work with but nevertheless has staged some dandy shows and made some money for the organization which he represents. Vince Plunkett has also assisted greatly in helping the Orioles stage their bumper tournaments.

FISTIC MISCELLANY—Big Boy Brackey was down eight times and badly beaten when Mike Zona of Chicago struck Big Boy while the latter was down on one knee. Referee Jimmy Goodrich immediately disqualified Zona, Brackey winning on a foul . . . . There is talk of a re-match and this event may take place before we go to press again . . . . Buffalo fans are fistic hungry and it's too bad they haven't been offered something worth while . . . . Some of the star bouts used aren't even good preliminaries . . . . Steve Halaiko is resting up but will be busy again soon . . . . So says Manager Vince Plunkett . . . . George Nichols took an awful pasting from Al Gainer of New Haven when the twain met at Pittsburgh . . . . Manager Jack Singer committed a faux pas when he made the Gainer match . . . . Nichols was just about ready to cash in a little on his ten-round draw decision with John Henry Lewis, but the Gainer licking will do George no good . . . . Gainer knocked out Nichols in the ninth round after administering severe punishment all the way . . . . Paulie Mahoney knocked out John Lyons in five rounds on the Brackey-Zona card . . . . The South Side kid looks good.

Willie (K.O.) Brennan is again in line for a referee's license . . . . Old Kayo would make a good one and his appointment would prove popular with his following on the East Side, where he reigned a favorite so many years . . . . A good crop of amateurs will turn pro as soon as our new sports club gets organized and the local fistic outlook appears brighter.

Boxers in the heavyweight and light-heavyweight classes, who have good records and are young, will do well to write Hugh Shannon, 144 Wallace Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y. The fight game is picking up in Buffalo, which is one of the best boxing towns in the country. An unusual opportunity awaits promising talent with new clubs opening in Toronto, Buffalo, Rochester and Erie.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES
By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

YOUTH must be served was brought out ably when Joe Knight fell before the battering rams of Al Gainor at Pittsburgh, Pa. For ten rounds the dusky slashed away at Knight's face and body and Knight was lucky to last the limit. Knight announced his retirement immediately after the bout. We will miss Joe, for he always gave his best, and we hope that he is just as successful in business as he was in the ring.

Petey Sarron, world's featherweight champion, doesn't give a hoot if the New York State Athletic Commission has named Mike Belloise as titleholder. "We're champion in forty-five states," stated Jimmie Erwin, who brought Petey out of obscurity to the world's throne, "and if New York wants to play lone wolf and run a little show of its own, it's okeh by us, but Petey is champ and will remain so until someone dethrones him, and not before."

We're with you, Jimmie. You're too smart to let them run over you. Stick by your rights.

Victor Brog is promoting at Memphis, Tenn., and wishes to hear from managers and good boys. His address is 674 Tate Avenue . . . . Little Boy Safrit of Abberville, N. C., stopped Lou Kemp in three rounds . . . . This Safrit bears watching . . . . Charles MacDonald of New York wants to place his star heavyweight, Lou Kieswetter, in the South with the best boys . . . . J. L. Ward and Jack Lonergan have a promising kid in Barney Brock, who won the all-Southern heavyweight crown recently . . . . Pee Wee Russell of Kannapolis, N. C., is undefeated as a middleweight . . . . Wonder what became of the ever-popular Carl Knowles? . . . . Wm. Harold Lloyd, a lightweight of Daderville, Ala., wishes to make connections with some manager . . . . Chino Alvarez is tops at Tampa, Fla., where Geo. Cazana ranks as leading promoter.

FISTIFACTS—George Bitner, 181-pounder of Chicago, decisioned George Vallos in eight sessions at Chicago . . . . At Dallas, Tom Beaupre outpointed Babe Hunt . . . . Johnnie Durso shaded Tony Herrera at Louisville; they are lightweights . . . . Teddy Yarosz scored over Bob Turner at Pittsburgh.

The writer will appreciate it very much if all managers, fighters and promoters keep me posted on fight results in the South . . . . Boys wishing to make connections in the South would do well to write me and please enclose clippings, photos and record in first letter. The address is 1911 Waters Avenue, Savannah, Ga.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

HAVANA—Johnny Cruz, one of Cuba's great pugilists, has just returned from a five-year tour in Europe, where he met some of the outstanding fighters. Cruz is preparing for a tilt with Joe Pedroso, hard-punching youngster, managed by Pincho Gutierrez.

Juan Belmonte is one of the new fight promoters in Cuba and is interested in signing up several bouts in which Kid Chocolate will show his wares.

Kid Chocolate looks great in his workouts, and is scheduled to meet Tommy Paul, Lew Feldman, and will then take on some better class. The Kid's work is a treat to the eye, and it looks like his efforts will be realized. Pincho Gutierrez, his manager, is attempting to bring the Kid back to the high spots.

Kid Sila, crack Cuban lightweight, won over Mario Hernandez in ten, and then stopped Joe Coego, the local champion, in six rounds. Coego appeared to be in poor form, but it looks like Sila will be the next champion if given a chance.

Tomas Avila, new bantamweight, beat Miguel Bosque in four rounds of hectic milling. Jose Iglesias scored a one-round knockout over Lino Vidal.

Havana Kid, sterling bantam managed by Pincho Gutierrez, beat Armando Delgado in six rounds. This Havana Kid certainly looks like a coming great.

Joe Coego, lightweight champion, fought a ten-round draw with Sixto Morales.

Baby Oriental, a real classy featherweight, met his Waterloo when he collided with Joe Pedroso, who scored a five-round knockout. It was a tough break, because this Baby Oriental sure can box. He is trying to obtain a return bout.

Joaquin Torregrosa, Cuban welterweight, is making a name for himself in foreign lands. He is now in South America, where he has won almost all of his bouts against good men.

Luis Parga and Aramis Delpino, promoters, after a quiet spell, are planning on bringing to the Havana fans some real first-class talent. It's about time.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

HUTCHINSON, KANS.—Amateur boxing results of one-night show: Spike Spencer, light-heavyweight of the Hutchinson Reformatory, defeated Harold Lowe in three rounds. Lowe recently won the A.A.U. light-heavyweight championship at Wichita. This is the second triumph over Lowe by Spencer in recent months. This Spencer must be the goods as the writer thinks this boy Lowe one of the best amateurs in the Middle West. Sam Little knocked out Tiney Moyer in three. Walt Gallagher knocked out Otis Rakestraw in two. V. Thomas knocked out Bill Gardner in two. Red Anderson beat Harold Arwood. G. Henry beat Raymond Keesling. Tony Maldonado beat Chief Montezuma.

Manhattan, Kans.—Bus Breese, former featherweight boxer, has quit the game and is now in the game as a promoter and fight manager. Bus is handling both pro and amateur fighters and doing fine in the promotion field, drawing good houses at Manhattan.

Wichita, Kans.—Jack Slattery is still in the game in the role as trainer and fight manager and has a good string of both pro and amateur fighters. Any fight club wanting battlers of any weights, get in touch with Slattery at 425 Green Street, Wichita, Kans.

McPherson, Kans.—This little city will be the fight mecca for a big three-day amateur tournament some time this month. It is being sponsored by the Labor Union of this city. Entries are coming in fast from the surrounding territory and some excellent fighting talent will be seen in action.

Tulsa, Okla.—Sam Avey, veteran wrestling promoter, has posted a $1,000 bond with the Tulsa Boxing Commission and taken over the reins from Mr. DuVall, who tried very hard to build the game, but states he would have to give up his automobile business or the fight game, and decided to stick with the former business. Sam has tried the fight game before in this city, with little success, but has made plenty of money in the wrestling game. He has an interesting battle scheduled soon with Babe Hunt and Junior Munsell.

Pawhuska, Okla.—Athel White knocked out Sammy Weiss of Chicago in the second of a scheduled ten-round main event. Wildcat Lacey beat Clarence Street in six rounds.

Ardmore, Okla.—Buddy Scott won his fourth knockout out of the last five starts when he flattened Fred Hayes in the fourth of an eight-round main event. Scott just recently graduated from the amateur ranks. He is a light-heavyweight and a deadly puncher.

Kansas City, Mo.—Jimmy Garrison shaded Pat Kissinger in fifteen hard fought rounds. Joey Alcanter and Leo Rodak fought ten rounds to a draw. Everette Rightmire beat Paul Estrada in eight. Armanda Sicilia beat Frankie Wolfram in eight. Tommy Corbett beat Chuck Guilloti in five rounds.

Chicago, Ill.—Nick Tremonte is managing Ray Sharkey, a coming lightweight, who is mixing with the fastest lights in the game. He recently lost an unpopular decision to Joe Ghnouly at St. Louis. Tremonte was a capable fighter himself before turning manager and is looking for some good young fighters that are unattached. He particularly wants 126-, 135- and 160-pounders. Communicate with him at 1419 Edgemont Ave., Chicago, Ill.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS
By T. W. McNIEL

AT Colorado Springs, Colo.: Carl (Sonny Boy) Acker, Kansas City welter, defeated Joe Jaramillo, Colorado welter champion, in a close ten-round fight. The judges disagreed as usual, and Referee Theleman gave the decision to Jaramillo, though his score card gave Acker five rounds to the Denver battler's three. When this became apparent, the State Boxing Commission reversed the decision and Acker was given the fight. Acker deserved the decision.

At Denver, Colo.—Wrestling came back to the "mile high" city, with Everett Marshall, the blond La Junta grappler, subduing some guy by the name of Grandovitch in straight falls. Though the match didn't mean a thing, the affair attracted more than three thousand fans. As an added attraction, the Cardiff Giant, a huge specimen of manhood tipping the beam at 375 pounds, defeated Lee Glenning of Iowa in something less than a minute.

At Walsenburg, Colo.—Young Joe Louis, up and coming Negro middleweight, belted out a ten-round decision over Lee Medina, former state welterweight title-holder. Both boys are local products. In the other half of the twin main event, Kid Haley, Walsenburg High School boy, stopped Joe Espinosa of San Luis in the sixth heat. The latter pair are lightweights.

Efforts are being made to build a gigantic sport stadium at Denver. The Denver Stock Yards have donated a $200,000 site for the proposed structure. It will replace the old Stock Yards Stadium, scene of many hectic battles in the old twenty-round days.

At Santa Fe, N. M.—Tiny Garcia, terrific socking Santa Fe lightweight, slipped over the kayo punch on Mickey Dundee of Detroit in the opening round of their scheduled ten-round contest. In the semi-final, Mike Montoya, La Veta middleweight, kayoed Don Anderson of Albuquerque in the first round also.

At Santa Fe, N. M.—The question as to which is the better man between Tiny Garcia and Johnny Johnson, remained as much a puzzle as ever after the pair battled through ten slashing, slambang rounds to a draw. The pair have fought four times with each having a decision. The other two mills were draws.

The semi-windup to the Garcia-Johnson bout saw Mike Baca, Santa Fe featherweight, give Benny Dupree of Los Angeles a nifty lacing. Their battle went six sessions.

Among the interested spectators were a group of movie stars vacationing in Santa Fe. Jack Oakie, Fred McMurray, Jean Parker, King Vidor and Howard Joslin among them.

Interest in boxing is picking up out here in the land of the rugged mountains and towering pines. Right now, Babe Shosky, energetic Walsenburg promoter, is laying plans for an open-air entertainment on July 4.

A gigantic fistic entertainment is being planned for Pueblo during the three-day convention of the American Legion in that city on August 20, 21 and 22. Matchmaker Ed Orazem is anxious to hear from good fighters who would like to show in Pueblo at that time. Especially, he would like to contact a good light-heavyweight, a welterweight or a featherweight. More than four thousand Legionnaires and their families are expected to throng Pueblo during the convention and it ought to well be worthwhile for a topnotch fighter to consider a match in the Steeltown metropolis. Orazem can be reached at 911 Lake Avenue, Pueblo, Colorado.

B. B., Grand Junction—In my humble estimation, Everett Marshall has no claim whatsoever to the wrestling championship. Here's why: He was presented with a belt emblematic of the title following his victory over Young Gotch, a grappler who never held a title of any kind. Since that time, Marshall has not beaten either Danno O'Mahoney, Dick Shikat or Ali Baba, so figure it out for yourself. Of course, I am one of those humble mortals who still believes that wrestling titles, like boxing crowns, are won and lost in the ring, and not through the medium of commission offices.

The writer has a list of all the active promoters out this way that you can have for a dime. Also any information on the fight game in this neck of the woods will be given cheerfully, but don't forget to enclose a stamp if you expect a reply. Address all mail to T. W. McNiel, P. O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

BILLINGS, MONT., BOXING BITS
By C. E. "DOC." MITCHELL

BUTTE—Hubet Dennis, Bozeman, outpointed Charley Gomer of France in a blistering ten-round fight. Dennis' superb condition won him the last three rounds to clinch the verdict. Dennis swung gloves from every angle, never giving the Frenchman a chance to get set. Gomer looked like the harder puncher, but was kept on the defensive most of the way.

Johny Foster, Seattle, drew with Leo Phalen, Miles City, in six; Jimmy McCusker of Bozeman stopped Harry Soo (Chinese), of Seattle, in two; Harry Marshall, Missoula, stopped Tiger Schmaush, Bozeman, in two; Micky Connelly, Seattle, decisioned Eddy Mack, Billings, in six. Both these boys put up a real show.

Billings—Charley Burns, Spokane, won the decision over Wesley Martin, Akron, in a ten-round main event. Burns showed plenty of class and there was no doubt of the outcome at any time. Jimmy Best, flashy Billings middleweight, gave Billy Radke, Minneapolis, a boxing lesson in eight rounds; Johny Foster, Seattle, took a T.K.O. over Harry Schaft, St. Paul, in five rounds; Willie Walker, Seattle, won a T.K.O. over Johny Stanton, Minneapolis, in three. Stanton broke his left hand, and was forced to stop. Jimmy McCusker, snappy Bozeman bantam, stopped Don Deming of Minneapolis in one; Eddy Mack, Billings, drew with Micky Connelly, Seattle, in four. This is apparently the last boxing show for Billings until the game is taken over by someone who knows something about the boxing profession.

Worland, Wyo.—The boxing and wrestling games are both doing nicely at Worland. John Brown is a live wire and keeps something in the line of either boxing or wrestling before the public at least twice a month.

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MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

PETE SARRON, the twenty-eight years old Syrian veteran from Birmingham, Alabama, won the world's featherweight title from Freddie Miller at the Griffith Stadium in Washington before some twenty-five thousand fans. The show was a huge success, netting a profit of over fifteen grand for the Police Boys' Clubs of Washington.

Heinie Miller, former matchmaker of this locality and now secretary of the Washington Boxing Commission, arranged the show. In the eight-round semi-final, Jose Santos of New York defeated Baby Manuel of Tampa, Fla.

Ben Brown of Atlanta, scored his third successive win in Baltimore when he won handily over Joe Finazzo in ten rounds.

Phil Furr and Harry Dublinsky went ten fast rounds with honors even before three thousand fans at Washington. Furr was by far the harder puncher and in round eight had Harry in wobbly shape but Dublinsky came back with a last-round spurt that made honors even. Dublinsky was fighting his first fight in several months, but was in top shape to take the hard smashes he did and finish the stronger of the two boys. It was Furr's best fight in many a day and the Washington fans gave him a great hand for his effort.

Charley Loughran beat Ben Brown in the six-round opener. Johnny Dean lost his first local bout when Bobby Decker took a split duke over the Irishman. Dean's last round effort seemed to wipe out a four-round advantage, according to the judges. Young Raspi licked Ray Nash in a fast six-rounder and in the semi-final Jack Duffy defeated Bob Wilson in six heats.

The Monarch A. C., a newly organized outfit, made its initial showing in Baltimore with Jackie Portney winning over George Salvadore in twelve rounds. Four thousand fans turned out to the Oriole baseball park to see the contest. Champion Jimmy Braddock was on hand to assist Salvadore, his stablemate, but Portney was just too classy for Salvadore, winning a wide shade in most of the rounds. The bout, at that, was interesting, with Salvadore throwing punches at all times. Red Transperanti lost to Chester Ruby in the eight-round semi-final that was filled with thrills. The entire card was first class and deserved the large house, the first since Les Sponsler ceased promoting in the Monumental City.

Cowboy Howard Scott handed Norment Quarles a terrific beating in ten rounds at Richmond, Va. This was the second lacing the Cowboy has handed Quarles. Two months ago, Scott licked Norment in Baltimore and the Richmond fans, as well as Quarles, thought it a fluke win, hence the return affair with Quarles taking a worse beating, much to the amazement of the Richmond fans. Joey Teems lost to Nick Camarata in eight rounds; Charlie Jacobs knocked out Mickey Benson in twelve seconds; and Freddie Wallmeyer licked Bunker Hill in eight heats. Twenty-five hundred fans attended the show.

Bucky Taylor took a split duke over Jimmy Tramberia in ten rounds at Baltimore. Ray Ingram took a licking at the hands of Ray Boree in ten rounds on the same card. The Ingram-Boree bout was a return affair, Ingram having won in the first bout.

Cowboy Howard Scott handed Charlie Jacobs a pasting in ten rounds at Richmond. The veteran Jacobs more than held his own for the first four rounds but the fast pace was too much for the Virginia boy and the cowboy handed out considerable pounding during the latter rounds to take a unanimous duke.

Charley Thompson scored a two-round technical knockout over Roddy Davis at Baltimore when the latter suffered a badly gashed eye. Harry Jeffra shaded Joey Teems in eight rounds, getting off to an early lead. Sammy Sweet lost to Chester Ruby in a special six-rounder on a split decision that did not take fancy with the Monumental City fans.

PICK-UPS—Jimmy Jones, Baltimore's most promising middleweight, has joined the stable of George Sheppard of New York City, although he will still make his headquarters in the Monumental City with his stablemates, Jackie Portney and Charlie Gomer . . . . Both Gomer and Portney have made rapid strides under Sheppard's guidance and there is no reason why Jones should not do likewise . . . . At the present writing, Jackie Portney is the outstanding contender for Barney Ross' title and the new Monarch Club of Baltimore is willing to stage a match between Portney and any outstanding contender who thinks otherwise . . . . Cowboy Howard Scott, the Texas lightweight, now making his headquarters in Washington, is sure a tough nut to crack . . . . The Cowboy is also a good card in Richmond and Baltimore . . . . Scott recently licked Charlie Jacobs in Richmond and sustained a badly gashed eye that forced his manager, Gabe Mendenez, to postpone a match with Lew Feldman in Baltimore . . . . Scott is also booked to meet Bat Battalino in a match at Washington.

Marty Gallagher and Bob Tow, two Washington heavyweights, will meet before we go to press, to determine the heavyweight championship of Washington, although Buck Everett, under the management of Jimmy Erwin, won the title by licking Natie Brown, and Marty Gallagher refused to box Buck . . . . After fifteen years of active ring warfare, Pete Sarron won the world's title, which is a tribute to his clean living . . . . Pete's home town, Birmingham, turned out, band and all, when Sarron made a recent visit there to see his brother.

IN AND NEAR CHICAGO

By FRANK MAESTRO

ART (WHATAMAN) SHIRES of Italy, Tex., is another who believes that, with the right break, big money can be made in professional boxing quicker than in most any other profession. His earnings during his brief tenure as a prize fighter about seven years ago amounted to $100,000. Art, who was a member of the Chicago White Sox at the time, made that sum in five weeks . . . . Plans to hold fight shows at Mills Stadium during the summer are said to have been discarded because of the expense involved in erecting an arena. The cost would be five thousand dollars, according to reports, a sum for which the more sizable Comiskey Park could be utilized for bouts . . . . Joey Burman, the old bantamweight title claimant, is a successful Chicago tailor with offices in the Steuben Building. His customers include Joe Louis.

Considerable controversy followed announcement by the Illinois Boxing Commission that it had voted to change the rule regarding battles stopped before the scheduled termination because of a cut eye suffered by one of the principals. The new rule provides that hereafter scraps which are halted because of such an injury be called a draw and not given to the uninjured boxer on a technical knockout as heretofore. The ruling is the result of a match held in Chicago between Max Marek, 1933 Golden Gloves light-heavyweight champion, and Johnny Erjavec, Duluth, Minn. Erjavec was given a technical knockout when Marek was not allowed to answer the eighth round because of a badly cut eye. Max was ahead on points when the match was stopped. Arch Ward, sports editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, and Clair Kelly, *Evening American* boxing writer, were partial to the new rule, but Harry McNamara, *Herald and Examiner* sports writer, and Gene Kessler, fight authority on the *Daily Times*, disapproved of it.

Billy Treest, Batavia, Ill., heavyweight, is about ready to resume his campaign after recovering from a nasal operation which followed his losing effort against Red Burman at Chicago Stadium in February . . . . Joe Foley, Chicago promoter, is still at his La Salle Hotel headquarters. Sam Pian, co-manager of Barney Ross and Davey Day, and Soldier Mickey Farr, Foley's matchmaker, retain quarters at the Morrison Hotel . . . . James C. Mullen, father of the Illinois boxing law, has been rewarded for his fine job as director of shows at Chicago Stadium during the winter. He will return to the Stadium in the fall with a new title, manager of promotions . . . . Felix Kolk continues to add boxers to his stable. He now represents Bob La Monte, Chicago, and Laddie Tonelli, Marseilles, welterweights, and Geno Salvatore, La Salle, lightweight.

Eddie Metrie, Billy Mitchell and Ritchie Mitchell of Milwaukee journey to Chicago quite often to attend the weekly cards at Marigold Gardens in quest of talent for their shows in the Wisconsin city. The Marigold Arena, with Irving Schoenwald and Jack Begun serving as co-promoters, is the most successful and consistent small club operating here. Last June 1 the pair celebrated their first anniversary at Marigold by offering their fiftieth show in fifty-two weeks . . . . North Side fans saw one of the finest shows of the season at St. Hilary Auditorium. Celebrities of the sports world participated, including Andy Scrivani, American Olympic lightweight champion; Barney Ross, welterweight champion; Al Nettlow, Detroit lightweight; Max Marek, Chicago heavyweight; Johnny Coulon, former bantamweight king; Everett Marshall, heavyweight wrestler; Pep Kerwin, announcer, and Johnny Behr, United States Olympic coach, who served as a referee.

Jack Kearns, former manager of Jack Dempsey, has moved his wife and baby son from their Oak Park residence to an apartment building on the near north side . . . . Paul Poloski is making arrangements to go on tour in Australia with eight heavyweight wrestlers . . . . Promoter George (Gotch) Pinder presented the first fight card at Danville, Ill., in more than five years when Pat Murphy and Mickey O'Shea clashed for ten rounds.

Ten Years Ago in the Ring—Spud Meyers, Pocatello, Idaho, was a leading welterweight challenger . . . . Leo Lomski, Aberdeen, Wash., and Dave Shade, New York, both defeated Ted Moore, the English title claimant . . . . Joey Sangor was Milwaukee's featherweight title challenger.

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA
By GENE VINASSA

HANK HANKINSON, the towering Swede from Akron, Ohio, chalked up another knockout win to his credit, since returning to Los Angeles from his home state when he stiffened the tough German heavyweight, Karl Walker, in one round before more than ten thousand fans at Joe Waterman's Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles. The big blond puncher, obviously better conditioned than ever before in a California ring, started with the first bell and within twenty seconds topped the Teuton giant, who never had been counted out before, with a jolting right-hand uppercut.

That was the turning point of the battle, although Walker bounced off the deckeroo for five more times before Referee Charley Randolph interceded. The bout had progressed two minutes and forty seconds. Walker would have been gravely injured had the affair continued.

A match between Hankinson and Andre Lenglet, giant French heavyweight, who drew with Phil Brubaker in Frisco, was in the making for the Olympic during late July or early August. This Suey Welch, Hank's skipper, is also considering an offer to box Brubaker in Frisco during late July.

Jim Timony, manager of Mae West, is sponsoring Kid Enos, Portuguese welterweight from Oakland, Calif., whom Joe La Barba is handling in southern California.

Within a period of ten days, Al Manfredo, Fresno's welterweight contender, engaged in two bouts in northern California, winning both of them. The cousin of Young Corbett, who has been fighting like a champion since hooking up with the Suey Welch stable of scrappers, trounced Jimmy Berres, the "Alabam Pitts of California," at Dreamland Arena in San Francisco. The Italian captured nine of the ten rounds. In Oakland, Manfredo pinned Frankie Britt's ears back in a one-sided ten-round battle. Seven thousand fans saw the show.

Charley (Killer) Coates, terror of the heavies out here, is back in Los Angeles after an absence of two months, visiting his parents in Ohio and giving his right hand a chance to get back into fighting trim. Coates, a TNT socking Negro, busted his right hand in the first round of his bout with Frank Rowsey at the Olympic a few months ago. He put Rowsey on the canvas for a nine-count and it looked like curtains for the Montana boy, but when Coates returned to his corner with his busted duke he was unable to throw his deadly right hand and was forced to finish the battle with only one hand. The match drew $8,700. King Levinsky, who has been on the Coast for several months, absolutely refuses to get in the ring with Coates. Los Angeles gamblers like the black boy to turn back the Chicago Hebrew if and when they ever get in the ring.

The name Chavez is a big name in the state of New Mexico. Benny Chavez, brother of the sensational Tony Chavez, Los Angeles featherweight ace, was the outstanding Mexican fighter of his home state. U. S. Senator Dennis Chavez from New Mexico is also a relative of Tony's, and Davey Chavez is mayor of Santa Fe. The Latin had little trouble handing Pete De Grasse a licking in their ten-rounder at Hollywood Legion Stadium.

THE RING'S Sunny California correspondent visited for several weeks in Chicago, Kansas City and St. Louis, Mo., during May and June and attended most of the boxing shows in that section of the country, especially the larger ones.

Frankie Gatto, energetic matchmaker and promoter of boxing at the new six-million-dollar Municipal Auditorium in Kansas City, staged a bang-up card, topping his show with a fifteen-round battle between Jimmy Garrison and Pat Kissinger, rival Kansas City lightweights. Garrison won after a fast and hard-fought battle. Keep an eye on this Garrison fellow. Eddie Borden of THE RING rated him No. 7 among the nation's lightweights not long ago, and I don't think there are more than two or possibly three lightweights who can beat him right now. This show drew a gate of $11,000.

Gatto has achieved such success as a peacemaker he should be drafted by the diplomatic corps. Pacifist Gatto decided that Garrison and Kissinger should be friends. Once they were pals, but fistic ambitions and a natural rivalry that grew as the fighting fame of the boys increased brought a separation, and it wasn't long until their ring enmity was extending into their everyday life. In their three fights, Garrison won two; one was a draw. When Gatto heard Kissinger tell Garrison in front of the "mike" after their last battle that he guessed Jimmy was the better fighter, the little Italian promoter decided the time had come for the breaking up of the hostility that has grown with their fighting ambitions. Gatto concluded to give the boys the white gloves they wore in the ring so he visited each one, not in the presence of the other, and asked him to autograph the gloves.

On the set going to Kissinger, Jimmy Garrison wrote:

"To the boy who gave me my hardest fight."

On the white leather mitts going to Garrison, Pat scribbled this line:

"Once an enemy—now a pal. Pat Kissinger."

Then Gatto invited the boys to accompany him to St. Louis to see a fight card Lew Raymond and Benny Greenberg were staging, and also to witness the Cards and Cubs in a National League ball game. Gatto paid all the bills, so maybe you think Jimmy and Pat didn't accept!

Eddie Mead, Cleveland's veteran boxing manager, who prefers to call New York his home as that was where he was born and reared, came out to California a couple of months ago with a stable of fighters, and in Hollywood bumped into his old pal—George Raft, now a star in the flickers. Raft got Mead a nice part in one of his forthcoming pictures.

Tom Healer of Kansas City, Mo., who has managed fighters and promoted boxing for more than twenty-five years, recently opened a high class buffet in that city with his brother and it is known as "Healer's Buffet." It is the headquarters for boxers and sportsmen in all walks of life.

RANDOM SHOTS—Jack Dempsey's grill in Los Angeles has closed for the summer . . . . may reopen during the fall . . . . there is some talk of Willie Orner, owner of Orner's Gymnasium in Los Angeles, taking over the place . . . . Joey Medill, veteran Chicago boxer, takes a workout occasionally at Willie Orner's Main Street gym in Los Angeles, but hasn't made up his mind whether or not he will again don the padded mittens . . . . Johnny Rogers of Lewiston, Maine, a high class chap who knows his boxing, has taken over the boxing club at the big Auditorium in Sacramento and is running boxing shows there every week . . . . he is packing them in . . . . Rogers may be reached at the Washington Hotel, Bush and Grant Avenue, San Francisco . . . . for fifteen years the New Englander was Coast manager for a large New York advertising firm.

If all of Midget Wolgast's record were printed it would fill half the pages of a boxing guide . . . . the former flyweight champion claims he has had close to four hundred battles during his fistic career . . . . Wolgast continues to headline boxing cards on the West Coast, and although his hair has begun to thin back of his high forehead and his waistline is portly, the flashy veteran can still thrash eighty per cent of the featherweights on the Coast . . . . Boxers coming to Los Angeles, who are not under contract to anyone, can get action in this section with Al Lang, boxing manager, c/o Orner's Gym, 319 S. Main Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

IN THE NORTHWEST
By DAVID CAVADAS

GORDON WALLACE, Canadian welterweight champion, came a step nearer to a proposed title fight with Barney Ross. Wallace took nine rounds from Mike Payan, San Diego middleweight. So much did Payan like the boxing lesson that Wallace administered that he asked for more. A return match was arranged by Tacoma promoters and this time Wallace won just as easily.

Local business men are dangling thirty thousand dollars in Barney Ross' face to defend his title against the Canadian title-holder in Vancouver during the Jubilee.

The ratings and suspensions issued by the so-called Canadian Federation of Boxing are ridiculous and unfair. This body is a purely personal organization and has no power either by provincial or federal law. The suspension imposed on Eddie Wenstob is unjustified and ridiculous. Any court in Canada would overrule their decision without hesitation. This affair is just one more incident to prove that we need a Dominion-wide body to govern the sport in Canada, and the sooner this comes about the better it will be for all concerned.

Jack Allen, local boxing maestro, is planning a white hope tournament with the help of Toronto's Playfair Brown, but this writer plans to give him some competition with the help of Bud Davis.

Canada has not produced a topnotch heavyweight since Tommy Burns, but there is a prospective Joe Louis challenger looming on the Prairie horizon in the person of James J. Walsh. This scribe has signed up Walsh for five years. James J. has one of the shortest yet deadly-timed punches which comes from 196 pounds of "steam."

Sonny Jones, Vancouver's number two welterweight, is campaigning very successfully in and around New York.

Johnny Foster, who broke his leg while in Australia, has started a comeback campaign and is doing well in Washington and Montana.

George Jones of physical culture fame has turned to promoting middleweight wrestling at the Vancouver Forum each Monday night. Best of success to you, George.

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SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

TWO defeats in succession for Freddy Miller is something unusual for our fighting champion and it appears as if Freddy will have to step on the gas in the future.

In the Sarron bout, Freddy lost his world's featherweight championship before a $45,000 crowd, and on May 27, Jimmy Vaughn stopped Miller's entrance into the lightweight division.

Freddy Miller is not through, as most fans will believe. My prediction in this column is that by May 27, 1937, barring accidents, Freddy miller will be still among the tops.

While Miller is dribbling around in the new division, Lloyd Pine, the little Akron featherweight, is rapidly filling Freddy's spot in the 126-pound ranks. We found him knocking out Billy Woods, New York Negro, in the second round at Youngstown, O.

On one of Johnny Hannison's shows in Akron, Lloyd Pine won on a six-round technical knockout over the veteran Bobby O'Dowd of Columbus. Alabama Kid jumbled through to a decision over Georgie Mull in the semi-final while in the underliners, Pete Leone beat Press Johnson, Leo Rittenour kayoed Joe Taorimina, and Al Holub stopped Sid Walton.

Johnny Stevens, Cincinnati's southpaw lightweight, after being dropped out of the Cinci fight photo for a few weeks due to a loss to Tiger Kid Walker, bounded back in with a decision at the expense of Ray Kietz. They featured one of Herman Katz's Parkway outdoor bowl cards. Tony Koenig, the fighting Mohawk grocery boy, kayoed Bobby Powell on this program. Smokey Maggard won from Johnny Scaff, Bobby Nicols won from Tony Caberetta, and Jimmy Brown defeated Carmen Ryan.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—A word for Alfred D'Brasseur, Covington artist and sports ring announcer . . . . Al does a real job of it while in the ring . . . . also for northern Kentucky Commissioner Harry Vandt . . . . Harry has put his nose to the grindstone in trying to renovate the boxing and wrestling games in his locality, and he might be rewarded before the summer is over . . . . Joe Basco says that Lloyd Pine is ready to fight Petey Sarron, new featherweight champion, any time, any place.

They come and go, but old Mike Griffin remains the "Grand Old Man of Cincinnati's Boxing" . . . . Mike has had some great fighters in his long career as a fight manager and a promoter . . . . and like good wine, flows on and on . . . . Cliff McWhirter scored another kayo up in Canada when he knocked out Jean LaBelle in two heats . . . . the little Canuck is punching better than ever . . . . Les Huffman, Columbus fight manager and former football player, was injured slightly in an auto wreck near Washington C. H. on May 12 . . . . Clarence Reis, one of Hoffman's fighters, escaped with a few scratches . . . . however, Les was back in good trim within a few days . . . . they are talking about bringing in Lou Ambers for Jimmy Vaughn . . . . Jack Lofthouse bulletins from Peoria that his stable of scrappers are going great guns around the territory of Illinois, Indiana and Iowa . . . . Joe Aston of the *Post* and Nix Denton of *Times-Star* deserve a few words for their clever sports columns in their respective dailies.

The Cincinnati Boxing and Wrestling Commission is still secretary-less . . . . ever since the new Council went in, rumors have been flying thick and fast . . . . but none as yet picked out of the following men who outline the boxing and mat fathers of Cinci: Dr. Carl Wilzbach, chairman; John C. Taylor, Al Bechtold, Oscar Frank, Doug Allen, Charles Tobias and George Murphy . . . . Bill Powers is again doing the publicity for the Harrison dog races . . . . Jack Moran, former manager of Tiger West and others, is seriously thinking of returning to the game . . . . G. C. Williams, former manager and promoter, has interests in two local night spots . . . . Leo Medaffri, Middletown lightie of a couple of years ago, has a big heavyweight he wants to show hereabouts . . . . Billy Saffin goes to the bat at Mount Washington on June 5 . . . . and we are striking out for the present until next month.

The Universal Sporting Club, of which the writer is the organizer, began its activities on May 15, 1936. Already the club has outlined over one hundred members and I hope to have fifteen thousand members by November 1, 1936. Memberships are only ten cents and in return, a member receives ten names and addresses of other members of the club. The club is open to all sports, fans, promoters, athletes alike. All are welcome to join the club, whose aim is to select a National Boxing Commissioner like Kenesaw Landis of baseball, and also to form an alliance where fans, promoters and athletes might exchange their views in their respective sports. All applications must come through this writer at 1702 State Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Jimmy "Motzy" Hill, the Madisonville "string bean," is now being billed by his directors as the "Paul Berlenbach of 1936." Motzy started out to be a wrestler, annexed the Mid-West wrestling championship and then accepted a challenge from Sammy Klein, another wrestler. Klein was quite a puncher a few years ago and the odds were that Motzy wouldn't last but a couple of heats, but he fooled them all and in his first boxing bout staved off Klein for ten of the most bitter rounds this writer has ever witnessed.

Information can be had by addressing a self-stamped envelope to the writer at 1702 State Avenue, Cincinnati. Heavyweight fighters, without strings attached, are asked to get in touch with the writer.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

BY MICKEY McINTIRE

CHUCK WOODS, Michigan's leading welterweight, is enjoying a much-needed rest at the present writing. Chuck hasn't boxed since his unsuccessful venture against Champion Barney Ross in Louisville, Ky., Derby eve.

Joe Sutka, Wyandotte welter, has been making strides of late. On one of Nick Londes' shows at the Naval Armory, he conquered Sammy Chivas, a boy who had previously beaten him. Sutka is a fast punching boy, and he knows how to throw them short.

Roscoe Toles, heavyweight Negro flash from Monroe, is the latest sensation around Detroit. In the last show at the Naval Armory, he administered a neat trimming to Charley Belanger, the veteran ringster from Winnipeg. Attempts have been made to get Leroy Haynes for Toles, but so far they have been unsuccessful.

Red Casson, blond Detroiter, turned in two sterling performances during the month, both at the Hazel Park Arena. First he stopped Sammy McAuley after dropping him several times, and later he hung up a real victory when he added the name of Gene Barrett of Flint to his list of victims. Outweighed by several pounds, Red waged a brilliant battle, and the hard punching Flint boy was unable to land his devastating right, while Red was scoring repeatedly with left jabs and hooks.

Mickey Marson returned to the wars after an extended layoff. Inside of two weeks he stopped Young Pare and Milton Albrecht, and boxed a draw with Cecil Mobly.

Out in the West somewhere, Frankie Wolfram, Detroit featherweight, is undoubtedly cleaning up on some of the boys. Jimmy Brady's "ace" battler, when last heard from, was winning bouts in Sioux City, Fort Dodge and Kansas City. Every summer Wolfram goes on a tour, and he is liable to end up any place, but he is forever turning in good fights. Detroit fans look forward to his return in the fall.

Jackie Young, star welter of Detroit, went over to Milwaukee to box Ralph Leslie, local pride and joy, and came through with the decision. It was the first time Leslie had been beaten. Back in Detroit, Jackie boxed a draw with Wad Sidorski.

Colonel Barrow, leading amateur welterweight of last winter, has turned pro and in his first two starts was successful against Nate Kadin and Jimmy Harper. Another amateur ace who turned pro was Willie Peak, who vanquished Howdy Mason in his first bout.

While speaking of amateurs, our hats are off to Howell King, Central A. A. welter, who battled his way to the position of American representative in the Olympic Games. King had a lot of tough opposition in his path, but he came through in his semi-final bout, beating Johnny Barbara of South Bend, Ind., a boy who had whipped him twice, and then in the finals, conquering Chester Rutecki of Chicago. Also deserving of credit are Jimmy Urso and Willis Johnson, flyweight and heavyweight, respectively, who gained alternate places on the Olympic team.

Frankie Vieth, Detroit middleweight, has been going great guns since his return to the ring last month. Vieth is a hard puncher with either hand, and his weaving style makes him a difficult target to hit. Chuck Murchison, Frankie's trainer, deserves a lot of credit in bringing Frankie back to the "peak" of condition, which was a tough job as Frank had been out of the ring for two years.

Jimmy Brady's bantam star, Lefty Gwynne, is boxing Frankie Calerio, former amateur champion of Canada. Lefty has plenty of trouble getting work, as he is a tough customer.

Joe Anderson, middleweight comer, dropped a close decision to Lee Parrish his last time out, and is looking for a rematch.

Julius Gonzales is still holding forth at the West Side A. C. and getting lots of patronage. Gonzales is trainer for some of Jimmy Brady's boxers and also manages a few good boys of his own.

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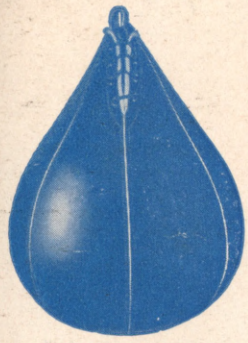

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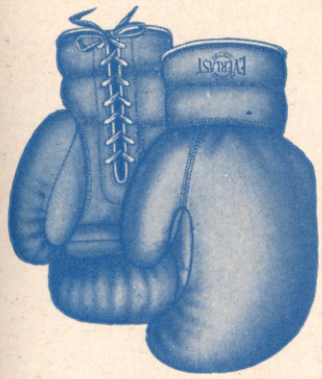

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